PENTHOUSE

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10TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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10th Anniversary Issue featuring The Million Dollar Pet Joanne Latham.

Covergirl & Centerfold Pet of the Month Joanne Latham (Nude) photographed by Bob Guccione Backstage At Woodstock
Los Angeles: A Celebration
Do You Understand Women?
Discophoria
Willie Nelson interviewed by Pete Axthelm
10th Anniversary Issue

THERE ARE A LOT OF WAYS TO BUILD A RECEIVER THAT SELLS FOR UNDER $400.

PIONEER DID IT

WATTS
FM
AM
POWER
ON
PHONES
SPEAKERS
A
B

INTRODUCING THE SX-780.

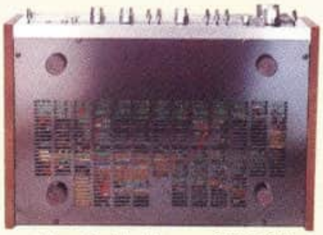
It seems that our competitors think they've mastered the art of building a moderately priced receiver.

Unfortunately, most of them appear to be the work of cost reduction engineers, rather than high fidelity engineers. People whose jobs depend on the cost of what goes into a receiver, not the sound that comes out of it.

At Pioneer, on the other hand, we build a receiver that sells for under $400 with the same care given to a receiver that sells for over $1000.

A perfect example is the SX-780.

It offers the kind of features, value and sound you won't find in any other comparably priced receiver.



Metal shields our SX-780 from spurious noise.

A STRONG CASE FOR THE METAL BOTTOM.

If you turn over our SX-780, for instance, you'll notice the bottom is made of heavy gauge metal. It's designed to shield the tuning section from spurious noise and keep CB interference from getting in the way of your music.

Equally important is the fact that our bottom has a special ventilating system that allows air to circulate freely around the heat sinks. This not only reduces FM drift due to overheated tuning elements, but increases the life expectancy of the circuitry.

A DC AMPLIFIER WITH THE POWER TO ELIMINATE DISTORTION.

The SX-780 features the same DC power configuration found in today's most expensive receivers.

DC power supply found on the most expensive receivers.

It provides cleaner sound and richer, more natural bass because it eliminates feedback and something called TIM (transient intermodulation). Transient intermodulation is a form of distortion that can keep you from hearing the subtle overtones in your music.

Which interestingly enough is why receivers with a conventional power amplifier might possibly be able to match the specs of the SX-780, but never the sound.

A PILOT SIGNAL CANCELING SYSTEM THAT'S UNHEARD OF IN THIS PRICE RANGE.

All stereo FM stations in America broadcast their music over a pilot signal of 19,000 hertz.

If not eliminated, this signal tends to create an extremely high pitched sound

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T THE RIGHT WAY.

TAPE MONITOR
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STEREO
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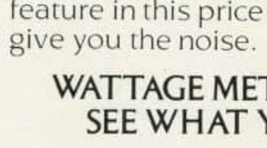
BASS
TREBLE
LOW FILTER
FM MUTING
FUNCTION
PHONO
AUX
MODE
STEREO
MONO
TAPE MONITOR
BALANCE
LEFT
RIGHT
VOLUME
LOUDNESS
PIONEER STEREO RECEIVER SX-780

when combined with lower audible frequencies.

Most of our competitors use a standard high band filter to cancel out this signal. Unfortunately, it also cancels out some of the music.

Pioneer created a special integrated circuit that eliminates this pilot signal without affecting the music.


PIONEER
PA1001AB059K

A pilot signal canceling circuit that lets you hear only music and nothing more.

Which means that you're assured of hearing everything the musicians had intended you to hear. Nothing more. And nothing less.

Obviously, the SX-780 is the only receiver that gives you this feature in this price range. The others give you the noise.

WATTAGE METERS THAT LET YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE HEARING.

When a receiver has wattage meters, it lets you see exactly how much power is going through your speakers. So that it not only helps prevent unnecessary damage due to overloading, it helps you make cleaner FM recordings.

Of course, the SX-780 has other virtues conspicuously absent from our competitors' models. Like a built-in wood grain cabinet. Which is something others give you the option of paying extra for.

But what really separates Pioneer's SX-780 from others is more than just a matter of wood cabinets, wattage meters, metal bottoms, DC power, or even price.

It's our commitment to giving you a quality hi-fi receiver, no matter how much, or how little, you plan to spend.

So if you're planning to spend less than $400, you couldn't ask for more than the SX-780.

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SPEAKERS: A, B, AB
TONE CONTROLS: Dual
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METERS LIKE
MARANTZ DID.

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LIKE TECHNICS DID.
INSTEAD OF
A METAL ONE.

YOU CAN USE
A CONVENTIONAL POWER
AMPLIFIER LIKE
KENWOOD DID.
INSTEAD OF
AN ADVANCED
DC AMPLIFIER.

YOU
CAN USE
STANDARD
HIGH BAND
ILTERS LIKE
YAMAHA DID.
INSTEAD OF SPECIAL
TEGRATED CIRCUITS TO CANCEL
THE UNWANTED FM PILOT SIGNAL.

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/September 1979
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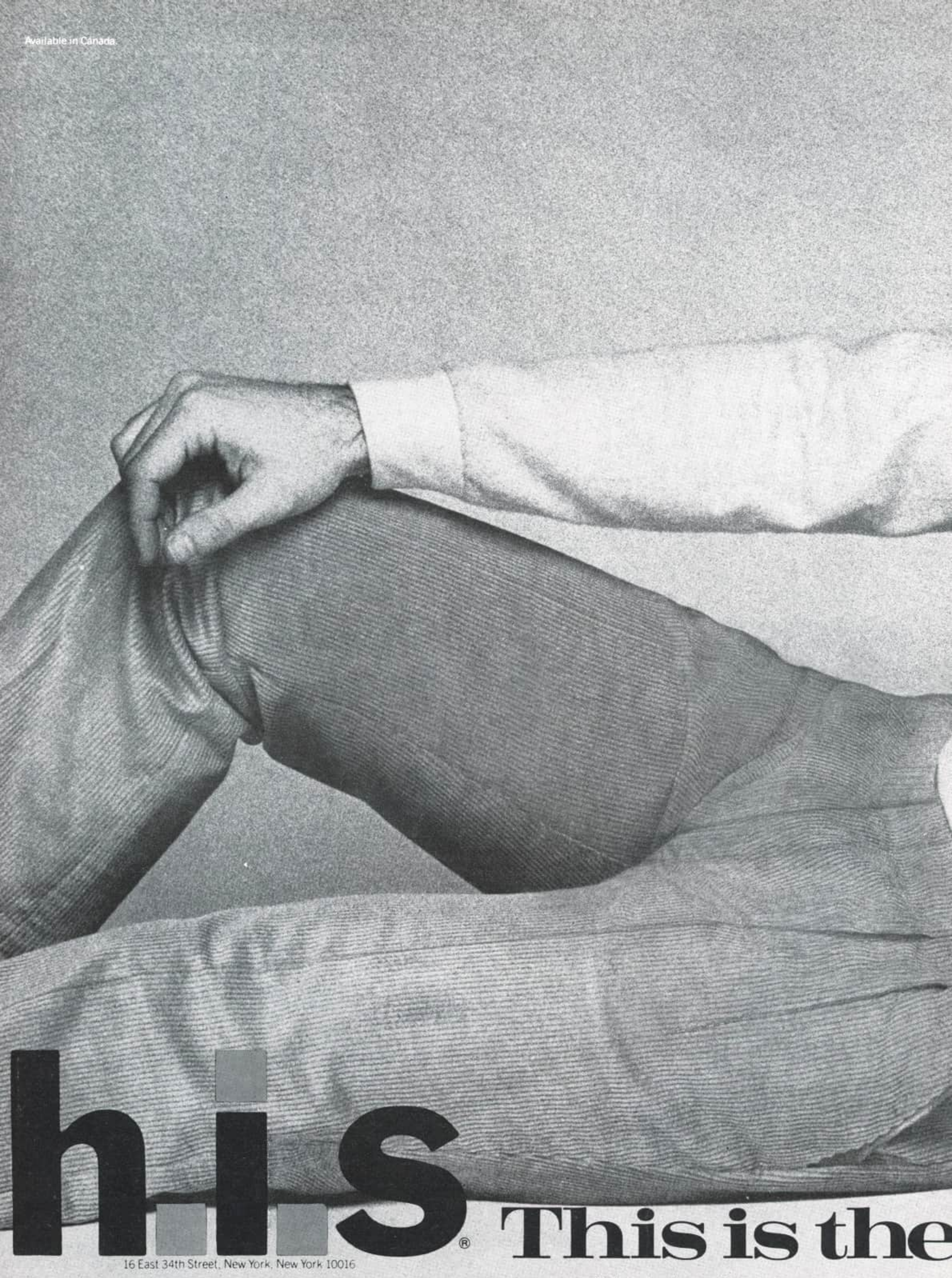

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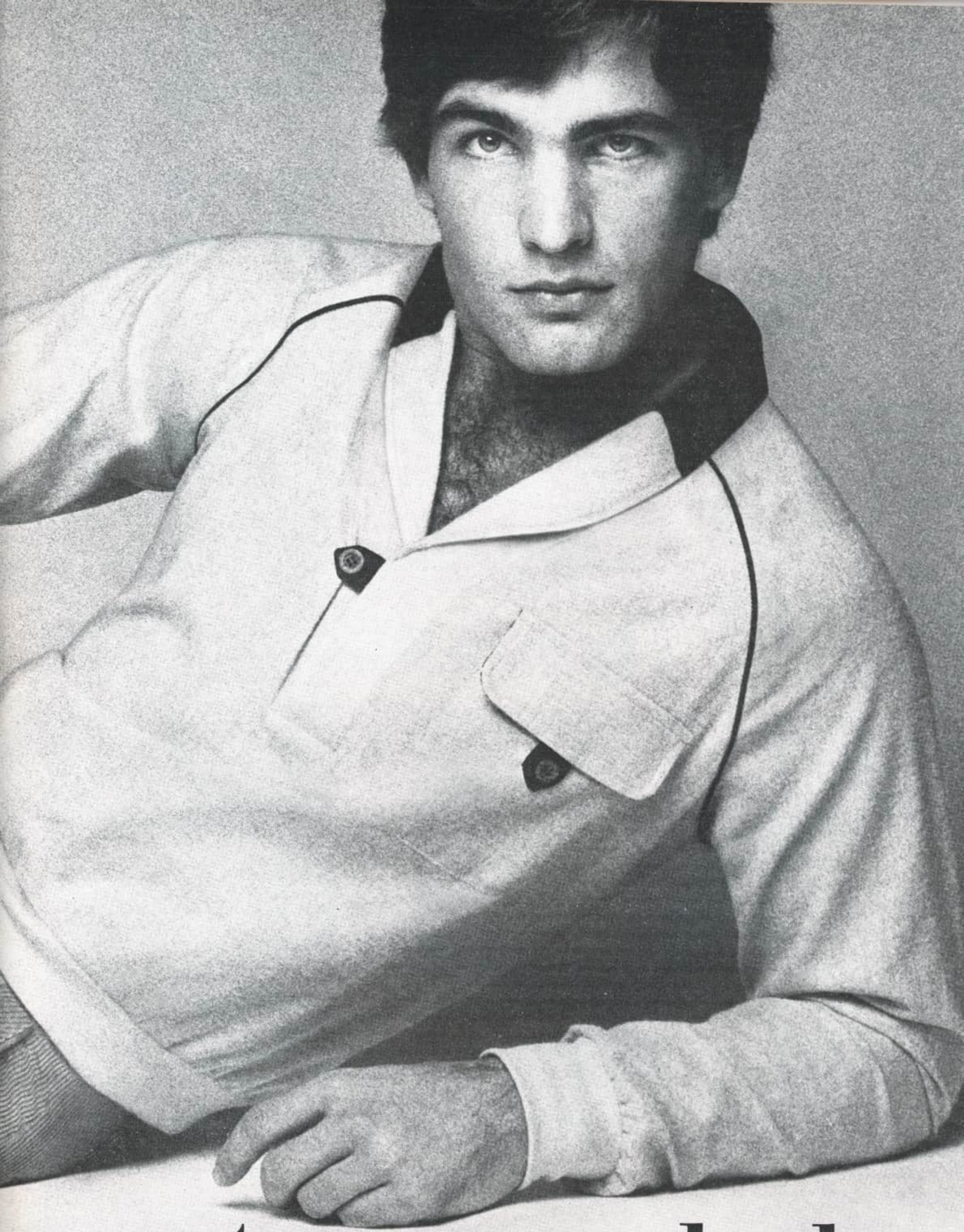

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Roz Baws

HOUSECALL

With this issue we celebrate *Penthouse*'s first ten years in the United States—a delightful decade of adventure and discovery, of controversy and success. When founder–publisher Bob Guccione brought out that first revolutionary issue ten years ago, it was approximately one-third of the size and enjoyed something less than one thirty-fifth of the sale of the present-day edition. Guccione's dedication has been largely responsible for the phenomenal success of *Penthouse*: both in taking it from the fastest-growing magazine in U.S. publishing history and in making it the biggest-selling monthly magazine on the world's newsstands. This special 290-page issue symbolizes the success of *Penthouse*: the finest writers, artists, and photographers in the world bringing you the best in entertainment and new insights on the most important issues of our times. We're looking forward to the next ten years.

It's rare that even the best investigative reporting can have a life-or-death impact, but our lead article this month, "The Great Cancer Fraud" (page 76), may be the exception. Written by consumer reporters **Gary Null** and **Robert Houston**, this well-documented exposé charges that the American medical establishment and its many media collaborators have gotten rich by suppressing truths and spreading lies about America's deadly cancer plague. In an enraging and illuminating look at the malfeasance, malpractice, and misinformation that characterize much of present-day medical practices, they suggest that many officially debunked cancer treatments are scientifically effective, and they call on their colleagues in the press to stop collaborating with the AMA and to start reporting the facts.

Robert Sherrill, a prize-winning political analyst, has made his reputation by always reporting the truth, no matter how unfashionable. In this issue the man who many say knocked Ted Kennedy out of the 1975 presidential race by raising questions about Chappaquiddick that Kennedy couldn't answer tackles this year's most controversial presidential aspirant, Jerry Brown. In "Jerry Brown: The Golden Butterfly" (page 84) Sherrill shows how Brown has failed to be an effective leader by attempting to be all things to all people. Sherrill's trenchant look at the man who once quipped "Issues are the last refuge of scoundrels" is destined to be one of the most influential and talked-about articles of the coming 1980 election.

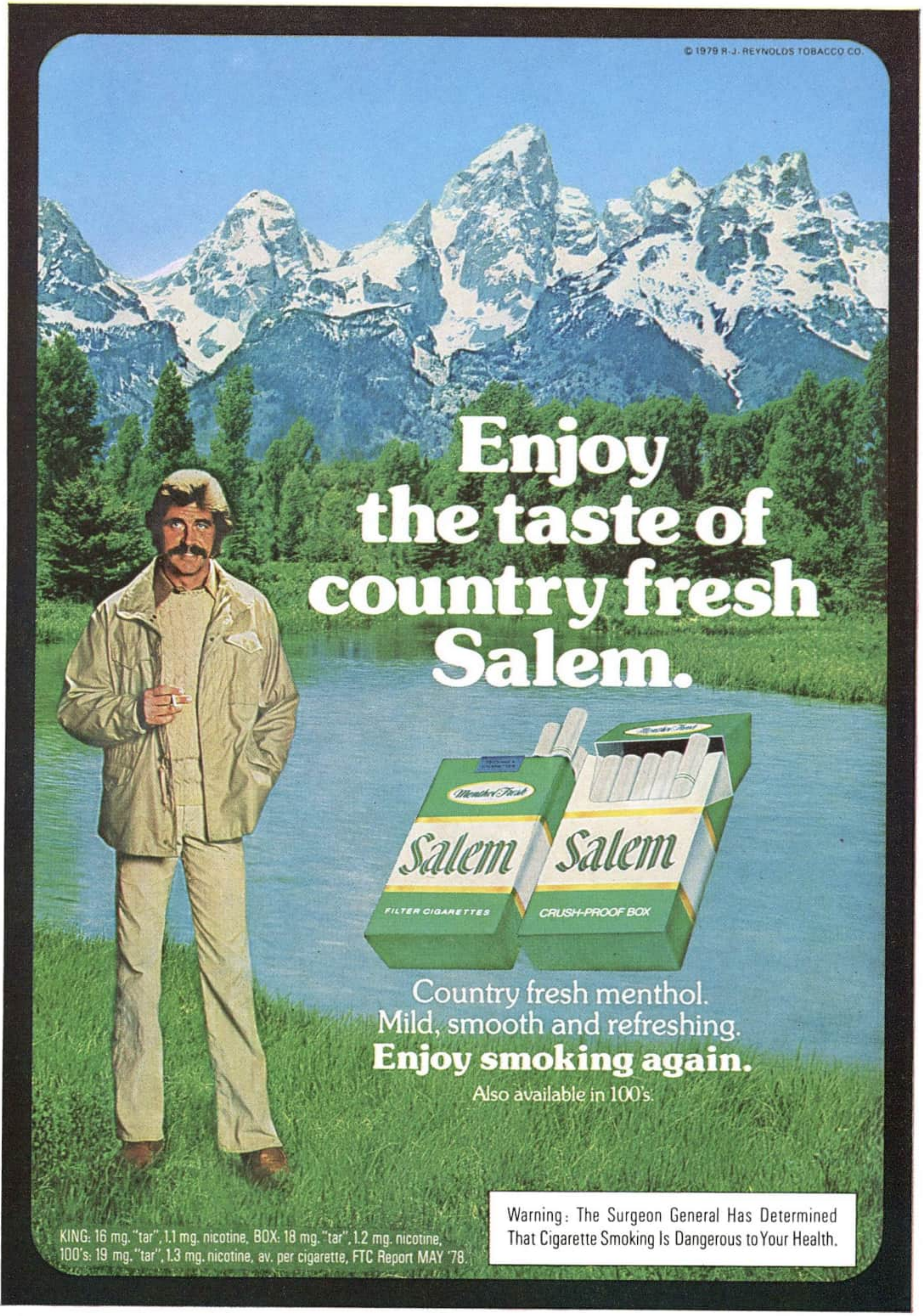
The city of Los Angeles is as controversial a part of California as is Gov. Jerry Brown, and **Ben Stein**, a reformed Easterner, offers a spirited defense of the City of Our Lady of the Angels in "Los Angeles: A Celebration" (page 102). He writes that Los Angeles is the "energy capital of the human mind" and points out that—unlike New York City—it is a place where "no prizes are given for excellence in analyzing why you feel depressed on a certain day."

It is better, of course, to have times, as songwriter/singer **Willie Nelson** says, "when everything sounds like a good country song." He should know, having written many of the country-western classics twanging out of jukeboxes and phonographs today. A cult hero to an unlikely following of rednecks, hippies, and millions in between, Nelson has helped to create a new sound—progressive country—that has revolutionized modern popular music by combining traditional country music with modern rock. In this candid talk with **Pete Axthelm**, (*Newsweeks*'s sports columnist, who is writing a biography of "Shotgun Willie" for Viking Press), Nelson chronicles his tumultuous life, from hardscrabble beginnings through two stormy marriages and years of setbacks to his present reign as the king of country music.

A much less pleasant aspect of the American South is represented by militant, self-important highway patrolmen. In "Smokey the Pig" (page 110) state trooper Ferkel D. Rauch, the hilarious creation of **Craig S. Karpel**'s poisonously funny pen, proves himself to be a shameless, road-hog pig of a Smokey, one who goes for bear every time.

Our other fictional offerings this month also describe charming scoundrels: In "Schultz" (page 114), an excerpt from the long-awaited novel by **J.P. Donleavy**, author of *The Ginger Man*, we meet a cocky young theatrical producer who marries for money, screws for lust, and flexes his chauvinistic streak the way other men do their muscles. In "The Kid, Part II" (page 172), a second excerpt from **Albert Goldman**'s forthcoming novel *Haulin' Grass*, we once again meet up with our Adidas-wearing, dope-smoking boy wonder, who conquers both the chic New York of Studio 54 and the heart of the queen of the jet-set world.

When you've read all the above, though, you'll begin to realize that you've just gotten started on this issue. Our regular "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" (page 168) offers a comprehensive six-year look at America's successes and failures in advancing the rights of veterans. In "Backstage at Woodstock" (page 176) **Robert Stephen Spitz** mixes poignant nostalgia with the unearthing of several dismaying truths about behind-the-scenes machinations at the historical 1969 music festival, and in "The Splice Is Right" (page 106) Woody Allen and Mel Brooks's film editor, **Robert Rosenblum** (with **Robert Karen**), tells about the snip-and-tuck existence of the unsung artists who give finished films their pace, look, and texture. Of course, there is much, much more, including a lusty tribute to the sensuous world of disco, resident cartoonist **Bill Lee**'s sardonic look at "Inside Penthouse", and a special, extralong pictorial featuring ten years of the kind of Pets you'd definitely like to have a private anniversary party with. After you've savored every page of this special issue, we hope you'll agree with us that, far from resting on our laurels, *Penthouse* is bigger, bolder, and better then ever!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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Picture-perfect

I'm a single, twenty-two-year-old girl, and I have a girl friend who is married to the sexiest-looking guy I've ever seen. My girl friend (whom I'll call Kathy) is four years older than I, and her husband (whom I'll call Mike) is the same age as she is. Ever since I first met Mike (about two years ago), I've fantasized about having sex with him. I'd never made a pass at him, though.

Well, a couple of months ago I was spending the weekend at their house. We were sitting around watching television when Mike took out a copy of *Penthouse* to read. When he set it down, he said that he had taken some pictures of Kathy that were almost as good.

Kathy said that she would get them. About fifteen seconds later she came back into the room with a large photo album and told me to take a look. I opened the album, and the first couple of pages were pictures of Kathy wearing a bikini. Quite a bit of her body was shown, but not the private parts.

The next couple of pages consisted of pictures of Kathy completely nude. They all showed her with something in her pussy, either her fingers, a vibrator, or a dildo.

Every time I turned a page, I was getting more turned on, but it was nothing compared with the way I felt when I turned the next page. There I saw photos of Mike in the nude. In some photos his dick was soft, and in others it was hard and standing straight out. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen—poking up like a giant crocus. The next page consisted of pictures of Kathy and Mike in various sex acts. In several Kathy was sucking Mike's dick; in one of them she had a vibrator up his butt. In another one his come was dripping from her mouth. There were pictures of Mike eating her pussy and of them eating each other. The rest of the photos showed them fucking in different positions. In most of them you could see his dick in her pussy. The final pages of the album didn't have any photos, and Mike said that they were saving them for something special.

Kathy asked me how I liked them, and I said that they were wonderful pictures. I added that if I ever got married, I would want some of me and my husband. I then asked Kathy and Mike if they had shown their album to very many people. They said that I was the only one. I asked them why they had shown it to me, and they said that they would like to have some pictures of me to fill the empty pages.

The idea of posing nude in front of well-hung Mike was exciting me, but I pretended that I was unwilling so that I could tease him a little. I told Kathy it was all right as long as I didn't have to expose any vital parts of my body to Mike. I followed Kathy into the bedroom to change while Mike got his camera ready. She handed me a string bikini, which I put on. Then we joined Mike in the living room. He took a few pictures of me, and then Kathy asked me whether she could lower the back of my bikini a little, so that a few inches of my behind were showing. I said yes, as long as she didn't lower it more than three inches.

Kathy and I then went back to the bedroom, and she handed me a bath towel, which she told me to wrap around my body. It wasn't a very big towel, and it covered me from my tits to a couple of inches below my pussy. Mike took two pictures of me wearing this towel. Then we had him turn around while we repositioned the towel. I was holding it just above my nipples, and it hung down between my legs, covering my pussy but exposing my hips.

After Mike took a couple of pictures, we had him turn around while we left the room. Kathy then handed me what I at first thought was another bikini, but it turned out to be a G-string and a skimpy top. I put it on, and the back was only a string that went up the crack of my behind to another string that was the waistband. The front was a triangular piece of material that barely covered all my pubic hair. The top was just big enough to cover my nipples with most of the rest of my tits hanging out. I told Kathy that I couldn't go out in front of Mike with nothing covering my behind, but she said that I shouldn't worry and that I looked great. She grabbed my arm and led me to the front room. I could see a bulge growing in Mike's pants, and I was really starting to get turned on. After he took a few pictures, we went back to the bedroom to change again.

Kathy then handed me a pair of black nylon stockings and a garter belt, a pair of black bikini panties, and a sheer black baby-doll nightgown. She asked whether I would put these things on and pose, even though I wouldn't have on a bra. I decided not to give them a hard time anymore and just pose the way she wanted. Mike took about a half-dozen pictures of me, and Kathy said that we should find something else for me to wear.

When we got in the bedroom, she told me to take off the nightgown and panties. She then handed me a pair of sheer yellow panties and a sheer yellow bra, and asked me whether I was ready for them. I put them on, and she handed me a sheer yellow baby-

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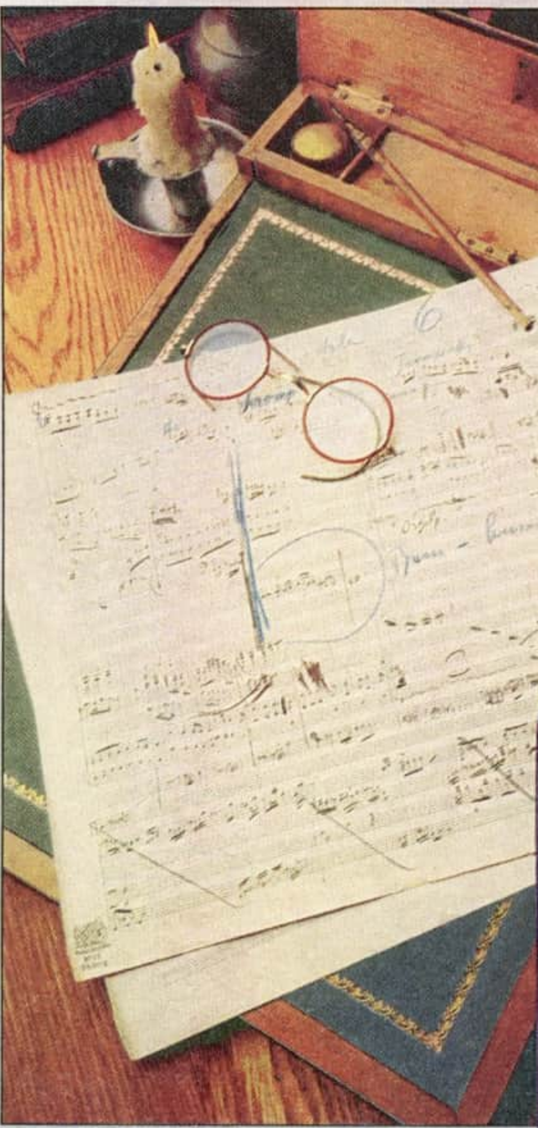

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doll nightgown, split up the sides. I put it on, and we rejoined Mike in the other room. He took a few pictures, and Kathy said that we should go into the bedroom to get some pictures of me on the bed. Mike took a couple of pictures of me on the bed, and then Kathy told me to take off the nightgown. She told me to lie back on the bed and spread my legs a little. I spread them as far as I could, giving Mike a good view of my pussy through the thin material.

After he took the picture, I took off the bra. Then I took off the panties, and while I was still lying down with my legs spread, he took another picture. All I had left on was the stockings and garter belt.

For the next shot, I reached back with one hand and spread my butt so that my anus was visible. I then lay on my back and began playing with myself, sticking my fingers in my pussy and anus. After Mike took a few pictures, Kathy handed me a vibrator and told me to try it. It was the twelve-inch variety, and I slid more than ten inches into my pussy and worked it in and out. All the time Mike was taking pictures. I then asked Kathy whether she had another vibrator, and she asked me whether a dildo would do. I told her to grease it up with some Vaseline. She handed it to me and told me to lie on my side. When I turned on my side and spread my legs, she rubbed the Vaseline into my behind and slid her finger inside, saying that I needed to be well lubricated.

I then slid the dildo into my anus and worked it in and out, and I did the same to my pussy with the vibrator. After Mike took a few more pictures, Kathy asked me whether I would like a real dick in my pussy. I told her that I'd love one. She handed me a towel and told me to wipe the Vaseline off and said that she was going to take some pictures of me and Mike eating each other and fucking. When Mike got his clothes off, he lay next to me on the bed, and we began kissing. We were sliding our tongues into each other's mouth, and he was finger-fucking my pussy and I was playing with his delicious dick and balls. He then started kissing my neck and slowly worked his way down to my pussy, stopping at my tits for a couple of minutes to suck on them. He ate my pussy until I came two times.

Then Mike lay on his back and told me to suck his dick. It was long and thick, with a full, round head. When I stroked it, the slit gaped open as if urging me on. He was still finger-fucking me, and I was sticking my tongue into that gaping pee slit. Kathy told me to let some of his come drip out of my mouth when he shot and then to lick it off his dick. I had blown him for about a minute when he shot a huge load into my mouth. I swallowed most of it but let quite a bit run down his dick. I then licked it off and sucked a little longer to keep it hard.

At that point I climbed on top of him and slid his dick into my pussy. We fucked for about ten minutes, with me on top of him. I was moving my hips slowly, just enjoying the feel of this far-out fuck. Then we turned over, and he was on top of me. Suddenly he started to pound his dick in and out of my pussy. We fucked for at least another five minutes, and his thrusts kept getting faster and harder. I came at least a half-dozen times before he finally filled my pussy with his hot come.

When I looked up, Kathy had her clothes off and had joined us in bed. We fucked and sucked each other for the rest of the weekend. It was the best weekend I ever spent, and we still get together about one weekend every month. If I ever get married, it will probably turn into a foursome.—*Name and address withheld*

Seeing red

Victoria Johnson
PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR

Photo by Ed Centner

Nothing against all those sexy poster girls like Farrah Fawcett, Suzanne Sommers, and Cheryl Tiegs, but I'm one gentleman who *doesn't* prefer blondes nearly as much as redheads. And your 1978 Pet of the Year, Victoria Johnson, is by far the most ravishing redhead my blue eyes have ever had the pleasure of gazing at! Seems to me that one way to celebrate your tenth anniversary would be to publish a poster of Vickie that would put her right up there with the other international poster girls—where she belongs!—*A.T., New York, N.Y.*

Your dreams have been answered. Someone else beat us to it, but the poster pictured above ought to catapult our lovely Penthouse *find into the ranks of established poster girls around the world. You can pick up one (or more!) at your favorite poster shop or by sending $2.50 in check or money order to:*

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All tied up

Amanda and I have been meaning to write for a long time. We've been reading *Penthouse* and its "Forum" column for several years, and although we have had hundreds of spectacular orgasms as a result of ideas we have gotten from your magazine, both of us agree that the way to make a man's cock truly explode in orgasm has never been fully detailed in your column. In return for all the hours of pleasure you've given us, I'd like to describe the way Amanda does it.

She begins by tying me down, naked, to her total satisfaction. She never ties me the same way twice. When she is satisfied that I'm securely bound, she gives me her scent. It's important to note here that we always do this before we shower, regardless of the time of day. Both of us truly love the way each other smells. She positions herself so that I can enjoy the aroma of her hair, neck, underarms, legs, and even her feet. Finally, she kneels with one knee above each of my shoulders and inches her covered vagina closer and closer to my lips.

At this point, her undergarment is always very wet, and it's truly exciting to see that aromatic wetness just out of reach. Amanda has a very strong sexual fragrance—especially when she comes home at the end of the day. The scent really acts as an aphrodisiac to me. This is one of the most maddening and sexually frustrating moments you can imagine, as I know what comes next. After a minute or two that seems like hours, she pulls the fabric of her panties away, showing me her red satin inside, slippery and shiny with her desire. After a few seconds she lowers herself to me, giving me the direct genital kiss with her wetness. This culminates in prolonged cunnilingus and always results in an orgasm for her. In our public life, she and I are equals. However, she does have this dominance fetish, the satisfying of which leads to dynamic orgasms.

At this point, there's usually a break in the action. She gets up, usually rubbing between her legs (she says it never stops tingling) and gets both of us a drink. She feeds me through a straw. She usually sips on her drink and fondles her greatest asset, her breasts, with her free hand. She also loves the smell of her own pussy just as much as I do, and she often runs her fingers through the damp, fragrant hair between her legs. While she is doing this, I'm lying there on my back, hard as iron. Often, if I'm tied comfortably, we smoke hash for five minutes or so.

Again, she kneels astride me, but this time she faces my feet, her mouth directly over my groin. During the entire time she does not touch me there. And now she wraps her long, tanned, warm fingers all the way around the shaft, squeezes firmly, and pushes the penile skin back, stretching it a bit, so that the end of my penis is very tight. If I'm in the right position, she will slide a greased middle finger up my anal canal. And, finally, she plays with the opening in my cock with the tip of her tongue. When all these things happen at the same time to a man who is appropriately bound, it creates near sexual madness—at least, it does in me.

She sits well up on my chest, with her open vagina accessible to my tongue, and

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begins sharp, quick strokes until I feel that I'm about to come. The sensation is unique when her hand is coated with a gel. Other times she first takes me deeply into her mouth and uses as a lubricant the saliva that is left on my penis as it comes from her mouth. She always stops pumping me with her hand just when she knows I'm near the point of no return. She knows me well enough to realize when I'm about to come. And then she stops and lets me settle down. Usually, she'll drop me completely and straighten up so that I can use long tongue strokes along the crack in her backside. She loves this, and I know what my tongue inside her anus does to her. Then, after a lapse of a minute or two, she starts all over again.

She repeats this scene until she finally feels that I simply can't stand one more delay, and then her body moves slightly forward. Her lips part, and I feel myself sliding into her mouth and down her throat. She's worked for a long time to perfect her technique so that now she can engulf my entire shaft in her throat. She can even slip my testicles into her hot mouth. Amanda says that the feeling of my rod down her throat firing sperm deep into her body is definitely the best of all possible earthly experiences.—*Name and address withheld*

Dart bored

Recently, my college roommates Tom, Mark, and Eric and I purchased a dartboard for our room. We were sexually frustrated because of an unfortunate dearth of delicious dames and because the few foxes we knew were conceited bitches. So, as avid readers of various porn magazines, especially *Penthouse*, we posted pinups over the bull's-eye and fired away, taking out our frustration on the thighs, tits, and bushes of the gorgeous gals over whom we continuously drooled.

One Saturday night, after I had just returned from a grueling game of squash, I was ready to jump into the shower when Lois, our voluptuous stuck-up neighbor, came in wanting to talk to me about our physics homework. She was wearing a tight pair of white gym shorts, which almost revealed her red bush, and a very tight white T-shirt, which gave me a beautiful view of her nipples. My heart, needless to say, started intense palpitations, and my prick was throbbing.

Meanwhile, besides the stereo, all I had on was a towel, wrapped around my waist. Immediately after Lois walked in, I tried to cover up the pinup on our dartboard, for the gorgeous, impaled gal was lying spread-eagled in an inviting fashion, with a dart rammed right smack in the middle of her pussy. I didn't want Lois to think that we were a bunch of S&M freaks.

Lois saw my hasty action and made me move aside. She flashed me an inviting smile and then proceeded to scrutinize my robust physique. My eight-inch cock was hard as could be, its circumcised head peeking out from the towel and staring at Lois with its lidless eye. This prompted Lois to remark, while she was looking and pointing at the dartboard, "So, you well-hung stud, you seem to like to impale girls on paper. Why don't you try to impale me?" "My pleasure," I replied.

Lois shut the door behind her and grabbed the towel from around my body. She then started rat-tailing me until my ass was pinker than my prickhead. After she'd stuck her fingers up my behind, she hustled me into my bedroom, stroking my erection all the way.

We started French-kissing passionately, and after about ten minutes Lois was out of her playsuit. Her love juices were flowing all over our thighs. We then lay down on my waterbed. I almost shot my load and my cock practically jumped out of its skin. Lois sat me down on her face, even swallowing my balls, each the size of an orange.

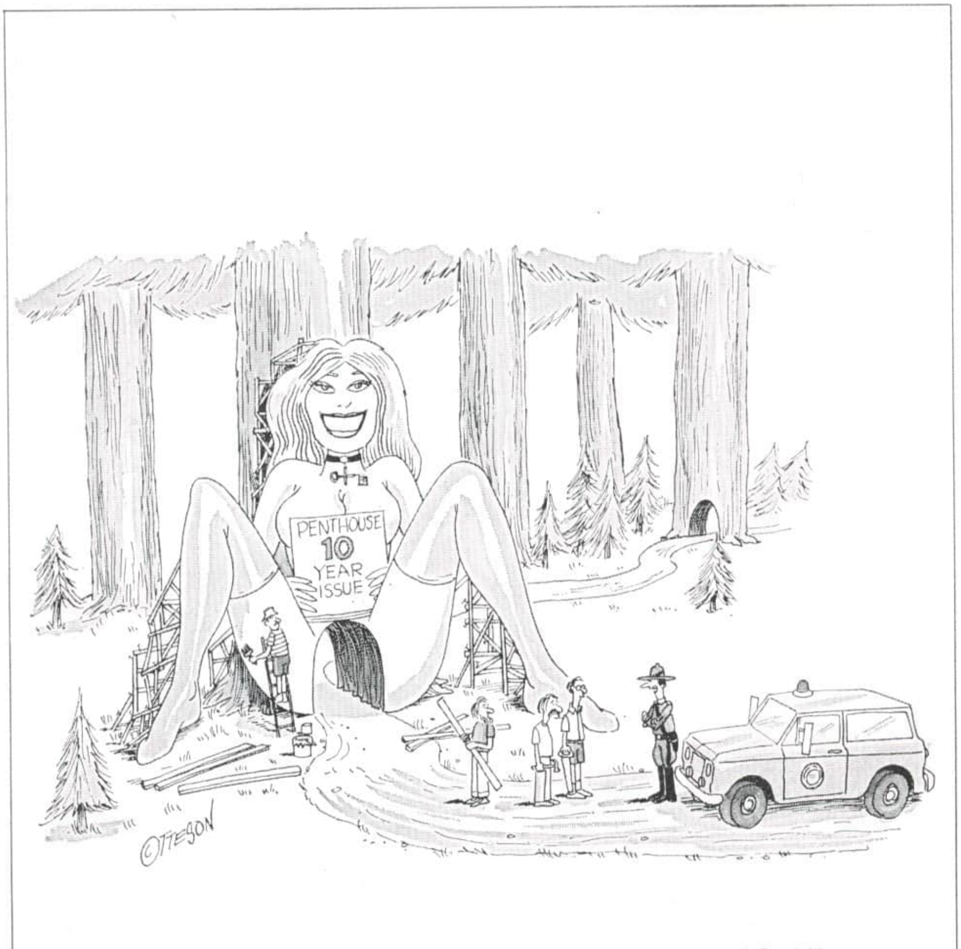
Lois kept pumping away on my cock until I shot my wad. She swallowed every drop. Then she instructed me to lie down on my back, and she sat on my face. I had the feast of my life, sampling the most delicious love offerings imaginable. I ate and ate and ate her, and she had three of the most powerful orgasms that I have ever seen. She came all over my face, and we both cherished every minute of it.

We both lay there moaning deliriously. Lois smiled, and after a few more minutes of passionate kissing and sampling, she stroked my prick and begged, "Okay, shove that dart up my bull's-eye!" I needed no more encouragement. I hopped on her, and I gave her my all. While I was wickedly thrusting my dick into her luscious love forest, Lois urged me on, yelling, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck my brains out, Billy!" We must have fucked for an hour in every position possible, and we both came many times. We were both on the verge of exhaustion, and the room smelled of our love juices, a most pleasant aroma.

I was ready to continue performing my duty on Lois when she told me that she wanted to shower with me, since that was what I was going to do in the first place. We proceeded to hump, sixty-nine, and do much more. We even did it sitting and lying down on the shower floor. The showerhead added the wonderful effect of a pulsating vibrator. What a night! While my roommates were out getting high and heady, I was getting a reasonable amount of head myself.

After our shower, we were both pretty well spent, and we then started playing darts. We goofed off until late into the night, shaving one another, putting on one another's clothes, and even going to a deserted field and fucking in the snow. Our love organs were now beyond repair; so we decided to sleep it off.

The next morning was Sunday, and we made love again. This time Lois brought her roommates, and I brought mine. Needless to say, Lois and I were the star attraction, because we had had a "practice" ses-



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sion the night before.

I never knew that darts were an effective way of picking up girls. Now I know better.—*Name and address withheld*

Desk job

I had always thought that your letters column was dreamed up by your staff, but my own experience has led me to believe that at least some of the letters are authentic. This is a story of fantasy fulfillment for a man in his early forties, a sort of bonus no longer expected.

I teach graduate students in a large western university. During the fall semester of 1976, I began to notice that a student of mine (I'll call her Lisa) was spending a lot of time studying alone in the classroom across from my office. Finally, I invited her out for coffee and then offered her lunch if she wanted to come to the school on the following Saturday. The preliminary pass I made during this lunch was not strenuously rejected and led in subsequent days to some heavy petting sessions in my office. One such occasion was interrupted by a knock on the door (it was my wife) just as I started in finger-fucking Lisa and eliciting little whimpers from her. We escaped that little emergency without further incident by my grabbing my briefcase and leaving the office, while Lisa crouched behind a file cabinet.

We subsequently enjoyed frequent daytime fuck sessions in various motels and, on occasion, at Lisa's home. Although she was married, her husband (I'll call him Abe) was usually gone all day. I seemed to enjoy the danger of possible discovery while I was fucking her in their bed. On occasion Abe would call from work while Lisa and I were either fucking or relaxing between couplings. Lisa also revealed some of Abe's sexual techniques, such as trying to make her come by using sausage. He also objected to her watching television while he was fucking her; he said that he didn't enjoy it if she wasn't concentrating and taking part.

Lisa is a small girl, about five feet two inches tall, 110 pounds, with dark hair on her head and black hair on her pussy. She has a beautiful little body, perfectly formed, with small, adolescent-looking breasts. She has a pixieish face, with large brown eyes. She enjoys sex very much. She once told me that after one of our all-day fuck sessions on a Saturday, her husband gave it to her several more times that night, and for once she had had enough sex. (I think she let this slip accidentally, but she is not a nymphomaniac.)

Lisa had almost never been able to come with a penis inside her. So I would bring her to climax first by much French kissing, body kissing, cunnilingus, manipulating the clitoris, and finger fucking. When I knew from her throaty moans and preliminary shudders that she was beginning to come, I would enter and fuck her until I came; she enjoyed feeling my cock inside her once she had come. At our first session, because I had stupidly promised her that I would go no further than the heavy petting we had been doing in my office, I didn't enter her with my cock. She willingly performed fellatio on me but declined to swallow the semen. Our subsequent sessions usually included her sucking my cock. If she was tired, I might fuck her in the mouth, rather than make her do all the work of sucking cock. She would also suck my balls while I masturbated if we wanted a little variety.

We usually went into the *soixante-neuf* position at least once during our sessions, and there was another position I particularly liked. Lying on my back, I would have her lie on her back on top of me, reversed, and put her pussy tightly against my face, my head being propped up by pillows. In this position, I was able to tongue her cunt and manipulate her clitoris at the same time. I never fucked her in the ass, because she said that Abe had tried it twice and that it had hurt her.

I have always liked fucking doggy style, and once we had engaged in it, Lisa would often request that position. On two occasions I fucked her that way as she bent over the desk in my office; she didn't seem to fear the possibility of our being caught and in fact may have enjoyed it as a thrill. Her husband is a small man, and my cock, while only average size, may have been somewhat longer than his and thus able to penetrate farther than his. In any case, Lisa loved that style, moaning and murmuring, "Fantastic!" and "Marvelous!" all the while I was ramming my cock in and out from behind. I should mention at this point that Lisa was English, and the cultured tones of her ecstatic words only added to my own pleasure.

During what remained of the fall semester and through the spring and summer sessions, I made love to Lisa as often as possible, besides the fondlings and kisses I gave her whenever she came into my office or when I saw that she was alone in the classroom across from my office. This was the truly incredible aspect of the affair: to have available on the job, so to speak, a beautiful girl ready for anything we could get away with, including the two humpings across my desk.

For a middle-aged professor, it was a little bit of Shangri-la.—*Name and address withheld*

Bleu movies

I've been reading "Forum" for approximately two years and have really gotten off on some of your great stories. I admit I tended to believe some of them were slightly exaggerated, but after having the experience of my life a couple of months ago, I'm now a convert to the legions of happy believers.

I work in a restaurant on the outskirts of Sacramento. Our clientele consists primarily of commuters traveling from the Bay Area to Northern California lakes, Reno,

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and other recreational areas. We have a bevy of young waitresses working here, but because of my "position" in the restaurant they'll have nothing to do with me and refer to me condescendingly as "the salad boy." They ridicule me and deride my masculinity at every opportunity. They don't include me in their sexual escapades after work, leaving me to clean up the salad area and lock the doors after hours. I'm sure most of the waitresses would probably treat me with a little more respect if they were aware of what I've got hanging between my legs, but not one will give me a chance to show my stuff.

The restaurant had just closed one Sunday after lunch, and I was preparing the restaurant for the evening shift when I heard a knock at the door. I was really in a sullen mood, since I'd received more than the usual amount of verbal abuse from my coworkers that afternoon. So I just yelled, "We're closed" to the person on the other side of the door. When I heard a faint but inaudible female voice saying something about car trouble, I decided to lend my services if needed.

I opened the door and almost shot my wad from just looking at this knockout. She was a long, slender beauty with a radiant smile. She was wearing a very brief string bikini swimsuit, and I noticed that she had large, protruding nipples standing at attention on very well-rounded, jutting breasts. She explained that she and her husband had just come from Folsom Lake and a wheel bearing on the boat trailer had burned out. She was thirsty from standing in the sun and wanted a drink of water while her husband tried to fix the wheel.

I just stood there, transfixed by the most beautiful set of magnificent tits I'd ever feasted my eyes on. I tried to close my mouth and stop gaping as her boobs strained against her sheer, still-wet bathing suit top. I stammered something incoherent and told her where the water was. As I followed her to the drinking fountain, my tool began to quiver and throb. I felt as though I was going to pass out from loss of blood as my erect dick was throbbing and straining against my pants. I usually wear a heavy apron around my waist, but the bulge was something over which I now had no control.

As she turned around from the drinking fountain, saying "Thanks," she glanced at my shaft. Her eyes widened with shock at first, and she averted her gaze. But then her eyes hesitantly returned for a good long peek. "Maybe you could use a little cold water yourself," she said, grinning broadly and lifted my apron for a closer inspection. I almost creamed in my pants as her soft touch brushed against the head of my pulsating meat. I stammered something about her husband, but she said he'd gone to the service station to call a garage for assistance.

I relaxed a little and finally took a good long look at this dreamboat standing before me. She had thick red hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, and firm, rounded tits. Her skin was creamy white and just beginning to turn tan. Her brief-cut suit bottom contained the roundest ass I've ever seen. Her crotch bulged out, straining against the tightness of her suit, making the cleft well defined as the wet material inched up her slit, exposing a nice, thick set of pussy lips.

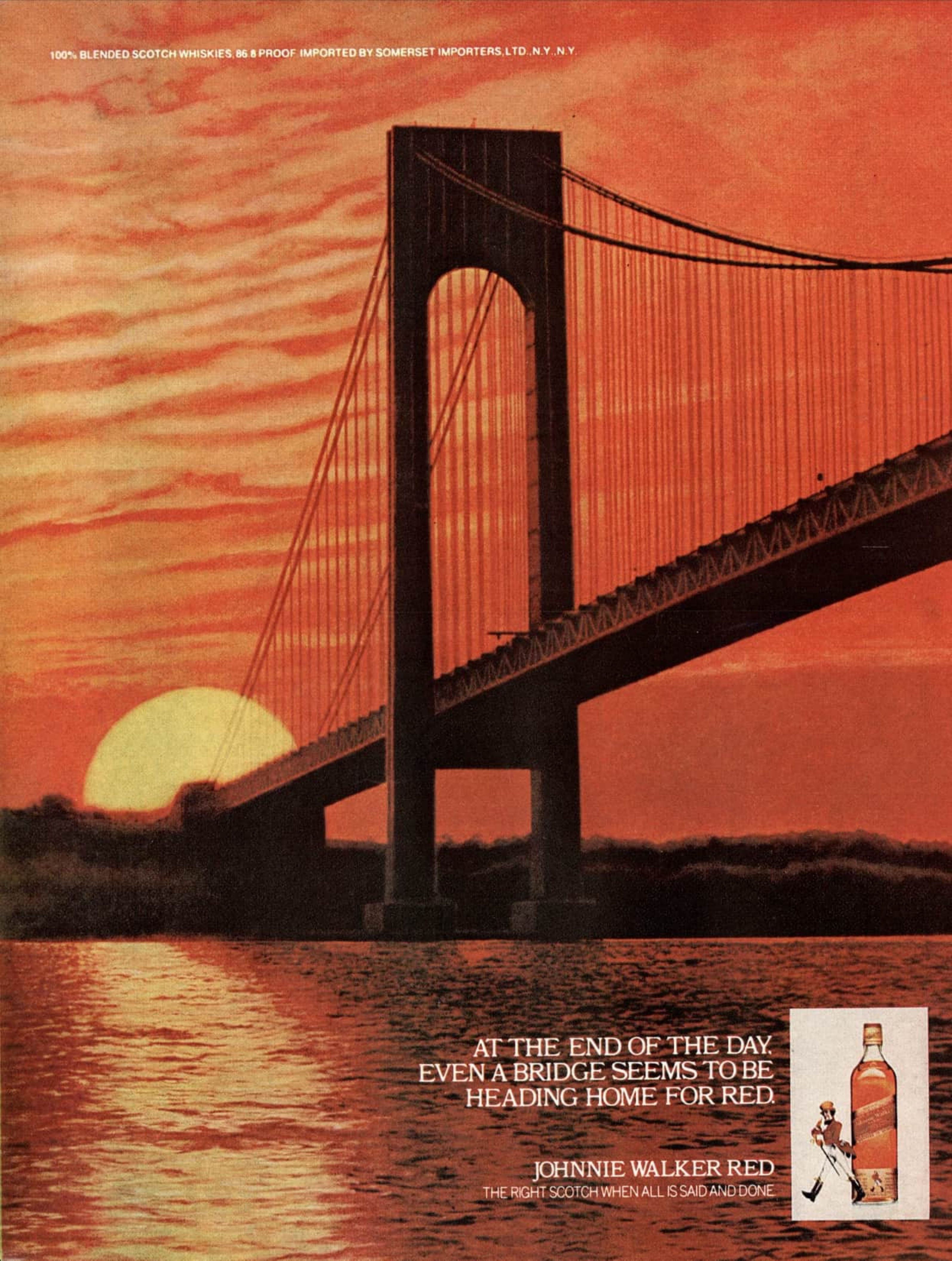
I groaned and told her, "Cold water won't help this problem." She licked her parted lips and purred, "Maybe some pussy will cool you off better than cold water." She then took my peter in her hand, squeezing the huge shaft and causing the blood to rush in a torrent to the circumcised head. I needed no more coaxing and, trembling all over, I led her to a secluded area by the salad bar.

She had a hungry look on her face as she knelt before me and slowly unzipped my pants. My pecker almost jumped out to her when it was released and even increased in size as it was loosed from its confinement. It stood rigidly in front of her face, pulsating wildly. She gasped and looked up at me. "I'll need two hands for this rambunctious pet." She grasped the shaft with both hands and started jacking me off, staring all the while at my blood-engorged rod, its swollen head just a tongue-length away from her parted, moist lips. I looked down at her bouncing tits and undulating hips and thought about that steaming crotch just waiting to be ravaged. I felt the first waves of passion licking through my loins, and I started coming in spurts. A torrent of gushing hot sperm shot in her hair, covered her face and slowly dripped down the cleavage of her ample breasts. She moaned and started licking the glistening droplets on my now red glans and rubbed the remaining come on her face and tits. She then licked her fingers and the end of my quivering rod until they were free of any residue.

Still shuddering from the intense convulsions, I dipped my hand into the Bleu Cheese dressing and rubbed it all over my dong. She smiled and took the hint. She sucked with a fervor I've never known. My half-erect organ jumped back to life, and she had trouble keeping even the head in her mouth. She rubbed the thick dressing all along my cock and balls. Then, carefully licking all the dressing off my sac, she started tonguing my shaft while caressing my balls and slowly worked her way down from the swollen mushroom tip, along the piston, and over my pouch. Then she slipped her moist tongue into my ass hole. She lubed her finger with some of the dressing and put a finger up my tight orifice.

Sensing the impending flood of jism, she quickly swallowed half my cock in her mouth as I drained my rod in her throat, feeling the hot, sticky liquid fill her mouth until she could hold no more. She rolled it on her tongue and then swallowed the hot delicious wad, milking my thick piston to the last drop.

Drained but still game, I lay down on the floor and, staring up at the beautiful mound above my face, pulled her swimsuit down


100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86.8 PROOF IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.
AT THE END OF THE DAY, EVEN A BRIDGE SEEMS TO BE HEADING HOME FOR RED.
JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.

her soft thighs. I was dazzled by the neatly trimmed red bush and the view of her bulging lips and tight little ass hole.

She squatted above me, and her pussy lips parted to reveal a glistening pink treasure box. She started fingering her clit and pussy, inserting two fingers up her hot box, and began rotating her hips, moaning, while her love juice seeped down her thighs and fingers. I'd never seen such a wet box! Just as she was about to come, she squatted down on my face, and I began to lick her clit just as the first wave hit. Her labia pressed together in twitching spasms and shot squirts of her sweet quim juice all over my face. I swallowed and sucked as she moaned and writhed above my face, now pressing her passion tunnel on my face and rubbing her moistened bud on my nose. She came again in waves, shooting more pussy juice down my eager mouth.

My dick was so hard now that I thought it would explode any minute. She took one look back between her legs and, seeing my organ red with anticipation, moved back and brushed her twat against my swollen glans. Holding my pillar firmly in her hand, she guided it into the folds of her hot, steaming cunt. She made a low animal growl and purred, "Fuck me with that big dick, you stud. Split my pussy apart!" I rammed my cock hard, up to the hilt, and we both watched it appear and then disappear in the folds of her swollen twat. She started flexing her pussy muscles, and I felt as though I were being crushed in a velvet vise.

She moaned in ecstasy and was close to another pleasure pulse when she let loose of my pecker and turned around on her knees. She exposed her tightly puckered ass hole and began finger-fucking herself frantically, crying, "Fuck me in my ass! Fuck my ass hard!" I dipped my hand in the Bleu cheese dressing again and lubricated my staff, anointing all eleven inches with the thick cream. I moved to position behind her exposed sphincter and rammed my huge rod up her puckered ass. She let out a growl and began fingering her clit and pussy harder and faster. I drove the entire length of my thick piston into that warm love channel and pushed with all my strength until I felt the first rhythmic waves of pleasure seeping into my loins. She began quivering, and we both came in one magnificent shudder as I filled her butt to the brim with my last load of hot juice.

We both lay still on the floor, breathing heavily as my swollen cock twitched and shrunk until it popped out of her ass hole, leaving a trail of come dripping down to her pussy and thighs.

We heard a car coming into the lot, and she quickly pulled her swimsuit over her swollen labia and walked gingerly to the door. She gave my penis a squeeze and said, "Now I'll always know where to come when I need my bearings burnt!"

I laughed and told her she could grease my spindle any time. Unfortunately, I didn't get her name and probably will never see her again, but to this day I prefer making a salad with Bleu cheese dressing. — *D. W., Rocklin, Calif.*

Parental guidance

I don't know whether you accept "Forum" letters from teenagers (I am eighteen years old), but I'm not so naïve that I don't know my experience will interest your readers. The very first time I baby-sat for a young couple I'll call Al and Barbara, I discovered a magazine rack loaded with foreign-language pornographic magazines. Wow! What sexy pictures! Couples fucking and sucking in all sorts of positions, men fucking men, and women going down on each other. The whole assortment made me so horny that I took off my clothes and got myself off two or three times.

When Al and Barbara returned home, the magazines were still on the coffee table and they teased me about having looked through their "collection." I was embarrassed, but they really didn't seem to care; so the whole thing was sort of laughed off. When Al drove me home, he asked me whether the magazines had excited me, and I told him they certainly had. When we parked in front of my house, he kissed me. I let him unbutton my cardigan sweater and unfasten my bra. He sucked both of my boobs until I just about flipped, and then he slipped his hand up between my legs. I got so hot that I couldn't resist groping him. "Let's get in the backseat, Lorry," he whispered. "I want to eat your pussy." The minute we got into the backseat, he pulled me up and buried his face between my legs. It was the first time anybody ever did *that* to me, and did I go off! I almost fainted. When it was over, I saw that he had somehow slipped his cock out of his pants, and he shoved it right up close to me. I opened my mouth and took it excitedly. He orgasmed almost immediately.

A week later my mother told me that they wanted me to baby-sit for them again. I could hardly wait. When Al picked me up, he told me that they really didn't want me to baby-sit; they wanted me to see their pornographic movies. Maybe, he added, all three of us could have some fun. He put the car in the garage and asked me whether he could just give my pussy a few licks. I pulled off my panties and felt his tongue up inside of me. When I started to squirm, he said that we'd better go into the house before he climaxed in his pants. When we got inside, Barbara put her arms around me and said that she was sure we'd have fun. Right away they wanted to show me the movies.

I never saw movies like that. I got so horny that I could hardly stand it, and I guess Barbara felt the same way, because she had unbuttoned her blouse and was playing with her boobs. I snickered, and she said, "Are you getting horny?"

That was when we all got undressed. Barbara said that I had nice boobs and ran

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PENTHOUSE
S
P
GRAPE JAM
APP BUTT
OIL

"Very good! Now for the second letter, we need a rubber sheet, a baby snake and a jar of apple butter!"

Technics
Silver Edition

When you consider the prices of many metal-tape cassette decks, it's hard to consider them at all. But consider this: With Technics RS-M63 you not only get metal tape recording, you also get three heads and double Dolby[†] for only $450.

That means you'll get a lot of performance, too. Take the RS-M63's extended frequency response. With standard CrO_2 tape it's incredibly high; with metal tape it's simply incredible.

Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N
0.05% WRMS	20Hz-20kHz (metal) 20Hz-18kHz (FeCr/CrO_2) 20Hz-17kHz (normal)	67 dB Dolby in

The RS-M63's separate HPF record and playback heads not only result in a very wide frequency response, they also work together so you can check the quality of your tape while recording it. There's also a sendust/ferrite erase head, powerful enough to erase highly resistant metal tape.

When it comes to Dolby NR, the RS-M63 offers plenty of versatility. Because there are separate Dolby circuits for recording and playback. And that means you can monitor your tapes with the benefits of Dolby Noise Reduction.

To help you make recordings with plenty of dynamic range, the RS-M63 adds fluorescent (FL) bar-graph meters. They're completely electronic and extremely fast with a device attack time of just five millionths of a second. They're also accurate. So accurate that deviation from the 0 VU level is no more than 0.1dB. And that means the recording levels you see are the recording levels you get.

The RS-M63 also has separate three-position bias and EQ selectors for normal, chrome and ferrichrome tapes. A separate metal tape selector. Fine bias adjustment. And memory features including auto rewind, auto play and rewind auto play.

The RS-M63. The only deck to consider when you consider its performance and its price.

[*] Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.
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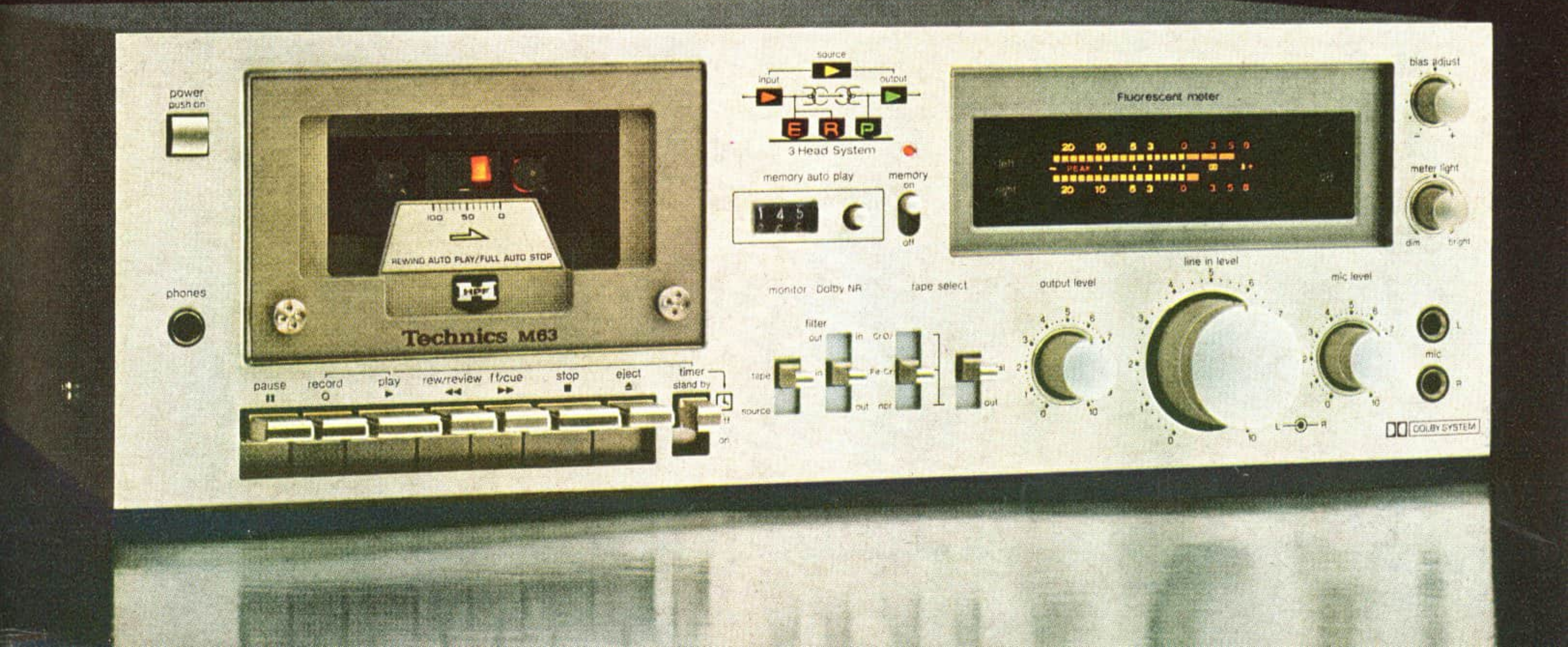
Everyone's talking about metal tape recording, 3 heads and double Dolby. Technics lets you hear it all for $450.[*]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DOLBY SYSTEM

The promise

I've often wondered whether I'd ever have an incident sufficiently unusual or erotic to warrant writing to *Penthouse*. I certainly enjoy reading your letters. In fact, my girl friend and I often read them together as fuel for the fire. For me, it's the best part of the magazine!

Recently my girl friend and I were invited to a mutual friend's birthday party. The party was a good one, with lots of good people and music and food. Eventually, she had enough and wanted to go home, but I was reluctant, since I was still having a great time. So she came up with a way to lure me home; she offered to do whatever I wanted if I'd leave immediately.

We went home and here's how the scenario proceeded. First, we smoked some nice grass in order to loosen up a little (she hardly ever touches the stuff), and then I ordered her to do a striptease. I might add at this point that at thirty years of age she has a dynamite figure that puts many of the younger girls I've known to shame. She also has beautiful eyes and lovely, natural blonde hair. She did a very sexy strip, really getting into it, taking off her blouse and then her skirt, lingering over her bra and leaving on a half slip as she slipped off her panties. Next she reached into her slip and started to finger her clitoris while she played with her breasts with her other hand.

By the time she was nude, I had come up with an inspiration. I've often gazed across the canyon separating high-rise apartments here in Manhattan, wishing to witness something like this. So I ordered her to go over to the bedroom window and open the blinds and dance in front of the window. Next I told her to sit on the table in front of the window and masturbate. Both of her hands got busy as she rubbed her swollen tits and clit. I was lying on the bed, excited at the thought that some lucky person (male or female) was getting turned on by the show I was producing.

After a while, I told her to come over to the bed and deliver her dripping pussy to my mouth. She climbed up over my chest and straddled my face. Then she used her fingers to spread her delicate, blonde-hair-covered lips and reveal her glistening clit to my eyes. I licked her thighs, teasing her into a frenzy and then moved up to nibble, lick, and suck on her labia and clit—just enough to drive her crazy.

I then got up from the bed and told her to masturbate while I photographed her in action. Even though she was concerned about who would develop those pictures, she writhed in ecstasy on the bed, her legs spread and her hands busily playing with herself. The scene was so erotic and exciting that I came just while taking the pictures—the warm spray of come hitting her body and the bed.

She then sucked my cock right back to life, and I flipped her over and fucked her "doggy style." I finally shot my load into her warm, juicy pussy. We then cuddled up, acknowledged what a great time we'd both had, kissed each other good night, and went to sleep. I told her that I could hardly wait for the next party she wants to leave early.—*Name and address withheld*

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ROLLING

Played for a sucker

I am a guitarist in a rock group that plays local clubs in the Southern California area. While it's true that musicians always seem to get more than their share of sex, I recently had an experience that was truly great.

We were playing out at some dive in the San Fernando Valley when I noticed a chick eyeing me. Even in the dark I could tell that she wasn't a great beauty, but she kept staring at me. Eventually, she got up to dance and maneuvered herself to a position right in front of me. As I was playing, she smiled at me and slowly rolled her tongue around her lips. The T-shirt she was wearing read, "Suck 'em up," and I began

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The Panasonic 200-watt dash. Win it with a built-in graphic equalizer.

Vast expanses of curved glass and valleys of vinyl all encased in steel. A less than ideal place to listen to music. But, unfortunately, a lot of us do. Because this is the interior of a car. It's here that Panasonic teams up two 100-watt amps with a built-in graphic equalizer to create the stereo system that can outrun the problems your car's interior creates.

Our built-in graphic equalizer has 5 bands. It divides the music into five parts, to give each part its own separate bass and treble control. So whether you're listening to the stereo tuner or the cassette player, you'll have excellent control over all your music.

And when some other car stereo amps may be gasping for power and limping with distortion, these Panasonic in-dash hi-fi components have 200 watts of power with only 0.05% total harmonic distortion. That's plenty of power to take the most difficult passages in stride.

The Panasonic 200-watt dash gets off to a running start with the CQ-7600: An AM/FM stereo tuner, graphic equalizer, cassette player with Dolby and a bi-amp. The bi-amp further separates the music by routing most of the low notes through the rear speakers. And most of the high notes through the front speakers. The CQ-7600 runs in concert with a matched pair of CJ-5000 power amps. Each with 100 watts of total power (30- and 40-watt amps are also available). And to handle all that power, Panasonic has the Sound Pumps™ 100 speaker system.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Announcing good taste at only 3 mg. tar.

Read how new Flavor-Intensified™ Triumph gives you taste good enough to stay with at only 3 mg. tar...one of the lowest tar levels in cigarettes.

Triumph. The first and only cigarette that delivers good taste with only 3 mg. tar.

If you've ever been disappointed by one of the very low tar cigarettes, you will understand why Triumph is quite an achievement.

Even the draw is a surprise.

The smoke comes through abundantly. The taste reaches you smoothly. Effortlessly. With none of the struggle you may have experienced in other very low tar brands. You don't have to *pull* —you just *puff* on Triumph.

No gimmicks, no miracles.

No less remarkable than Triumph itself, is the technology that enabled us to build it.

The crux of it: Instead of searching for some yet unimagined answer, Lorillard scientists decided to take a more sensible tack.

Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology further than we've ever pushed it before.

Delivering taste, limiting tar.

We found, for example, that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

That tiny "vents" in the filter-rim *smooth* the taste.

That lower-leaf tobaccos (shaded from the heat of the sun) tend to be milder and lower in tar than those at the top of the plant.

In short, everything we could find that might *intensify flavor* at 3 mg. tar, was built into Triumph.

Taste you won't get tired of.

What it all comes down to is this: Triumph is not one of those ultra low tars that spoil your pleasure by short-changing you on taste.

Triumph, at only 3 mg. tar, is a cigarette with a taste you can stay with. So good, we believe *you'll never want to go back to your old cigarette.*

mph.®

One of the lowest tar cigarettes you can smoke.
The one with taste enough to stay with.

to get an idea of what the rest of the evening would be like.

On our next break it was very easy to start a conversation with her. Practically the first words out of her mouth were, "I'd love to suck your cock." I said, "Why not now?" So I borrowed the keys to the drummer's van and went outside. As soon as we got inside, I lay down on my back, and this chick, who told me her name was Gloria, pulled at my belt and slowly unfastened my zipper. It was dark inside the van, but that made it even more of a turn-on. She immediately took all of my cock in her mouth, sucking like crazy and fondling my balls. After about two minutes of her wet, warm mouth on my cock, I felt as if I were going to explode. I reached over and unzipped her jeans and pulled them down past her knees. She lay back in the van, and I immediately plunged my throbbing cock into her pussy. Within seconds she was squirming and moaning, begging me to fuck her harder. I shot my wad almost immediately, pulling out just as I came. My semen shot all over her belly, and she promptly rubbed it in. I had to get back to the club, since we were late for our next set. All the guys in the band were smiling at me when I got back on stage. The best, however, was yet to come. I told Gloria that I would see her the next day, since she didn't work.

Still hot from the previous night, I got to her place late the next morning. She greeted me at the door and planted a long, wet kiss on my mouth. My hand started roaming over her body, feeling her nipples grow harder under the fabric of her blouse. We immediately moved to the bedroom, where she quickly got out of her clothes and I did the same. Gloria was a shade on the plump side, with full, heavy breasts. There may be better-looking women out there, but Gloria truly enjoyed fucking and sucking. As she lay back on the bed, we French-kissed for several minutes, each of us getting hotter all the time. I then moved down to her breasts, licking the nipples and gently rolling them between my teeth. By this time I was nearly as hot as she was. Her breath was coming in low gasps, and her half-closed eyes showed how much she was enjoying it. I licked her belly and slowly moved down to her steamy cunt, which was already sopping. I kissed the inside of her thighs, causing her to moan, and then settled in on her clit for serious work. I took her pussy lips in my mouth and slowly let them go, all the while running my tongue across her clit. Every once in a while, I'd dart my tongue deep inside her cunt, making her stiffen with surprise.

I then swung my legs around so that she could reach my cock. She took all of it in her mouth and began sucking it, pausing only to lick the head every once in a while. My cock felt as if it were going to explode, and I quickly switched positions and entered her. It took only a couple of minutes until we both collapsed with tumultuous orgasms; I felt my semen trickle down her thighs as we lay there. We got up and took a shower together. While I fondled her breasts and cunt, she stuck a soapy finger up my ass. We kissed deeply and sensually.

After we dried each other off, we went back to her bedroom, where she said to me, "Lie back and enjoy it." She lay alongside me and slowly took my cock into her mouth. As I stiffened, she took in more and more, holding the base of it in her right hand and massaging my balls with her left. All of a sudden, she slipped a finger up my anus, telling me, "I thought you'd like that." She continued to suck me for several minutes while I fingered her cunt and clit. Finally, I could stand it no longer and came deeply in her mouth. She swallowed every drop of my come and kept sucking until I was soft. We fell asleep after that, but when I woke the next morning she was gone. She had left me a note saying, "So long, love. You're a hard act to swallow!"—*Name and address withheld*

HOUSE
P. Steiner

"*I think you're right, Al.* Penthouse *has gotten juicier over the years.*"

Come and get it

I think your most interesting feature, outside of the beautiful women, is your letters from readers. That is the reason why I think they would be interested in an experience I had recently.

I am a security police officer, and recently I was assigned to work at the regional wrestling matches held at a local college. Since it was a two-day affair, I had a chance to meet many lovely girls and women, but one caught my eye and kept it for two days. She was eighteen years old, had medium-length brown hair, and the most beautiful body I have ever seen. Her breasts were not large, rather small, in fact, but firm and with the hardest nipples imaginable. Well, every time I saw this girl, whom I'll call Judy, I got the biggest hard-on of my life, and I could tell that she saw the bulge in my rather tight uniform pants.

The big event happened at the end of the second day, as they were handing out the trophies and awards. I had to go to the rest room. After I had gone and unzipped my pants, I saw another pair of hands come from behind me and grab hold of my cock. Not knowing what to think, I turned around and got the surprise of my life. There was beautiful Judy, smiling and saying that she might be able to help me relieve some tension. With that, she dropped down to her knees and started licking my eight-inch cock from the base to the tip and back to the base again. Then she sucked my balls into her mouth and sucked on them for about five minutes. After that she went back to working on my cock, licking it with her tongue and then taking it and sticking it in her mouth. She gave me the best blowjob I have ever had. It must have lasted for another ten minutes, and when I was about to come, she took my whole cock into her mouth. I must have pumped a gallon of come down her wonderful throat, and she didn't miss a drop. Then she cleaned my cock off with her mouth, licking off every bit of come.

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And unlike any other European sports car, the X 1/9 comes with a 24 month/24,000 mile limited power train warranty.** The Fiat X 1/9. In all its glory, only $7,167* as shown. For nearest dealer, call toll-free (800) 447-4700 or in Illinois (800) 322-4400.

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The fragrance
the well dressed man
is wearing.
pierre cardin man's cologne
Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne
Accessories courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

About that time we heard somebody coming down the hall; so Judy hid in one of the stalls while I peed. After the guy left, she came out. We embraced and kissed a long, drawn-out kiss in which our tongues explored each other's mouth. By this time it was getting late, and I had to be on another job in about one hour; so I asked Judy to come along, too.

When we got inside the restaurant, we picked up where we had left off at the college. Only this time we went farther, and slowly but surely we stripped. As we were embracing, my cock grew so hard that I thought it was going to burst. Slowly I laid Judy back on one of the tables and let my mouth and hands start to roam and explore her beautiful, soft, silky skin. While my lips and tongue were caressing her breasts, my right hand was caressing her thighs and silky mound. When I slipped a finger into her wet, hot, tight pussy, she went crazy. Then I let my mouth trail kisses down her stomach and onto her mound. By this time she was hot as hell, and when my tongue stabbed up into that tight pussy and started licking her clit, she started moaning and saying, "Oh, suck it, baby! Oh, I'm going to come!" When she came, my face got a stream of her love juice, which must have been gallons. Then I got between her legs and fucked that pussy for a pounding ten minutes. What a turn-on it is to watch your cock going in and out of a beautifully tight, glistening pussy! I must have pumped two quarts of come into her pussy that night. We continued fucking and sucking until eight o'clock the next morning, at which time I drove her back to her car. I have not seen Judy since that night, but I will never forget her.—*Name and address withheld*

Night "stiff" shift

I work for a wholesale company in the Sun Belt as a night-shift computer operator. Nights here are usually lonesome, for most of the other employees leave when I come to work. The end of the month picks up when keypunchers are required to put in overtime. There is a voluptuous keypuncher whom I'll call Donna. She has an outstanding pair of tits and an incredibly beautiful ass. She always wears skin-tight slacks, tight enough to outline those parted lips of lust. I have previously imagined my tongue probing the innermost part of that hidden muff. The way Donna moved made my dong swell noticeably.

The end of one particular month was unique. Donna came into the computer room to bring data that needed to be read by the computer in order that the files be updated. She seemed a bit perturbed because she had to work so late; so I asked her to sit and talk for a while. All the other workers had gone. She sat on the corner of a card-punch machine, which would intermittently start up to punch out a few cards, sometimes running from one to five minutes. I was running a particular job that started punching. The vibrations and sudden noise startled Donna at first, but she

Photo: Raul Vega

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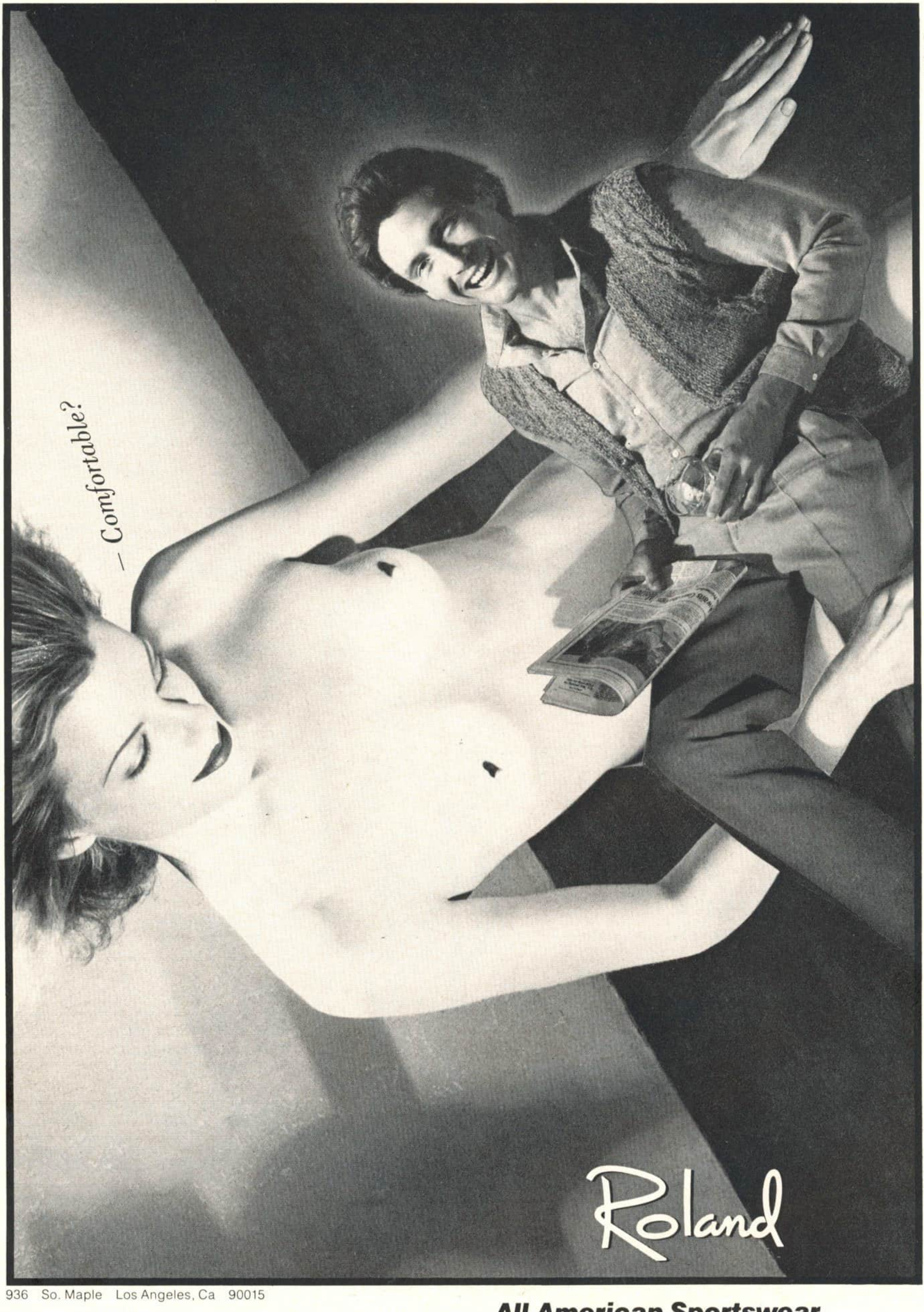
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sat back down and was beginning to enjoy the warmth and rhythmic throb of the huge vibrator.

During our conversation I began to notice the slight movements she started making with her legs and hips to rub the center of her nooky nest against the corner of the punch. At this point I purposely began to stare at her crotch. I noticed a slight wetness in her light blue pants, obviously oozing from her snatch. As I went over to retrieve the cards, my "hammer" accidentally brushed against Donna's knee. That had to be the trigger, because her eyes met mine, and then our lips met in a long, passionate embrace. She stood up as I pulled her closer, and our bodies met with a slight impact so that she definitely felt my growing member. I reached under her blouse and cupped one of her large breasts. I could feel the hardness of her nipple through the material of her bra.

While reaching around to unsnap the bra, I ground my hips against hers. She breathed heavily, anticipating the drilling she was about to receive. While I moved to undo her clothing, she did the same to mine. I was breathless when her sweet body was fully exposed. The aroma of her most prized part made my mouth begin to drool. When she slid my pants down, her mouth fell open in amazement at the size of my dick. Fully extended, it measures about ten inches in length and about six inches in circumference. The head was purplish and much larger than the shaft. "Is that pretty prick for me?" she asked. "This must be my reward for doing a good job. And now I'm going to do a job on this delicious-looking dong." She then tried to engulf the entire length but failed.

Her persistence made my balls begin to stir, and with a buildup of jism mounting, I knew I couldn't hold back much longer. I was in ecstasy. Seconds before the explosion that was inevitable, I forewarned her with animalistic low moans. She knew the climax was near but feverishly continued to suck. I felt the first wad burst out of the end and hit the back of her mouth. More wads kept shooting, and Donna couldn't swallow fast enough. As I pulled free of her grasp, the last few shots hit her on the forehead and in her hair. I got her up off her knees, kissing her tenderly.

Now it was my turn to taste my lover's honey. I sat her on a short cabinet and spread her legs, exposing the glistening, wet pussy. Lacking any patience for foreplay, I buried my face in her hot twat. The taste was divine. She slowly ground her snatch as my tongue lapped deeper and deeper into her honey pot. Her breathing sounded like a distant handsaw at work. Her movements were quickening as she pounded against my face and tongue. With a long, heavy moan she went limp. Then my revived pecker got hard again and pointed upward. So I grabbed her legs, putting a foot on each shoulder, with her knees extended outward. I had no trouble entering her cunt, and I raised her ass slightly to ease my dick into her. "What a nicely circumcised dong!" she said. "I don't like Austrian drapes." I began pumping with a slow, thrusting rhythm. The oohs and ahs as she met each insertion told me she loved it. The pounding quickened, and the cabinet began rolling with each new plunge. I began to sweat, even though the room temperature was a cool sixty-five degrees. It normally takes me about an hour to shoot my second load, but I could feel the boiling point was near, and it took only about fifteen minutes. That cunt was now holding the whole ten inches as I pounded my balls off her ass. She was the best pussy I've ever had.

With one mighty thrust I buried myself very deep within her and held her there. So little room was left in her snatch that come started squirting down the crack of her behind. I tenderly pulled my cock from her snatch, and she sat up, grabbing my organ, and gave it a tender kiss. It was still pulsing as I pulled my pants over it.—*Name and address withheld*

"In the morning? Hell, I don't even respect you now!"

Sin-timental journey

I am a twenty-five-year-old man with a normal sex life. I've always wanted to write to "Forum," but it's only now that I've had a suitable experience.

On my last visit to my hometown in Oregon, I found myself visiting with my best friend, Rich, once again, as I never fail to do so. I was naturally curious to see his new wife, because he has thrown out better-looking girls than I ever dreamed of getting. I was not let down. She was better-looking and nicer than any of his past lady friends. Carol is about five-foot-one and has a very small frame, tight stomach muscles, and firm breasts. Her body is deserving of your pages, and her wicked smile leaves no doubt about her intentions.

I was leery of her. I didn't want to get involved with my best friend's wife. After all, Rich is a black belt and owns a rather handsome collection of guns. The first night the three of us went out on the town to celebrate my visit. We were in high spirits when we got back to their house, where I had been invited to spend my stay. She started horsing around, trying to show me how to flip a person the way Rich had shown her. The attempt was not very good. What was confusing, though, was that she was deliberately rubbing her little ass into my crotch. This activity was getting me very hot, and I couldn't stop her. No matter which way I turned, she repositioned herself to make contact again while Rich, looking on, apparently regarded the whole thing as funny.

It wasn't until the next morning that the truth came to light. Carol and I were sitting in the living room together after Rich had gone to work. Suddenly she asked me whether I would like to go to bed with her. I was caught unaware but didn't show it as I quickly replied yes. But I said no, that I couldn't betray my best friend. "But what if

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he knows and wants you to?" she asked. I knew my best friend well enough to know that I was being set up for a three-way. A short phone call to Rich confirmed my suspicions. The lid was off, and so were we.

We fucked a few times that morning and afternoon to get in practice for the night of sexual exploration that would begin as soon as Rich got home from work. I couldn't have handled sexual competition with Rich without at least getting used to the girl. I have an excellent sex life, but this girl was so sexy that I felt like an innocent schoolboy the first time I was with her.

When Rich got home that afternoon, he found two randy people waiting for a third. Carol and I knew that the best was yet to come. We spent little time discussing it. Although I still needed a little more reassurance that this was really what Rich wanted, I was very eager.

Without further ado we held hands and went into the bedroom. After we positioned the full-length mirror so that we could watch ourselves in action, we let Carol undress us both. She couldn't get enough of the added attention that two men (especially two that she considered so sexy) provided. Both Rich and I are into our own bodies enough to keep them looking good. We just stood there at first, smiling at each other and her, while she stripped us clean.

Then, as if someone had blown a starter whistle, we got on the bed with her and started taking her clothes off. She was naked in a minute. Each of us got on one side of her, kissing her face and body all over. One of us sucked gently on one of those brown nipples while the other kissed her and massaged her stomach and legs.

She in turn had one hand for each of our erections and was moaning her pleasure out loud. With a quick change of positions, Rich began working on her pussy with his tongue while she began blowing me. She began to rub my balls and suck simultaneously while Rich raised her ass to get a better angle at her pussy. She was now on her hands and knees as Rich took the first plunge into a very tight fit. She only momentarily lost stride as he entered her "doggy style." She wasted no time in getting back to the sucking once the initial pushing had relaxed into an easy stroking.

A while later there was another change of positions, and we were on opposite ends of her. Now I was inside that warm, tight, slippery box of hers while Rich got a well-deserved blowjob.

Each of us had been screwing her for about half an hour, and she hadn't even begun to get enough. She was only on her third orgasm. There was another change of positions, and Rich got behind her. He knew what to do, and this time she lost control completely when his large, circumcised cock invaded her ass hole. "This must be the dick of death," she screamed. She had to stop sucking on me and hold my cock to her face. Otherwise, she would have bitten it off in her excitement.

Then we decided to try something different: two cocks in the same cunt. I didn't think it was possible, because she was such a tight fit. She told me that she would take us both or die trying. This one was difficult to arrange, but we sandwiched her in there, I lying on the bottom and she face-down on my chest. Well, neither Rich nor I happen to be gay, but we felt no awkwardness as we worked together to push the two large pricks into her. I could feel his prick slide in and out along the length of mine as he pumped; she rocked back and forth as well as she could. I was completely pinned down but was having fun anyway. And Carol was having the time of her life. She screamed at the tight fit and the sensations she felt in her pussy.

After a while we were getting worn out; so we changed positions again, and Rich moved to her ass again, this time not stopping until he came in a rushing orgasm. He fell off and rested as Carol and I tried something new, the missionary position. I finally let myself go and had an orgasm that almost hurt. We all rested a while and got up to have some dinner. We had sex again after dinner. It was like that almost every night while I was in town. Rich and I are closer friends than we ever were before, and I think I have found a new friend in Carol.—*Name and address withheld*

"Well, you knew I was an asshole when you married me."

Shuttle diplomacy

I am a junior at a medium-sized university in southwest Texas. I am a foxy, 38-24-36 blonde and would like to relate an experience that I had recently on a shuttle bus at campus.

First, you have to know a little bit about the university I attend. My university has the reputation of being a party school. So by Friday afternoon the campus is nearly vacated. I was doing a research paper at the library; I looked at the clock and noticed that I had only five minutes to catch the last bus to my apartment. I rushed out of the library and got on the bus just as it was pulling off. I sat down in the seat behind the driver and was breathing very hard because of the long run I had just made in record time. I looked around the bus and noticed that I was the only passenger.

The driver (I'll call him Rick) had brown hair and a cute face. I wanted to see more; so I leaned forward in my seat and saw that he had a great body. I could not help noticing the enormous bulge almost begging for a blowjob. I could see that he was eyeing me, too. And by that time I was giving him plenty to look at. I was not wearing a bra, and my nipples were beginning to perk up. Well, by that time I had only one thing on my mind: to get into his pants. I began to make small talk while I moved closer to him; this was not easy to do because the bus kept jerking forward. Well, on one fortunate jerk my hand fell on his bulge, and I didn't move it. He looked at me, and I began to work my hand into his ample fly. Without saying another word, he pulled the bus over into a vacant lot, and we practically ran to the back of the bus.

Once we were in the back of the bus, we fell into a passionate, lustful embrace. My hand immediately reached for the big bulge in his pants just as his hand tore my blouse open. He immediately began to suck on my tits while his hand undid my jeans. I was shaking all over from the excitement of his touch while I undid his jeans. I could not wait any longer and had to get to his meat. Now, I have seen my share of cocks, but his was a work of art—long, lean, and uncircumcised. I dropped to my knees and began to slowly lick and flick it. I took each one of his balls into my mouth and gently sucked them. I could tell that he was enjoying every minute of my ministrations from his moans and groans. I couldn't take any more; so I took his entire organ into my mouth and began to suck my way up and down his shaft. I began to increase my tempo more and more, and his body began to spasm. I then felt his dick begin to throb, and a stream of hot come shot down my throat. I took every delicious drop, and then he pulled away from me and said, "My turn."

Rick's hands squeezed my breasts. He firmly rubbed my erect nipples as he rolled me onto my back. With his hairy hands holding my tits, he kissed my wet love box. When Rick sucked my clit, I exploded in a soaring orgasm that shuddered through me and seemed to rock the bus. I spread my long legs wide open, totally exposing my pussy. I massaged my juicy cunt and pleaded, "Eat my cunt!" I grabbed Rick by his head so that his tongue could be deeper in my waterfall cunt. In a matter of seconds I had four mind-shattering orgasms.

My body was now aching for his. We positioned ourselves so that I was sitting on his spectacular erection. He leaned forward to kiss me and slowly lifted me to guide his magic wand into me. With one quick thrust, we were moving up and down in rhythmic movement. Our two bodies were dripping with sweat, causing us to stick together. The sweet smell of sex permeated the air as he thrust faster and faster, harder and harder. He came again in another groaning of orgasm. We were physically and mentally drained as we collapsed in each other's arms.

We hurriedly dressed ourselves and returned to our seats. Rick returned the bus to the route, running thirty-five minutes behind schedule. When we arrived at my stop, Rick and I looked at each other and I said, "See you next Friday!"—*Name and address withheld*

Soldier blew

Lately, I've seen a lot more evidence that bisexuality is becoming really accepted in America. Even in *Penthouse* there has been mention of gay experiences as well as the more traditional lesbianism. This new candidness has given me the courage to write you about my experience with a guy.

I am twenty-three and a lieutenant in the U.S. Army, stationed in Germany. I am mar-

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ried, have two children, and have what I consider a conventional life-style. This doesn't prevent me from looking with lust at lovely ladies, but I have always kept away from adultery out of respect for my wife. I'm no prude, just loyal.

Anyway, about six months ago, I was ordering supplies at an army depot when a young air force sergeant came in. Since we were inside, he didn't have to salute me but he did anyway and smiled. As I returned his salute, I noticed that he had the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. They seemed to be looking right through me, right through my uniform and into my skin. His staring unnerved me. He was really a stalwart guy, not tall but very muscular. He had a handsome Nordic face, which reminded me of a Viking.

I finished my order and went outside. The guy's eyes followed me, still smiling, still bluer than the sea, as I left. He came out just as my truck was getting warmed up; so I offered him a lift. He threw his keys to an airman and climbed in with me. He said he was off work and offered to buy me a beer. Feeling uncomfortable but intrigued, I accepted. His name was Bruce, and he was a cowboy type from Oregon.

Well, one beer led to another, and we talked about everything in the world. It was the best conversation I'd ever had. He was one of the brightest people I'd ever met. After about three draughts, he asked me if I smoked. I could have had his stripes for asking me, but instead I asked him if he had any. There's a lot of good Turkish hash in Germany, and my new friend had a huge chunk in his pocket.

He said he lived nearby on a German farm and invited me over. I was supposed to have returned the truck by then, but I knew I could straighten it out later with the motor pool. I accepted. Somehow I knew something very unusual was happening, though I didn't know just what. The prospect of getting stoned after going so long without any hash was exciting in itself.

We drove to a small stone farmhouse. The owners, an elderly German couple, only came out there on weekends, I learned. We went inside, drank some more beer, smoked several bowls of sweet black hash, and got really high. We were stoned and drunkenly arguing about something when he reached over, laughing, and suddenly squeezed my crotch. I fell backwards, chair and all, and he fell on top of me. I'm in pretty good shape, but he was bigger and stronger than me; so I was losing the wrestling match, and he was making very little effort.

Upset, I managed to flip him off me and then jumped on him and went to pin him down. Now I was laughing because the exertion felt great. As we struggled on the floor, I happened to brush against his crotch and felt its hardness and its heat. Waves of desire swept over me, and I got that tightening in my stomach that you get when you flip out over someone.

Without a word, he stopped struggling and lay back, pulling me with him. His lips sought mine, and I found myself kissing him. Our mustaches rubbed together, and he kissed much harder and stronger than a woman. I couldn't think about anything. I was too excited. His arms went around me and squeezed me so hard that my back almost seemed to pop. I shoved my body up against his, and we rubbed our cocks together. I didn't know what to do next; so I just lay there, grinding and getting more and more excited.

Finally, his hand went to his crotch, and he took out a very hard, very smooth six-incher. Proudly, I pulled out my own, which I'd say is closer to eight inches. His was thicker, though, and he wasn't cut.

In one motion he pulled my khaki officer's trousers down to my knees and started licking my belly button. My meat oozed in anticipation, and I fumbled with the buttons on my shirt. He took his green fatigues down, too, and started playing with his swollen, throbbing cock. Finally, his mouth went to my dick, and it was the softest, warmest mouth I've ever felt there. I'd never been too crazy about blowjobs before. I never was able to climax, and the girls who blew me sometimes bit or scratched with their teeth. This guy knew how to treat a dick because he had one of his own. He gave me such good head that I was ready to come in a couple of minutes. He knew that, too, and shifted his body around so that his cock was nodding in my face.

I reached out and grabbed it, feeling it and then his balls, unsure whether I could do it. Meanwhile, he was licking my balls and my whole crotch, and all these sensations were blowing my mind and making me tremble. His five-o'clock shadow grazed my thighs and made me jump with surprise at the sensation. Everything was so intense that I became lost in it. Then I took his meat into my mouth. He started sucking me again and rocked back and forth in a heavy, sweaty sixty-nine. It was very different having sex with someone so strong. When his arms squeezed, it almost hurt, and when his hands massaged, I felt the sensation all the way down to my bones.

After a while I felt him starting to get close. Even though this was my first homosexual experience I knew he was going to come. A man can tell about another man. He groaned and started pumping.

Just then I realized that I was getting there, too. We both started sucking each other faster and harder. I ran my hands over the hard, hairy cheeks of his ass and pulled his cock into my throat. I gasped for breath because of my own excitement, and his only added to it. For the first time in my life I lost touch with reality during sex. I forgot who and where I was for a few seconds. The room seemed to turn bright orange, and the color deepened as my orgasm approached. Suddenly, he groaned like an animal and shoved himself against me. I felt sprays of warm semen hitting my mouth. At that moment, I let go, too, and he

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sucked me dry before he stopped. It seemed as if everything had exploded, and now suddenly there was peace. I trembled and twitched; it had all been so wild.

We lay there, half dressed on the floor for a long time. We didn't speak. Then I got dressed. When I left, I told him I'd see him around, but he only smiled and looked at me with those steel-blue eyes of his. I haven't seen Bruce since then, and I guess I never will. I've gone after supplies several times, but that depot serves half of Germany. I haven't told anyone except my wife about that afternoon. She could see something was wrong; so I had to tell her. She was very understanding and has even encouraged me to look for him.

I don't think I will, but I'll never forget Bruce or the time we had together. For all you guys out there who think homosexuality is just for queenie hairdressers, I want to tell you that you're wrong. Sexual contact with another human being, whatever the gender, is a very precious thing. I am "straight," whatever that is, but I am glad to have had that experience. It stirred me from muscle to marrow, and I'll never forget it.—*Name and address withheld*

In the swim of things

Until now my sex life has been rather boring and uneventful. But recently that has all changed. I am a male college student attending a small college in Northern California. I'm built well, six-foot-two, 185 pounds, and am considered to be very attractive.

On my first day of classes I noticed a girl with the tightest jeans and the most beautiful behind I had ever seen in my twenty-one years of existence. Besides noticing her incredible ass, I also was attracted to her tits, which were bouncing freely in her loose-fitting knit sweater. Despite my attempts at conversation with her, she remained aloof.

However, the next day in my swim-and-stay-fit class, I noticed her again, standing at the edge of the pool in her one-piece suit. She gave me the most seductive smile I'd ever seen. I then casually walked up to her and started small talk about her classes. The conversation soon turned to sex, and she asked me whether all the guys in my dorm were as well hung as I am. I noticed her gazing at my erect prick, which was peeping through the bottom of my swim trunks. I quickly asked whether all the girls were as beautiful and well endowed as she was. (She was stunning, about five-feet-seven, and had blonde, silky hair that came to about the middle of her back and a figure that would give a hard-on.) She blushed, said no, told me her name was Carla, and asked me whether I wanted to go to her apartment for a few joints and some wine.

When we arrived at her apartment, we lit up a doobie and got really mellow and horny. Soon our hands began to explore each other's erogenous zones, and our clothes were quickly discarded.

Her mouth found my dick, and she amazed me with her incredible deep-throating technique. I was soon coming in her mouth in buckets. She swallowed every drop of my white gold. No sooner had she finished me than she turned on her back and begged me to partake of her garden of love. I put my head between her creamy thighs and quickly started flicking my tongue wildly over her engorged clit. She began to buck wildly as she was nearing a blithering orgasm. Her muscles tensed as she reached orgasm, and she was delirious with pleasure. She then guided my ten-inch pecker into her steaming love tunnel and begged me to fuck her. She took my full length into her, and my balls were slapping against her lovely cheeks.

We were both close to coming when all of a sudden she locked her legs around my back, taking me to the hilt. We both exploded simultaneously in orgasms that should be measured on a Richter scale. She gripped me tighter and tighter as she continued to come. Finally, she relaxed and lay back, shivering and breathing heavily.

We spent the rest of the night asleep in each other's arms. Who said that higher education is a waste of money?—*Name and address withheld*

Double date

Last weekend I needed to get away from my job as father and single parent of two small children for a little night life in a nearby town. I called a college girl who lives nearby and asked whether she would baby-sit for the night. She said she would if she could invite a friend over. I agreed that it would be all right. Janet, the baby-sitter, showed up at eight o'clock and said her friend would be along in a little while. I left to get Karen, my girl friend, and we smoked a couple of joints at her apartment after she got dressed. As I watched Karen dress, I began to get excited.

In the car Karen unzipped my jeans. Then she twirled my prick with her skillful fingers and followed this with a few quick licks and sucks. At the disco Karen drank too much and passed out. I was pissed because I had not got around to screwing her. I stuffed her into my car and drove her home.

At her apartment I managed to get her upstairs and into bed without very much difficulty. It seemed as good a time as any for a little fun. So I stripped her limp body and fucked and sucked every hole I could find. She just lay there. I considered staying till she came to, but I decided to go home. When I arrived, about midnight, I did not see Janet or her friend downstairs. I did, however, hear some noises from the bedroom upstairs. Since I always did like watching others engaged in sexual activity, I went upstairs quietly to see what was going on. I found Janet and her friend in my bed. They were having a super time. Janet was on top, with her head near the door. I couldn't see much because they had turned out the lights, but they had lit several

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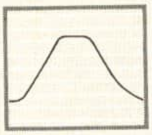

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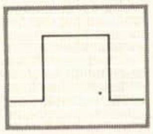

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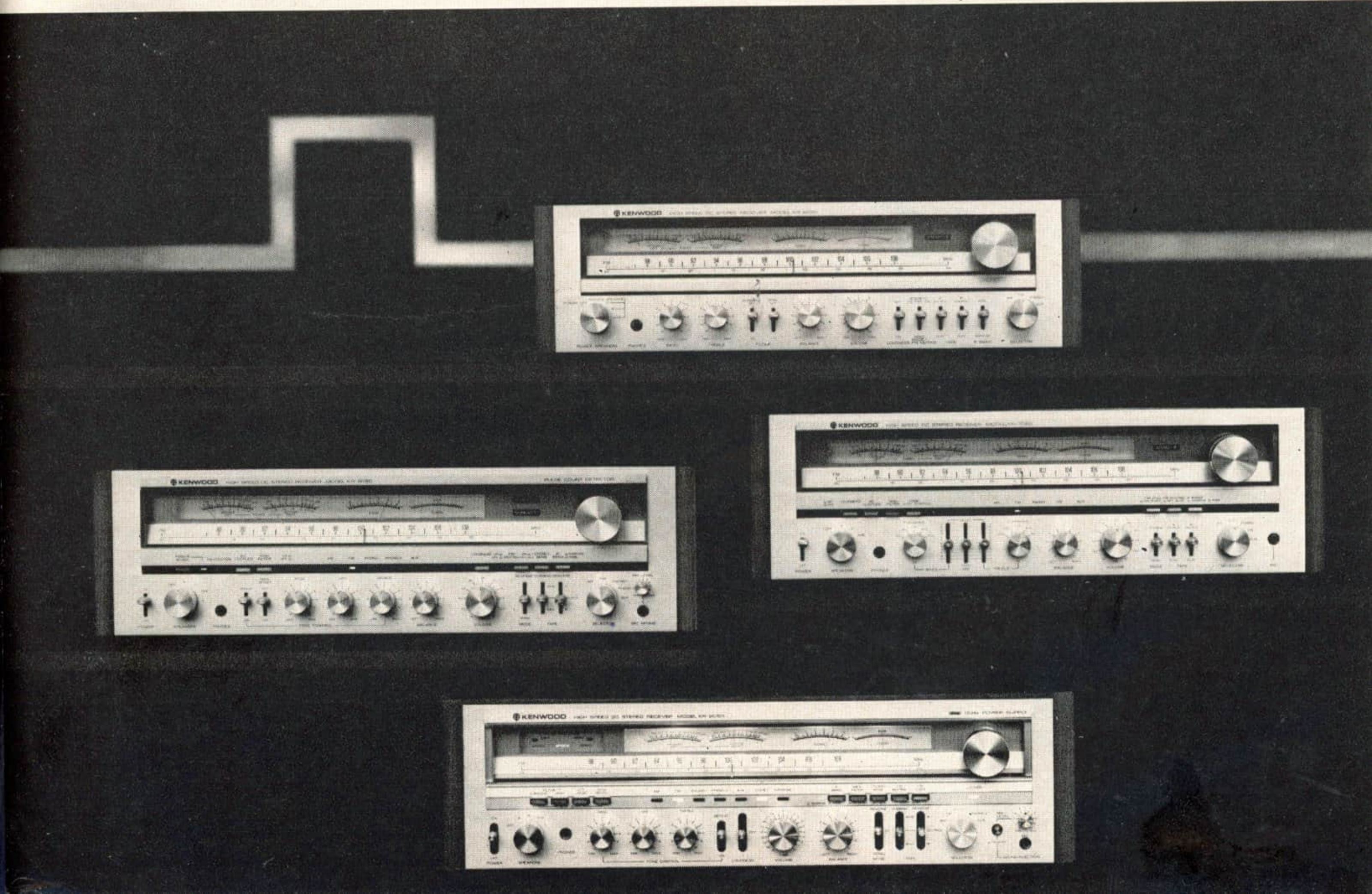

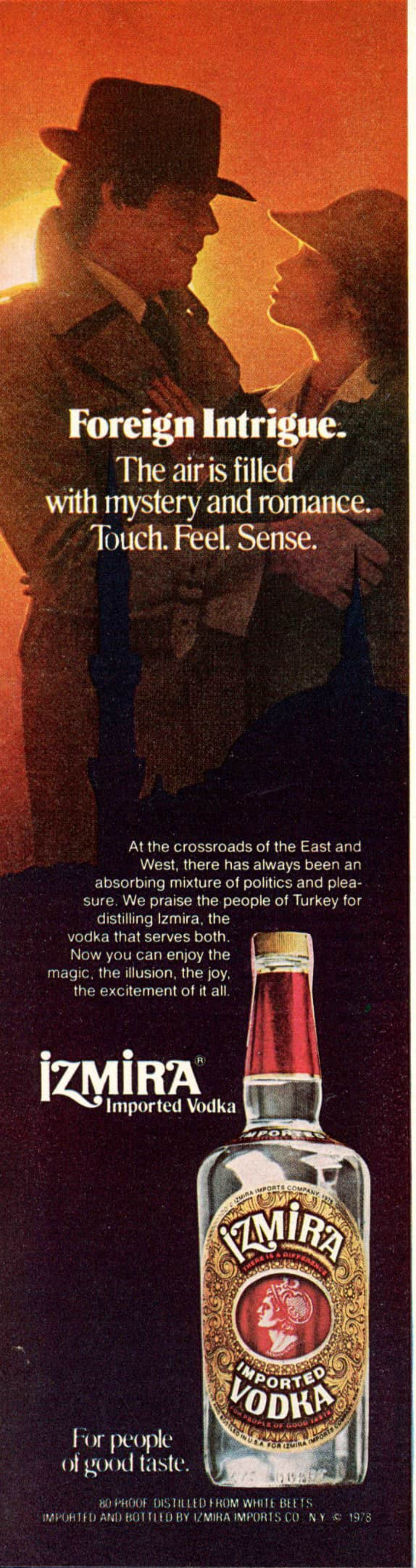

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candles. I stood near the door and watched as Janet licked her friend between the legs. By this time, my prick was as hard as a rock. I chose to give it a little air.

As I watched, I learned that Janet's friend was named Lisa. Lisa is also a college student who lives nearby. Janet and Lisa licked and sucked each other's cunts and then moved so they could rub their teats together and finger each other's cunts and asses. My prick and mind could not stand it any longer. So I entered the room and asked whether they would like a third. Both Janet and Lisa tried to cover their dripping cunts and soft teats; however, when they saw my rod sticking straight out of my jeans, they looked at each other and Janet said, "Sure!"

I crawled into bed between these two hot coeds, who both proceeded to remove my clothes. I got my really first good look at Lisa as she removed my shirt. Lisa was small but had the most beautiful breasts I have ever seen. They were just the right size and had nice, dark nipples that really stuck out. I told her that I would like to suck her teats, and she responded by bending over so her two breasts were within easy reach of my tongue. While I sucked Lisa's teats, Janet removed my pants and began sucking my shaft and kissing my balls with her expert tongue and lips. Both coeds were using their hands to feel me, each other, and themselves. Lisa suggested that I might enjoy licking her clit. Without waiting for an answer, she moved over my face and lowered her dripping snatch toward my tongue. With her hands she parted the lips of that hot cunt and directed her clit to my eager tongue. I licked and sucked her clit until waves of orgasm shook her body and she fell to one side. Janet was rubbing my prick all over her cunt; then she inserted my already foaming rod into her hole and rode me as fast as she could. I wasn't sure if I had any come left after fucking all of Karen's holes, but I did. I could feel the come moving toward the end of my prick, which was deep in Janet's hot box and told Janet I was about to fill that cunt with come. With that, Janet moved off my prick, and Lisa sat up to watch my come shoot out the end. As it did, both coeds stuck out their tongues to catch the white fluid.

Lisa sucked my prick clean and liked to lick my balls while Janet moved up to have me lick her clit, as she had not had her fill yet. I licked and sucked her clit until she, too, had a deep and long orgasm. The three of us just lay in the bed for a while and slowly and softly played with each other. Lisa suggested we all take a shower and then move outside for more games in the grass. The shower was fun as Janet and Lisa cleaned me from head to head, and I cleaned two super bodies until I was sure they would pass any inspection.

Then we dried off and went outside for hours of fucking and sucking in the warm night air. Janet and Lisa gave me a real show and explained that they like to get it off together as often as possible. I suggested that my bed was open for them to use as long as I could join in on occasion. They agreed quickly, and I am looking forward to our next next session. The next day, Karen called to ask how I was and if I enjoyed fucking all her holes. I explained that it wasn't much fun with her passed out. She suggested that I come over and try again with her awake, and I did. I haven't told her about Janet and Lisa, but perhaps I should.—*Name and address withheld*

More than his share

I'm an airman stationed at an air force base in Japan. This base doesn't have a great amount of women (the men outnumber the women four to one), and at times it is hard to get a woman unless you go to bingo on Wednesday or Sunday nights and fool around with the married broads who come to run around on their husbands. You once could go downtown and pick up a hooker just about every night and at a really cheap price. Now, with the lousy yen-to-dollar exchange rate, the prices of hookers have really soared, and you can't afford it the way you once could. I guess I've been quite lucky with the women here, though, and I would like to relate to the readers of your outstanding magazine one of my many adventures.

It was a Saturday night, and I had just left the main base club. I hadn't stayed there because of a lack of women running around. It was a couple of days before payday, and my funds were running low; so I decided to take the base bus to my barracks. When I got off at the bus stop, I deciced to hit the Static Club. There was a disc jockey playing, and the club was packed to the hilt. There were quite a few cunts running around; so I decided to stay for a couple of drinks and try out my luck.

I ordered a drink and sat down at the end of the bar. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed this chick approaching the bar to order a drink. She wasn't the best-looking broad I had ever seen, but there was something about her that interested me. She had her hair done up on top of her head, wore black-rimmed glasses, and was dressed in nothing really out of the ordinary. When she left the bar, she sat down at a table in a dark corner of the club. I casually walked over to her table and asked her to dance. She turned down my offer to dance but asked if I would like to sit at her table. Her name, I found out, was Anita. She had only been at Misawa a couple of months. She told me she had had a previous engagement that night, but the guy she was going out with never showed up. Because she was really upset about the whole situation, she decided to really get blitzed. I put my arm around her and tried to comfort her as best as I could. She responded by placing her hand on my leg. I was already horny as a billy goat, and this produced some inflation in my Levi's.

I had a pair of tight jeans on, and as my cock began to grow, it became very uncomfortable in the position I was sitting. I tried to wiggle around, but this only made matters worse. She asked me whether anything

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was wrong, and I told her it wasn't anything. I excused myself from the table and went into the latrine to relieve the pressure within my pants. I straightened my cock out and returned to the table. When I sat back down at the table, she immediately placed her hand upon my leg and moved it slowly up my leg until she was near the tip of my cock. At this time, it was really hard to keep my composure. She moved her hand up more, and she touched my head of my cock ever so gently. Anita then looked up at me, smiled, and began to massage my crotch with slow, stroking motions.

She then asked me to go to her room with her. I wasn't about to turn this chance down for anything. She told me that her roommate had duty that night; so we would have plenty of privacy. When we got to her room, she grabbed a couple of beers from the refrigerator and put some soft music on. When she turned to face me, she began to undress. She took off her blouse and didn't have a bra on. She left her hair down and then took off those ugly glasses. She was now a beautiful, foxy babe. Her tits were so firm, with nipples the size of my thumbs, and she had brown spots bigger than silver dollars on those edible melons. I immediately tried to suck both of those luscious globes. She knew my prick was about to burst the seams of my pants; so she got down on her knees and began to unzip me. I didn't have any shorts on, and so my bulging cock was easily accessible. She took my pulsating member in her mouth and ran her tongue up and down the long shaft and then up to the hole, where she licked the flowing juices that were running down the head of my cock.

Then her hands went down to my come-filled balls and began to massage them with her fingers. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I rammed my cock deep into her throat as far as it would go and seared her throat with my hot lava. She almost choked as my love juices flowed down her throat and out the sides of her tender little mouth. Anita continued to suck my love stick, completely draining my body of come and senses. I sat down on the bed and began to fondle her lovely boobs, rolling my fingers around those swollen nipples. I pulled her up on the bed and began sucking her tits with fury. I unzipped her pants and pulled them down. Once I got her pants past her knees, I looked up at the most beautiful shaven beaver I've ever seen. Not a single hair could be found on that hot bundle of joy. I went straight to the

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girlish little cunt with my twirling tongue and began to eat that juicy, ripe hole, licking her clit with quick, hard lashes of my tongue.

Then we got into a sixty-nine position, and she began to lick my balls and then my ass hole. She drilled her tongue into my ass as far as it would go. She was driving me nuts, and she was about to come. She started to come when all of a sudden the door to her room opened. It was her roommate, Michele. We both jumped up and tried to explain, but Michele told us to go back to our business. Michele then turned the lights out, and from the noise she was making, I could tell she was changing clothes. Anita whispered in my ear, begging me to stick my love muscle deep into her. I climbed on top of her and started pumping away at her hot box.

Then the next thing I knew, I felt a tongue on my ass hole. It was Michele! This made me bang harder into Anita, and she started moaning and writhing with ecstasy. She let out a squeal, dug her fingernails into my ass, and at the same time squeezed my rod so hard with her tunnel of love that it caused me to shoot my load into her. The cream came bursting out of my swollen balls as if someone had turned a firehose on full blast. It was so good that I felt as if I were passing out. I lay on my back and rested a while. The Anita and Michele both began to suck me up hard again. Michele climbed on top of my cock and rubbed the tip of it against her ass hole. She told Anita to go to her locker and get the cold cream out of one of the drawers.

Anita came back and began to spread the cream on my cock; then she dabbed some on her finger and stuck it in Michele's ass. This drove Michele completely nuts. She mounted my cock again and slowly sat on my raging rod. It was so tight in her ass hole that I could hardly move; so I just let her do all the work. Anita came around and sat on my face, and I began to eat her out. Then she and Michele began to fondle each other's breasts. My loins were about to burn up when Michele began bucking like a wild bronco. The tightness of her bun hole and Anita's juicy bald cunt really had us all turned on. Michele and Anita both began to hump faster. I didn't know whether my cock or my tongue was moving faster. Then I exploded into Michele's little chocolate box, prompting both girls to cream along with me. After we had showered together, Anita and Michele began to eat each other out.

Since that wondrous night, we three have made it a point to get together at least once a week for sex, trying something new each time. In our last encounter, both girls went down on me under a nightclub table with the place packed with people all around us. I really look forward to many more sex sessions with these two hungry tigers, and it will really be terrible when we all have to part for new duty stations. You never can tell, though. We may all get out of the service and devote the remainder of our lives to sucking and fucking.—*Name and address withheld*

The bad seed

Sometimes a man meets a woman whom he finds most attractive and whose favors he would like to win but finds that the lady will not or cannot (for whatever reason) respond to a typically male, aggressive manner of courtship. There is another way. It is slow and requires patience, but if done properly it works. I have won the hearts (and lovely bodies) of three beautiful and different women at various times using this method, and I can say that they were all worth the effort!

The basic theory is this: if a man plants a tiny seed of curiosity in the soul of a woman and then carefully cultivates that seed, eventually it will grow and grow and ultimately become a nagging obsession that will give her no rest until she gives herself in surrender to him. I will tell you the story of one of these women from my past.

For some time I had been noticing a most attractive lady who lived in my neighborhood. Physically, she was the kind of woman that I have always been attracted to. She was small and petite and had delicate facial features, black hair, a curvy figure, and a light, cocoa-brown complexion. She was a living doll and just radiated sex appeal. I was talking with one of my friends at work one day and found, to my surprise,

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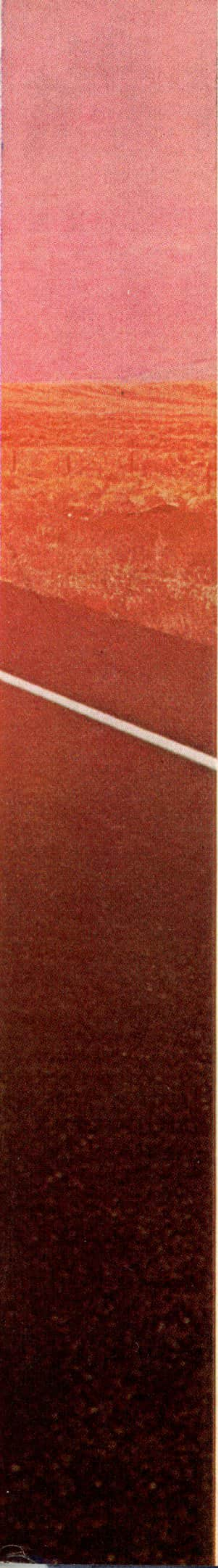

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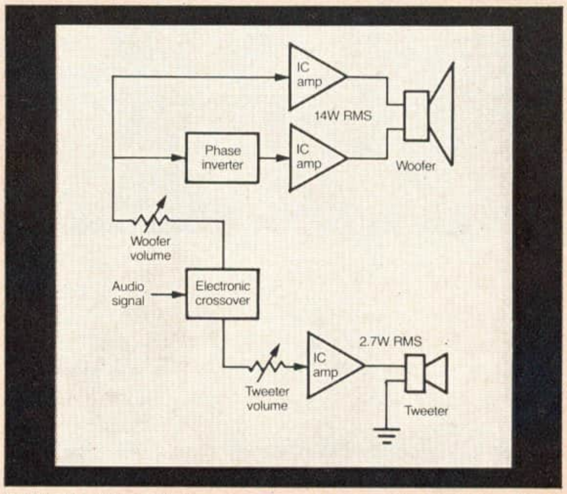

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But maybe he first noticed the convenience features like automatic tape searching, precise digital tuning with built-in clock and calendar, and fully automatic reverse...in units that **install effortlessly and give a custom look in any car.** More great reasons to buy a Sanyo.

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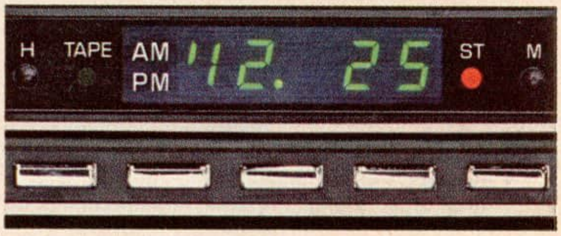

But for really outrageous sound, Sanyo lets you build on your basic system with plug-in power amplifiers that deliver up to 60 watts RMS per channel (4 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz, no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion), and 7-band graphic equalizers for studio-like sound control.

So, when you ask your friend why he bought his Sanyo car stereo, he'll probably just tell you that it sounds unbelievably good.

After all, a friend of his probably told him the same thing.

SANYO AUDIO SPEC

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that he was acquainted with her. At my request, he told me all that he knew about her. He told me that her name was Eve (not her real name but a most appropriate alias). She was originally from the island of Jamaica. She was divorced and lived alone in a duplex apartment. She worked as a secretary and (having no car) rode the bus to and from work each day. Lastly, she had a steady boyfriend whom she saw almost nightly. Of course, the boyfriend was the most difficult factor in her life that I would have to contend with. I felt confident that I could overcome that problem in time, though. In my mind, I planned a campaign that I felt had a good chance of success.

I knew which bus stop she went to and the time she went there to catch her bus each morning. One morning I parked my car a short distance away. When I saw her arrive, at her stop, I pulled up to it and through the open window said, "Hi, neighbor. Can I give you a lift?" She gave me a questioning look and then looked back down the street to see if her bus was in sight. Not seeing her bus, she said all right and got into my car. I followed her directions to the office building where she worked and gave her a cheerful farewell when she got out of the car. During the first ride, I told her that I lived in an apartment in her neighborhood and that I was a single guy and lived alone. All okay.

About two or three times a week for the next few weeks, I managed to pass her bus stop and give her a lift to work. She liked saving the bus fare and the more comfortable ride in my car. We began to have some friendly conversations during these rides. I never let on all that I knew about her (especially about her boyfriend) as we talked. I found that because I got her to work much more quickly than the bus did, when we arrived she was willing to sit in the car with me and talk for an extra fifteen minutes or so because she didn't want to go into her office early. During these times I was very proper with her and made no advances toward her. I knew that to do so would force her to make a choice between my attentions and her romance with her longtime boyfriend. Of course, I wanted her to make that choice (me), but in her own good time and of her own free will.

Eve had told me what time she finished work each day, and so one day I waited for her when she got off. She was glad to have the ride home. I dropped her off outside her apartment, bid her good-bye, and drove away. I began to do this two or three times a week as well as take her to work. One day, as I drove her home, she invited me in for a bite to eat and a cup of coffee. I gladly went, for she was a joy just to sit and talk with (she had a most charming proper English accent). We had our cheesecake and coffee and conversation, and after a half hour or so I bid her good-bye and left. This now became our routine in the afternoons.

During this period (of several weeks' duration), I had never kissed Eve nor so much as held her hand. I sensed that she had become steadily warmer toward me and more trusting of me. Our conversations had become increasingly frank and intimate. One day I decided that the time had come to test the water. That afternoon when I picked her up after work, I made some excuse that I needed to stop by my apartment on the way home. When I parked the car at my place, I invited Eve to come in and see it while I tended to my business. She eagerly consented. After we went in, I took her on a brief tour of my place. We came back to my small living room and stood facing each other there. (The air was thick with sexual tension.) I took her head in my two hands and tilted her face toward mine. I kissed her very tenderly on the lips. She didn't move a muscle. Another kiss, and then another . . .

I led her by the hand to the couch. I sat down and pulled her down across my lap and held her in my arms. More kisses—French now. Despite a warm response to me, I could detect some hesitation in her manner. Something was troubling her. Finally, she put her head close to mine and whispered in my ear. She asked, "Do you have some protection for me?" (Jackpot! I was in! She was mine!) In turn, I whispered to her the reassurance she sought. "There is a pack of rubbers on the dresser!" Hearing this, she relaxed and enjoyed our play to the fullest.

For the next twenty minutes or so we kissed and caressed one another. My hands roamed freely over her gorgeous body. We began to undress each other. During this time Eve whispered a sweet confession to me. She told me that she had been thinking about me constantly for the last few days. At her office, she couldn't concentrate on her work. Every night her sleep was troubled. And she kept wondering when I was going to kiss her!

Finally, we were completely nude. I picked her up in my arms and carried her to my bedroom and lay her gently on the bed. Then I made a short detour to the dresser. I skinned on a rubber and smeared my tool with a coating of K-Y jelly. I joined Eve on the bed and began to position myself above her. I slipped my arms under her knees. Then I spread my arms to brace myself for the lovely struggle about to begin. In doing so, I forced her legs back and spread them wide. (Within thirty minutes of our first kiss, I had Eve locked firmly, but willingly, in a position of total, wide-open surrender to me!) Her glistening, wet entranceway right to paradise awaited me! I looked down into those pretty, dark eyes and said, "Guide me, darling." She took gentle hold of my lance and positioned the head between her lower lips. With one slow, steady push, I went into her up to the hilt! She gasped and held her breath as I did so. When I slowly withdrew, she exhaled with a groan. Soon I was pumping steadily. She responded as best she could in that position.

It has been my observation that small women perform best "upstairs," where they can move their little bodies at their own

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pace. I sensed that Eve was being denied freedom of movement and told her it was her turn to be on top. We changed positions and then she cut loose! All I could do was hang on for the ride. (That little seed of curiosity that I had planted many weeks earlier was bearing sweet fruit now!) All of the bottled-up passion and torment flowed out of Eve now, and we both finally came. Hot sweet wet liquid fire! Was there any spot on this earth more wonderful than my bedroom at that moment? No, indeed!

I eventually went out to a drive-in and brought back some food for us while Eve stayed in the apartment and rested. We had another (longer) romp on the bed later, and Eve spent the night there with me. Long before dawn, though, she had squeezed every drop of jism and energy from my body. We finished the night asleep in each other's arms.

Fellows, no matter how unpromising the situation seems, careful planning and patience can succeed. Just plant that little seed, tend it carefully, and some day you may reap a hell of a harvest! I know.

Eve's old boyfriend? He didn't know it yet, but she was all finished with him.—*Name and address withheld*

Good mothering

I am a twenty-six-year-old male with an average build and have had no problems getting women. My wife and I have been married for five years and have had a pretty good sex life—at least, until she started working as an RN, when her shifting hours and lack of energy because of the work began affecting our lovemaking somewhat. I don't really mind that much (because she is doing what she wants with her life), except for the fact that I'm left horny most of the time. This fact has made me aware of a situation of which I wasn't knowledgeable before.

Her mother visits often, and I've noticed that she stares at my crotch while we're making small talk. I'm not a horse, but I do wear pants that show what I have to the best advantage. At first, this did not bother me. However, as my wife continued her nursing work, the frequency of my beating off (just to maintain an even keel) increased. Her mother's attention really started to affect me. I began to have fantasies about fucking the mother, and I couldn't get this thought out of my mind.

I've never cheated on my wife—for several reasons. First, I know that if I started, it would turn into a case of my wondering if she was cheating on me—a classic case of reverse psychology, the pressures of which I could not stand. Second, I fear that if she found out, she would divorce me, and I do love her and want to keep her very much.

Now, back to her mother. After some thought, I decided that in order to maintain some kind of normal sex life, I would have to seduce her mother somehow, some way. This would at least keep it in the family, so to speak, and I wouldn't have to worry about it getting back to my wife (I didn't think that her mother would dare to tell her). Problem

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solved. Then I chickened out and forgot all about it. So I ended up where I had started from. Well, not quite.

Several months passed, and I'd all but forgotten about my plans when her mother came for another visit. I had more or less resigned myself to growing hair on my palms; so the visit really didn't affect me too much. At least, so I thought at first.

My mother-in-law is a very attractive lady for her age, and when she arrived and started the staring bit again, it drove me crazy. My wife's schedule left us to ourselves a lot, increasing the problem. I'd have to run to the bathroom every so often and beat my meat just to be able to talk to her without getting a hard-on. As it turned out, it was just as bad on the other side as well. She had intimated to my wife that she had not had sex with my father-in-law for years (my father-in-law is a real slob, by the way) and that she would finger-fuck herself at least once a day (so much for the no-sex-in-old-age myth). I didn't know any of this at the time. My wife, as it turned out, felt very sorry for her and tried to think of a way to help her. She lent her our vibrator and got her raunchy books, but all this effort was for naught.

Anyway, one morning, after taking a shower, I lay down on the bed nude (my wife was at work and my mother-in-law was asleep in the next room). Being horny as usual, I started to fantasize about making it with another woman. I closed my eyes and started to whack off. As I neared orgasm, I opened my eyes to watch what I was doing, and who do you think was standing in the open doorway? There stood my mother-in-law, staring at my throbbing rod. It was too late to stop. I burst, squirting come all the way up my chest to my chin. The look on her face was unbelievable—you could have read her lust a mile away. She walked over to me and began licking the hot come up, starting at my chin. By the time she reached my member, she had climbed onto the bed, turned around, lifted her nightgown up, straddled my head, and thrust her dripping pussy into my face. It wasn't long before her licking, sucking, and nibbling had me hard again. She took me all the way down her throat (something my wife can't do) as I gobbled up her goodies. As she came, she nearly smothered me, pressing her cunt into my face. I came like never before. I thought I'd die from the pleasure.

After, we talked about sex, what our fantasies were, and on and on. We lost all track of time, lying nude there together, inventing new ways to fuck. It was all so unreal to me—until my wife walked in from work. What a shocker! At first, I thought she'd kill us, but she just stood there. After several seconds, she broke the silence and congratulated her mother for "a job well done." *They had been planning it all along!* They got a real chuckle out of it at my expense. You see, my wife, knowing my problem and her mother's, had put two and two together and come up with the idea to put us together. She felt, as I had thought before, that it was better this way than having me go out and find some strange woman.

As it all turned out, this fantasy has gone way beyond all my dreams. It's even turned into a threesome at times, with mother licking daughter and me sticking it wherever I can find a hole. Everyone is satisfied!—*Name and address withheld*

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Whacking off

My husband has purchased your magazine ever since he read the first one. I've always enjoyed reading "Forum," especially the letters about spankings. My mother was an avid spanker, but I didn't like it then and didn't think I would like it now—until Mom proved that, even at age twenty-six, you're never too old for a spanking.

I'm the second oldest in the family of nine: four boys and five girls. The two youngest and the oldest and one in the middle are boys. Mother's style of discipline involved pain and humiliation. We were always spanked on the bare bottom in full view of those present as warning to the others. If we were really bad, we would have to stand pants down in a corner afterwards. When we were younger, it was not unusual to find one of us girls over Mom's lap or in a corner displaying the marks of Mom's handiwork with a paddle. Mom always gave us a number of swats to match our age. She would lay the paddle on one cheek and ask how many, and we were to tell her our age.

About a week ago, three of my sisters and I were at Mom's having coffee. We had all brought our children, ages seven down to newborn, and my two younger brothers, ages twelve and eleven, were there, watching Saturday morning cartoons. We were discussing various subjects when Mom and I got into an argument about a matter I had strong feelings about. Before I realized it, I had blurted out that I thought her idea was stupid. I knew it was a big mistake before I closed my mouth. The rage in Mom's face was instantly evident. She abruptly stood up and told me that she had never been called stupid and never imagined that one of her daughters would be the first to do that and said that, if I were younger, she would blister my ass. She then stomped into the living room and sat down, staring out the window.

The children looked at me aghast. My sisters were clearly disappointed, as they knew the brunch was *finis*—when my mother gets mad, she stays mad. They looked at me with disgust, and I lowered my head with shame. I knew I was wrong and wished I were younger so Mom would spank me, because then it would be over with and forgotten. What's more, my sisters looked like they would enjoy seeing that. With that thought, I started to feel a tingle in my crotch. The more I thought about it, the more I knew I deserved it and the more horny I became. So, before I could change my mind, I got up and went to the drawer where the paddle was kept. As I removed it, I felt scared, like a little girl again, but the tingle was raging. Everybody's eyes widened as I walked into the living room and handed it, handle first, to my mother. I told her how sorry I was and that I deserved the hardest spanking she could give for acting as I had.

In my mind, I half-hoped she would be pleased by this gesture and forgive me, but she said nothing. So, with head bowed, I slowly started to unbuckle my pants. The fear in my mind was replaced with humility as I lowered my jeans, which fell to my ankles. For an instant I remembered everyone was watching and was leaving my panties up, but I wanted the humiliation complete and slowly lowered my panties until they were loose enough to fall to my ankles also. I stood waiting for Mom to say or do something as she was sitting in an armchair and her lap was inaccessible. The humiliation of standing bare-assed in front of everyone was beautiful. After a short moment Mom slid forward, exposing her lap. She reached up and clasped my arm and pulled me over it, putting my butt high in the air as I supported myself with my hands on the floor. I closed my eyes, relishing the sadistic smiles on the faces I could see between my legs. Mom laid the paddle against my skin and asked, "How many?" I replied, "Twenty-six." From the fifth swat I lost control. I had orgasm after orgasm!

When I told my husband about my morning, he laughed and replied that he knows what to do now when I misbehave. I can't wait!—*Name and address withheld*

Girls will be girls

I'd like to share with the readers my first lesbian experience. My parents, being very wealthy, decided to send me to an expensive, exclusive college for women. I was eighteen and sexually naive.

My favorite class was American history, with Miss Redfield. One day, during oral reports, when I had to walk up to the front of the room to give my report, I sensed Miss Redfield's eyes on my breasts.

After class, Miss Redfield asked me if I would like to do some extra work. I agreed to, and she asked me to drop by her apartment after dinner to discuss it. After arriving at her apartment, we sat together on her sofa and discussed the project.

Suddenly, she cupped her hand over my breast, I was shocked, to say the least. She looked at me and smiled, keeping her hand firmly on my breast. I could feel my nipples harden, just like they did on cold days. As every second passed, I was losing control. The wine and Miss Redfield had made my body feel very warm. Half of me wanted to keep it there. She began to caress my breast. As she did, I felt a slight quiver between my legs. Her touch was making me weak, and I leaned up against the back of the sofa. She began unbuttoning my blouse and pulled it off me. "You have marvelously high, firm breasts for a young lady who never wears a brassiere," she said with a very warm smile. I smiled. She was fondling my breasts and sucking on my nipples. Her sucking put me in heaven. It felt indescribable. She ran her hand up along my thigh. (I was wearing a skirt.) She would run her hand up almost to my crotch and then back to my knee and back to my crotch again. "Miss Redfield, I'm very wet down there," I said apologetically.

"Heather, you *should* be very wet down there," she replied. My underpants were drenched. She pulled them down below my knees. My scent filled the area. Her hand started playing with my crotch.

She then inserted a finger into me, breaking my hymen. I felt like I was going to faint. I was as limp as a rag doll. Miss Redfield carried me to her bedroom and laid me on top of her bed. She spread my legs and began licking my crotch. I had never heard of this activity, but it felt unreal. In a few seconds my whole body began to shake uncontrollably, and it built and built until I had my very first orgasm. I fainted as I climaxed. When I woke up, she was holding me. We soon fell asleep . . .

This was the beginning of my "gay" days. I'm currently living with a beautiful woman, and we love each other very much.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.00 for **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM. P.O. Box 1805, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Kiddie cons

I want to comment on your article "Children in Jail," by Nat Hentoff, in your June issue because I know how true it is. I learned about crime in state institutions.

I was a slow learner in school, and my instructors soon lost patience and gave up on me. As I grew older, I turned to drugs and one day ran a road chase with the police and found myself in a state institution when I was sixteen. I was older and perhaps had more reason to be jailed than those your article spoke of, but the younger ones were there with me. I don't think that putting children in jail ever helped put any kid back on the right track. In fact, most kids get worse in those places; I know, because I've been in jail, and so have most of the men presently with me. I am an inmate now in a state prison, doing five years to life for armed robbery.

For God's sake, please help those kids. They should not be filed away, as I and so many others have been. The prisons are already full. You need another solution.—*Name and address withheld*

I could certainly relate to Nat Hentoff's "Children in Jail," as many years ago I suffered forced tranquilization myself. Children should not be given mind-altering drugs as means of control. They are habit-forming and lead to altered sleeping habits, lethargy, depression, and an all-pervading misery.

Children need zip, vitality, and zest for life—necessities for growth and learning. A dose of Thorazine suffocates and deadens the life within children. I hope action will be taken to stop the forced drugging of children—*C.A.K., Seattle, Wash.*

I was shocked and outraged by the disclosures in your fine article "Children in Jail." I had no idea that such injustices occurred in our country. I could have believed it if I were told it was happening in some foreign country, but not in the United States.

I am a nineteen-year-old college student at Franklin Pierce College in New Hampshire, but I wish I were a thirty-nine-year-old congressman so that I could do something about this situation. I have never been arrested and hold no love for teenage criminals, but these "law enforcers" have gone too far!

I found especially disturbing the section that deals with the drugging of inmates. I am wholeheartedly opposed to the use of any kind of drug to "control" the inmates. I think that Montonari's statement about drugs making the inmates easier to control is ridiculous! Drugs just put the inmates in such a state that the administrators don't have to work with them at all. After all, if these kids are drugged, how can they respond to any kind of treatment?

It's a damn shame that a child has to be deprived of an education because he makes one mistake. Isn't the objective of a juvenile center the rehabilitation of the inmates? The bottom line is that they are contributing to the sorry state of America.

I personally intend to write my congressmen and ask them to investigate this matter. I urge everyone else to do the same. Maybe a concerted effort by people will help correct this problem. Keep up the good work, *Penthouse!—Gene Gumbs, Ledyard, Conn.*

I would first like to commend your magazine for tackling the issue of "Children in Jail." It is shocking to hear of the atrocities that happen to our young in these institutions. Until recently I was employed as a child worker-counselor in a home for emotionally disturbed juvenile delinquents. I would like to make two points regarding your article.

First, not all juvenile institutions are like those described in this piece. In the home where I worked in upstate New York, there were never any incidents of violent child abuse, and the child's best interests were always looked after. Each child had a social worker, a special teacher in a small class setting specially trained to deal with delinquent children, a highly educated recreational staff with structured programs, and a highly trained child-care staff that worked in the cottage where the child lived. What I am saying is that good institutions do exist.

The second point I would like to make is that maybe one of the reasons why the staff in these institutions abuse and are oblivious of the concerns of these children is that in many cases the staff is undereducated, poorly trained, and psychologically unfit for the job. Child-care institutions cannot keep well-trained individuals, because the job pays poorly, is very frustrating, and demands long hours. The average starting pay for child-care workers is from $7,500 to $8,000 per year, and the work week runs anywhere between forty-five and sixty hours, usually on floating shifts. The frustration a child-care worker experiences is very high. All of this creates a high turnover and in many cases results in improper care. This is not an excuse for the conditions your article described but perhaps an explanation. From that, we should look for the solution.—*W.J.L., Margate, Fla.*

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Attention, veterans

I have been an avid reader of the Vietnam Veterans Adviser column since it was first introduced, and I feel you are one of the few publications with the courage to address the barrage of problems that plague the Vietnam veterans. Here in Tennessee and in northern Georgia there is an organization called the Veterans Strike Force, which aids veterans.

We are not a social or fraternal organization whose only purpose is beer consumption and the telling of war stories. We are a group of underemployed and unemployed veterans who are fed up with the current economic situation and are determined to make changes. We are fed up with the current lack of opportunities and the dismal prospects for the future. We predict impending economic chaos, uncontrolled prices, and exorbitant tax increases thinly disguised by a series of hoaxes.

Politicians at all levels of government, especially federal levels, are in league with vested business and special-interest groups that are partners in greedy schemes to milk the public. We are organizing in order to initiate a series of projects that will (1) influence politicians by mobilizing voting blocs, (2) establish cooperative and self-help projects, and (3) expose corruption and rip-offs.

We desire to be heard. We do not seek sympathy; we can get sympathy from our mothers. We would like to hear from other veterans groups in other states so that we can join our forces and get for ourselves what should rightfully be ours in the first place. Interested groups or persons should respond to Veterans Strike Force, P.O. Box 276, Rossville, Ga., 30741. Thank you.—*Frank Cole, President, VSF, Rossville, Ga.*

Oh, rats!

Thank you for the excellent article by Richard Ballad, "The Rat Invasion" (June 1979). Here in New Jersey I have been fighting the rat battle for nearly twenty years. Rats are so successful in applying ingenuity to the problems of survival that I have never really won. I can usually hold the line on a seasonal basis, but I have never succeeded in eradicating these pests permanently despite my persistence and use of modern traps and poisons.

Many unusual and interesting incidents have come out of my battle with rodents. Mr. Ballad quite rightly mentions that they can chomp their way through pipes—I have had them nearly succeed in breaching a clear plastic pipe (after they ingested warfarin) in their efforts to get water.

The most disturbing incident of all occurred last winter, when I discovered a rat in a kitchen. I moved in to attack, and before it could dodge, I landed it a squarely placed kick backed up with 240 pounds of solid determination. The rat hit the door of the kitchen cabinet with a thud, recovered itself within an instant, and made off before I could stomp on it.

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Recently, I could clearly smell a dead rat somewhere in the kitchen but could not locate it. I enlisted a beagle as assistant, and with our combined abilities we found that a young rat had climbed into an electrical connection box through a hole slightly smaller than a quarter at the back of the electric stove; it had electrocuted itself. The battle continues.—*L. D. Kelsey, Califon, N.J.*

We read with great interest Richard Ballad's article "The Rat Invasion." The author did a great job in scratching the surface of a problem affecting our entire country and the world. The rat eats one-third of his weight per day; he consumes up to 25 percent of the world's food production.

According to an article in the *National Geographic* (July 1977) entitled "The Rat, Lapdog of the Devil," when biologists visited Engebi and other islets of Eniwetok Atoll in the Western Pacific two years after the atomic blasts, they found that the islands abounded with rats. The rodents were not maimed or deformed, but robust and so in tune with their environment that their life spans were longer than average. Their physical prowess has let them flourish, and as Mr. Ballad stated, they have now arrived at plague proportions.

It is apparent to all concerned that there has to be another answer besides the poison program, which dates from the early attempts of the ancient Egyptians, who put out the first rodenticide, up to our best efforts today, which are completely unsuccessful.

The Japanese have been fighting the rat for many years in a battle to survive. Their food loss alone is astronomical. The scientist and pest control people gave the Invention of the Year Award and the Japanese Environmental Award to Mitsufuji Denko, Inc., for its development of an ultrasonic device capable of expelling rats from areas and causing an imbalance in their environment and habits. The results are that rats kill each other, females are not able to nurse their young, and they eat one another. Elimination may be impossible, but control is possible.

Rats are big business to major chemical companies to the tune of millions of dollars per year. The pressure these companies bring to bear on any new invention that could change this lucrative market is going on every day. There are new methods available in the battle against the rat invasion, and the public has a right to know.—*B. St. Lawrence, Ashland, Va.*

Erdman irks

I am writing to congratulate *Penthouse* on the superb June 1979 issue. I truly enjoyed Lawrence Linderman's interview of Dr. Paul Erdman. I especially enjoyed the observations that Dr. Erdman made about Iran's Khomeini. However, I disagree with what Dr. Erdman said of Jordan's King Hussein: ". . . he's afraid the PLO will knock him out." History has shown us that King Hussein

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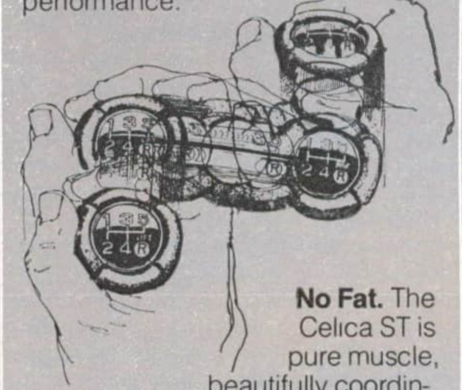

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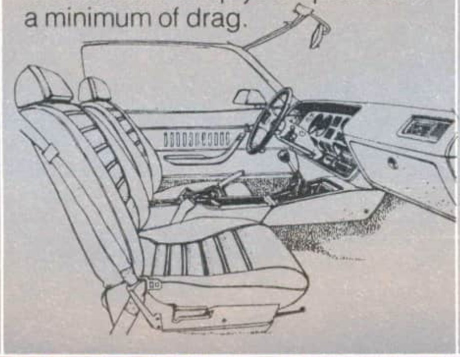

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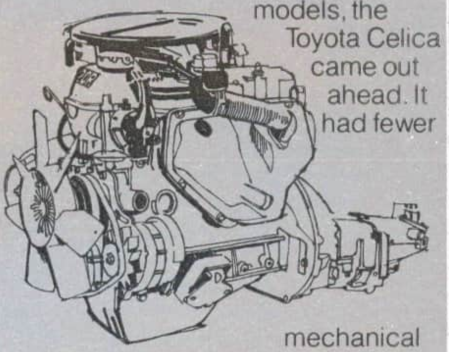

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mopped up the PLO back in 1971 on July 18. If Jordan was ever threatened by the PLO, it was back in 1971. If Jordan was to become a PLO state, that was the time it would have.

Since then King Hussein has ensured that no such attempt to take over Jordan would be repeated. For several years Jordan has not played "footsie" with the PLO or other radical groups. Even if Jordan were on the verge of a downfall, particularly because of the PLO, Israel would not stand by and let it occur. This was a topic of discussion by the then Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan and by other Israeli leaders during the attempt by the PLO to take control of Jordan. Jordan is no mere "mosquito." If anyone had anything to do with exposing the truth about the PLO and her real power to include her Arab supporters, it was King Hussein and the pro-West state of Jordan in 1971.

I have to include that Jordan had outside aid, but the battle against the PLO was fought by Jordan alone. This is historical fact. Thank you for a fine interview!—*Rodolfo Gonzales, U.S. Army, New York.*

Throughout his interview Paul Erdman calls for increased government spending and regulation of everything from energy production to military bases overseas, while he decries printing-press money and says that he wants a balanced budget. But don't let his contradictions bother you, since they certainly don't bother him—especially when he discusses his current topic of interest: energy.

On page 104 he claims that "at the moment the energy problem is a cost problem, but in 1985 or 1990 there's going to be an actual physical shortage of petroleum. . . ." However, on the same page he tells us that there is a 100-year-supply of petroleum from oil shale "initially costing about thirty-five dollars a barrel, instead of the present fourteen dollars." Is Erdman listening to himself, or does he think we are not?

Typical of his ilk, Erdman longs for a worldwide U.S. military machine that can "get in there clean and knock off anyone within twenty-four hours. . . ." He bemoans any American withdrawal from far-flung countries and commitments. There's no need to worry about the taxes, the inflation, and the inevitable draft required to sustain such an imperial presence.

As usual, those like Erdman who desire a "$100 billion federal agency to fund power corporations" and to provide subsidies for nuclear power, who advocate gas rationing, and who long for strong leaders like Lyndon Johnson, care less about energy or the "individual liberties that would almost surely go down the drain" than they do about enhancing the wealth and power of the American corporate state. No wonder he admires Nelson Rockefeller.

The only "sure thing" about Paul Erdman is his commitment to spending billions of dollars and sacrificing our liberty in the vain pursuit of "mastering our destiny." Deliver us from self-styled experts like Erdman—no matter how many "goddamns" they can work into an interview.—*R.E.B., Chicago.*

"Watch yourself, Stan, she's a born-again virgin!"

A Rose is a rose

Your interview with Pete Rose (May 1979) certainly changed my impression of our greatest living baseball player. He's right—Cincinnati did try to screw him out of what he's worth. A guy who contributes that much to a team shouldn't have his contract influenced by his age. He summed it up best in his last statement: "If I don't make the Hall of Fame, there shouldn't be a Hall of Fame."—*Christian Hogoboom, La Selva Beach, Calif.*

Average male-ady

The psychograph in your May 1979 issue, "Are You Normal?" is an alarming commentary on the nature of the so-called average American male.

Consider first that television is his favorite evening occupation. It makes me wonder how much his values are influenced by the one-dimensional characters on the tube. With its massive audience, television risks becoming a self-fulfilling vision of the human condition, where we all fit the role models provided for us by the networks. Still, the average male believes that he watches the right amount of television. By what standards is this measurement made?

Even more discouraging is the apparent attitude of the average male toward women, which is blatantly sexist. "What women really want in a relationship is security." Might they not want *all* the benefits of a relationship? Or none? And why the need to generalize about what *women* as a group want? Don't they have differing personal values, as do men? "Women are more moody than men." Men are just as moody. How is moodiness related to one's sex? Both of these "average" beliefs accuse women of being not only emotionally and mentally different but also inferior to men, who, the article suggests, must provide those helplessly moody women with plenty of security. They need it, eh?

The average male would prefer to work for a man and is most intimidated by a beautiful and highly intelligent woman. Does this suggest that men are insecure about their claimed superiority or uncomfortable with women who don't fit their vision of the physically and mentally inferior "average" woman?

Finally, I see that the average male prefers marriage, perhaps because without this social institution he'd have a hard time in inflicting unfair, unequal standards on the woman who becomes his wife. Marriage is, in effect (though it need not be), institutionalized discrimination against women.

The "average American male"—I would call that an oppressive stereotype from which men need to liberate themselves. Can they?—*James M. Pfeiffer, Washington, D.C.*

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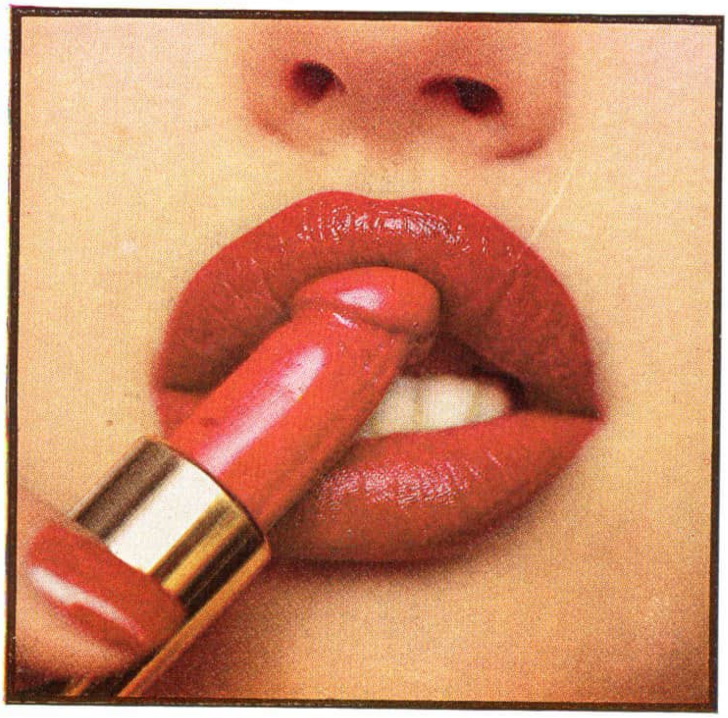
❛Sex toys are nice. But
once you've opened Pandora's box,
it's sometimes difficult to get it shut—
if you want it shut.❜

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH



I'm a twenty-two-year-old ex-college student who went to a school in a winterland in northeastern Oregon. This was a small college town, and there were a lot of juicy farmer's daughters walking around campus. My biggest fantasy had always been to make mad, furious love in the snow. I was one of the lucky ones who got to live out my cold but cock-warming dream. I'd like to share that afternoon with you and your readers.

I met this girl, Fran, in one of my classes. She was beautiful, with long, dark brown hair and deep blue eyes: a real country girl, cute and shy. Her tits perfectly fitted her frame: five feet two inches, 105 pounds. They were just big enough so that my large hands could cover them. Her ass was nicely round and firm and jiggled slightly whenever she moved.

I knew that because she was from the country, she'd like nature and the outdoors. So after the one class we had together, I asked her if she wanted to go cross-country skiing. We made a date for that Saturday. I got hold of some good weed and a bottle of wine and dreamed of getting into her moist pussy. Saturday morning I woke up early and saw it was snowing. I got dressed, grabbed the skis, and took off to get Fran. She looked good enough to eat, with an outfit that fitted every curve. She looked right at the bulge in my pants and asked, "What's that?" I felt myself blushing. "Don't worry," said my ski bunny. "We'll just have to do something with it later." My mind was blown. This wasn't that shy little country girl that was in my class. She was acting like the ladies I knew back in Los Angeles.

When we got to the trails, we started to see sights you couldn't even dream of. Mountain peaks that must be seen to be believed. After an hour or so of skiing the trail, we decided to stop and have a joint break. We got under a tree and dug the snow away from the base. I started a small campfire. We sat there for a long while, just staring at the fire. Then I leaned over and kissed her very deeply, and as we kissed, she removed her gloves and worked her hands into my shirt, massaging my chest. Then she started kissing my neck, working my jacket and shirt off. I lay back as she started licking and sucking my nipples. When I got her top off, I returned the favor. I took one nipple in my mouth and sucked gently, and I grabbed a handful of snow. I made a snowball and began massaging her tits with it. Then I sucked the coldness away. After a good, long sucking session, we both took off our pants and underwear.

Fran's pussy was beautiful. Nice, wet, and juicy. I was about to go down on her when she made me lie back. Taking a page from my book, she made a snowball and used it on my steaming cock. She lowered her head and began licking and nibbling on the head of my cock, like a snow cone. She threw her legs over my head and lowered her dripping pussy to my mouth. We were now really going at each other. Our bodies began to tremble at the same time. She took one finger and stuck it in my ass as deep as it could go, moving it in and out at the same tempo I was working her cunt.

We both came at the same time, and we both went limp, as did my cock. Fran put it back in her mouth for some heat resuscitation. Then she lowered her body on top of me, letting her pussy slowly swallow my now wondrously erect member. Slowly, she started to rock, making her muscles do all the work. This climax was even more intense than our first.

After Fran came, she collapsed in my arms and we just lay there. We started getting cold as the fire went out; so we dressed

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and headed back to the car. Back at my apartment, we made love until morning.

Xaviera, have you ever made it in the snow? Is it safe to rub ice over sexual organs without damaging them? I had so much fun the first time that I'd like to do it in the snow some more.—S.L.

All you need is Snow White and the seven dwarfs.

I don't think there's anything wrong with making love in the snow, except that you might freeze your balls off. The use of ice on sexual organs can be practiced not only in the snow but also in the cozy atmosphere of your bedroom. Let your girl friend suck on some ice cubes and then put her mouth around your cock, rubbing the cubes against the stem. You can do the same to her vagina.

Ice cream is also nice, and have you ever tried chilled whipped cream?

DESPERADO

I am fifty years old, and my husband is fifty-two. We have had a great sex life during our thirty-two years of marriage. There isn't anything we haven't tried. Still, I just can't get enough sex.

My husband has been satisfied with every-other-night sex for the past ten years, but recently he complains that he's too tired and will try to get by with every three or four nights. I don't see how he could be tired. He works in an office, but he isn't under any pressure. His fondles and pats have become less frequent as well.

I realize that I'm getting older. My 130 pounds have "settled," and I'm not nearly so attractive as other women. But I've just got to have sex. I can't sleep without it. I've turned to masturbation, but it just isn't so satisfying as cock.

What is to happen to women as they grow older and men turn from them to younger women? Must we go grab someone off the street?—N.W.

If your husband is interested in younger women, maybe you can work out a nice fantasy with him whereby the two of you participate in a threesome. He'll get all excited about making love to two women, and you might find yourself getting it more often. Old dogs and new tricks and all that, if you know what I mean.

Also, there's always the possibility of having an affair with a younger man, or at least of getting fucked by a younger man in a three-way with your husband. Your hubby may not like this idea at first; you will just have to approach him with it properly. First, suggest a three-way with another woman. He'll probably go for that. After you've done that scene for a while, suggest a threesome with another man. One good turn deserves another, after all.

If this fails, try a vibrator. Many women have found it to be more than a substitute for the real thing.

SNAP
CRACKLE
POP
FATHER
SON
HOLY GHOST

HORNY HUBBY

I don't know if you will be able to handle this question or not, even though you certainly seem to be well qualified. My question concerns my wife, Ruth, and her attitude toward sex. She is fifty-one, and I am fifty-two. We have been married over thirty years. We have five children; so we did have some sex life. But Ruth has always felt that sex is something you have maybe once a month and that I must always take the initial step. I realize that most people feel this is normal, but it would be a pleasant change to have the woman take the initiative once in a while.

I am of average height and weight, with gray hair and nice looks, and I guess I'm a little above average in equipment—if you consider a little over nine inches above average. I shower regularly and brush my teeth and try to keep in good physical condition. I have played around some and am still on the prowl. I enjoy sex and would like it at least twice a week, maybe more often. But as it is now, I can only guess at how much sex I could stand.

My question is, How do I handle this undersexed-wife problem? I have talked to her about it and suggested we contact a doctor, but she refuses. Ruth does enjoy sex once we get down to it, and I know she doesn't have a lover, male or female. I know it's against the law, but living with her is so frustrating that I'm afraid I might eventually become violent.

How can I get Ruth to loosen up? Our children are grown and out of the house; so we can really be as uninhibited as we like. Please suggest something.—D.D.

The horny lady of the previous letter would seem to be a good mate for you. Maybe I should set up a dating service.

May I suggest you try the marriage-counselor or doctor solution again? But this time try a different slant. Instead of making it her problem, say you want to go because *you* are oversexed and need help. Okay, we know you're not a satyr, but it might get her there, to help out her husband and all that. She just might be more willing to go if the pressure doesn't seem to be on her. It's worth a try.

Women the age of your wife experience menopause. It can sometimes drastically change a woman's sex drive for a year or two, or maybe longer—or even forever. People change, and sometimes our partners don't change along with us. Perhaps you can be somewhat more considerate with your wife. When you do have sex, do you just pounce on her, sticking that nine-inch cock (which is way above average, my friend) into her with not even a thought of foreplay? Spend ten, fifteen minutes warming her up to intercourse. Some kissing, some petting, some oral sex. It need not always end in orgasm.

If you and your wife truly have different sex drives, I suggest you try masturbation *and* another woman. You may not like the idea of extramarital sex, but it sure beats physical violence.

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COCK-TEASER

I am a nineteen-year-old male with a problem. It concerns my recent girl friend, Sara. We have a good sex life except for one thing. Sara enjoys lying right on top of me with my cock between her legs. She moves herself back and forth on top of me, and this is how she orgasms. By the time she is done, she's too tired to have me enter her and let me make love to her. When I finally do mount her, she acts really bored, as if she's not satisfied. It seems to me that Sara doesn't like it when I'm on top of her, because when I try to hold her after we've come, she gets angry and gets back on top of me. I'm definitely not satisfied. What should I do?—E.G.

Rather than have her climb on top of you immediately, why not spend more time on the foreplay? Though she is young, you may try to turn her on to sucking your cock while you eat out her vagina, licking that sensitive clitoris of hers.

It is quite obvious that she rubs the base of your cock against her clitoris and thus achieves a clitoral orgasm. But why not have your penis inside her vagina while it rubs against her clit? Sex is for two people. If you can't convince Sara that this is true, then I suggest you change girl friends. The world is full of hot-blooded women, and you'll have no problem finding one or two of them.

BABE IN TOYLAND

I would like to introduce the use of vibrators into my wife's and my lovemaking. But one thing I'm not sure of is how to get started. I fantasize about it all and wish I had the nerve to do something about it. I would like to order some from a magazine or go directly to a shop and buy one, thereby averting the embarrassment of my wife's getting the mail before me. I would like to get Angie loaded and horny and then spring the toy on her. We both satisfy each other and enjoy sex, but I think it would be better with a little variety. It would be great to see models using vibrators in magazines like Penthouse, *because that might give Angie some ideas of her own.*

I've seen the "love kits," the "flexible vibrators," the "egg" and "penisator," the anal devices, and the "double dildo." Which of these do you know about, and which would you recommend? I'm looking more for true sensuality than for something corny or too kinky. Thanks for the advice.—R.S.

Almost any producer of erotic aids has a catalog that details a number of items. May I suggest you write to Evelyn Rainbird for a catalog. Send a $3.50 check or money order to Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd., Department J79, P.O. Box 650, Englewood, N.J. 07631. I warmly recommend these products. This is a reliable producer of erotic aids, and it should be able to meet your every need.

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The thing is: once you open Pandora's box, it's sometimes difficult to get it shut. If, that is, you want it shut.

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SWINGER'S DILEMMA

My husband, Evan, and I have been married for three years. Evan is thirty-three, and I'm twenty-two. When I married at nineteen, I had had virtually no sexual experience with men. Evan, on the other hand, had really been around. For the last year and a half, we've been experimenting with swinging. Evan suggested it one night when we were in bed, and at first I wasn't too crazy about the idea. But after giving it some thought, I changed my mind.

Our reason for becoming involved in swinging was that we thought it would be a good learning experience for me. I had had only one man, and since I was so young then, we both feel that I missed out on a lot. Evan feels strongly about this. He also enjoys swinging because of the variety and the chance to live out certain fantasies. He enjoys giving and receiving pleasure and feels that a woman's body is something beautiful and deserves a special kind of

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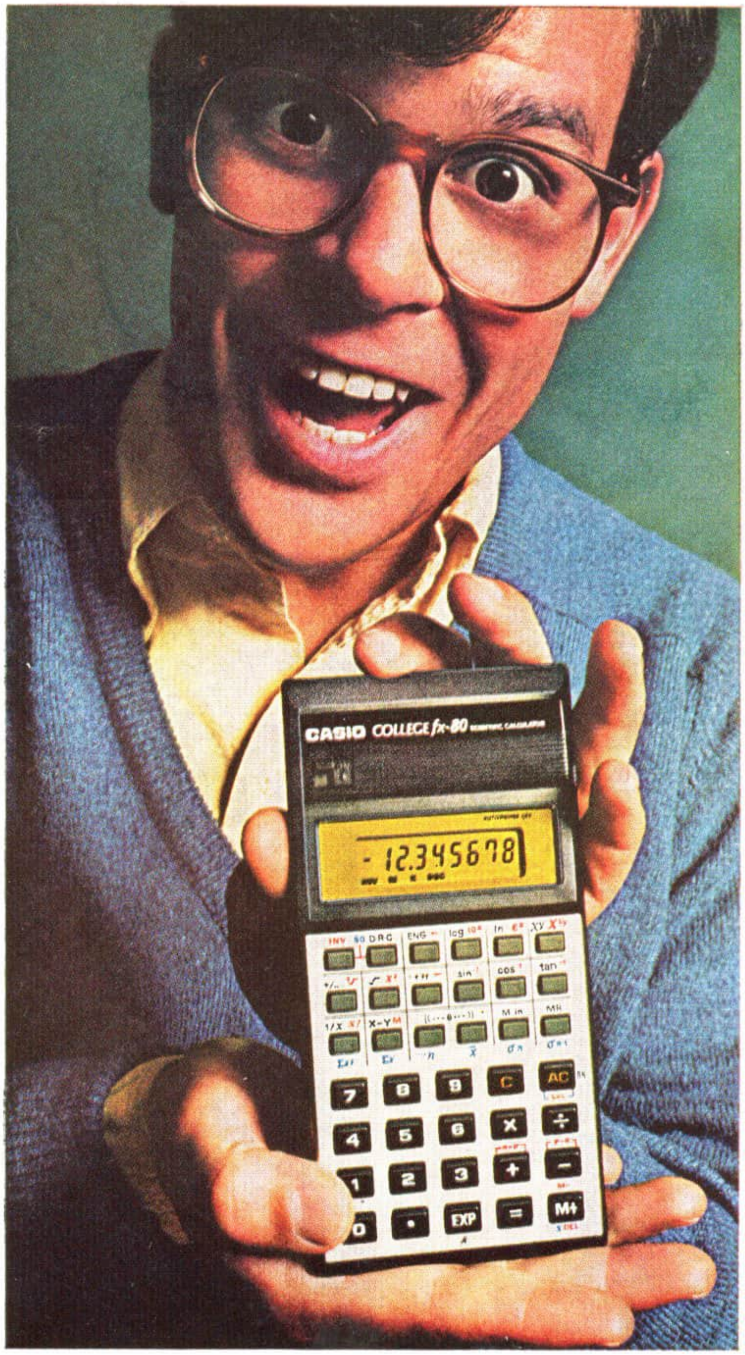

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loving. We have actually not had too many swinging experiences, because we are being very selective about the couples we want to swing with. My feelings are really mixed about the relationships we've already had with others.

When I am with the other man, I can't keep my mind on the matter at hand—it keeps wandering to sexual thoughts of Evan and the other woman. I try to reason with myself, but I'm so jealous that it blots out every other emotion. Yet I know that I don't ever have to worry about losing him. Evan gives me absolutely no reason why I should feel this insane jealousy. He is always totally honest with me, and we discuss his feelings about the situation. To him, having sex with other people is just the enjoyment of giving and receiving pleasure, without love entering into it.

Am I abnormal to feel this way? Is there some way I can learn to come to grips with the situation? I have had some pretty bad experiences with the guys, while Evan has had no trouble with any of the women. He is being very understanding with me, and because of my feelings we have been lying low for a while. Evan says that it's my decision whether or not we go back to swinging. If I say no, he won't mind. Deep down I feel that I want to say no. Yet I don't, because I know how much enjoyment Evan gets from swinging. I love him too much to say yes and too much to say no.

We have a really great relationship going and talk freely and openly about things that concern us. I had a very strict upbringing and am still rather shy and self-conscious about trying new things—especially when it comes to matters of sex. Perhaps, with your knowledge, you can give me some tips on how to open up and be more relaxed—even though I have felt a little freer lately—at a quicker pace.

A result of our open discussions is that we would like to find a bisexual female to live with us and be a lover for us both. I'm very interested in giving such an arrangement a try, and I think it could work. I don't think I'd feel that jealous if the woman were my lover as well.

I'd be interested in hearing advice from other readers who have coped with similar situations and hope that you can suggest something.—A.D.

It's difficult separating the emotions of lust and love. I remember almost crying when I went to an orgy with someone I loved dearly, and to this day I find it difficult to swing with someone I'm totally involved with. In the eyes of a real swinger, I'm probably no swinger at all. I have had numerous men—somehow I lost count along the way. But I still feel that as long as I can please the man I'm with and live up to his fantasies, there's no purpose in having to share that man with others.

Three-ways can work to perk up a dull marriage. But if you get jealous—and this is perfectly normal—then I suggest you give up the swinger's life-style. It's just not for you. O+

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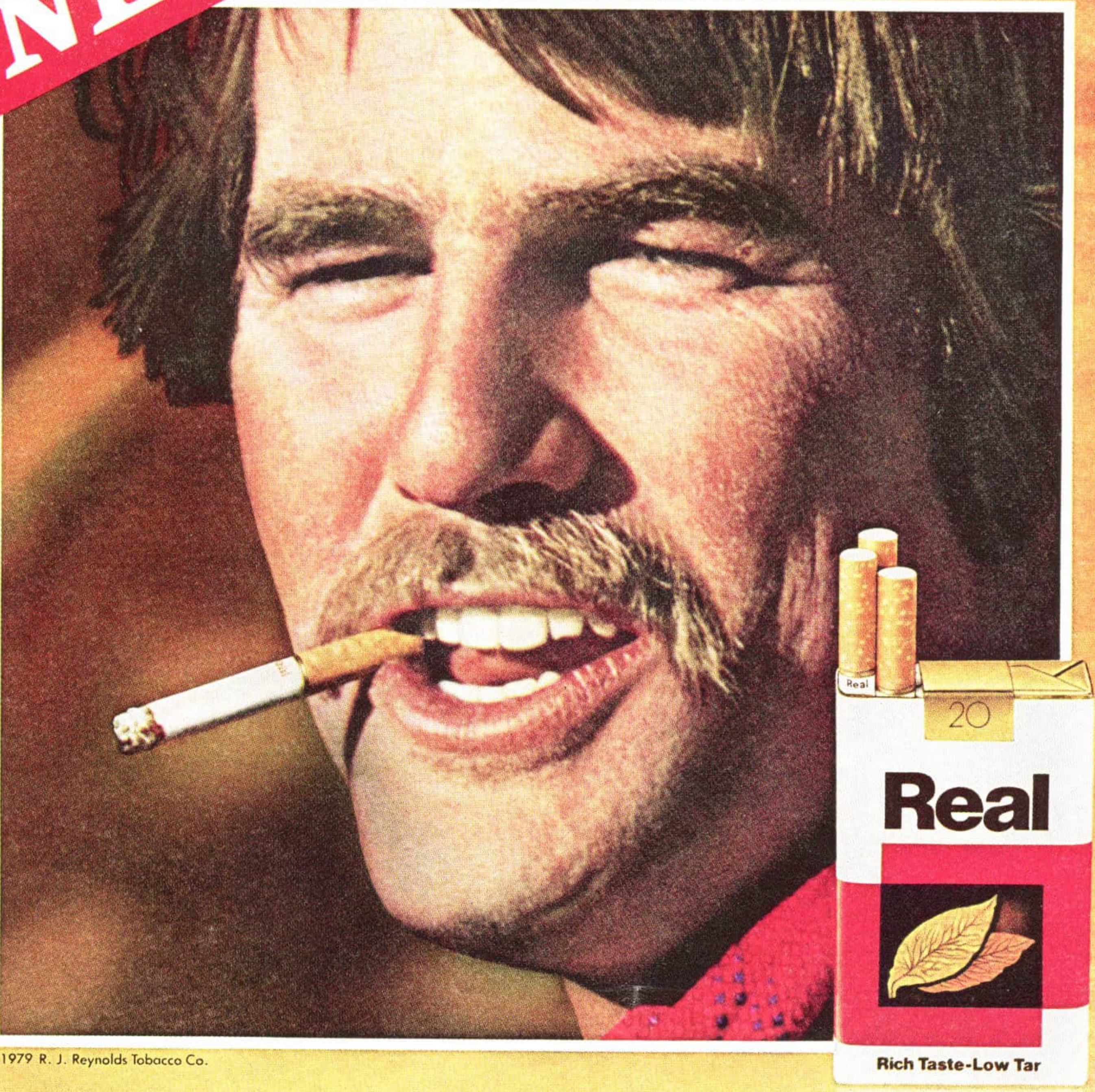

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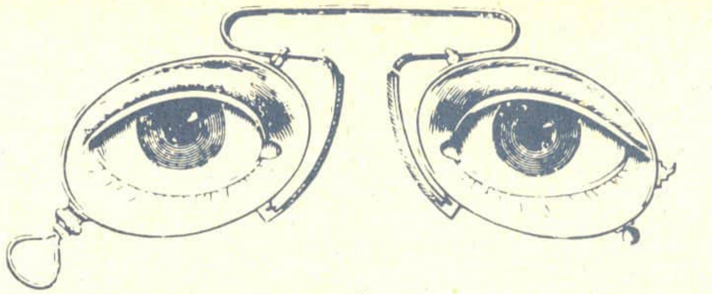


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE TRANSISTOR

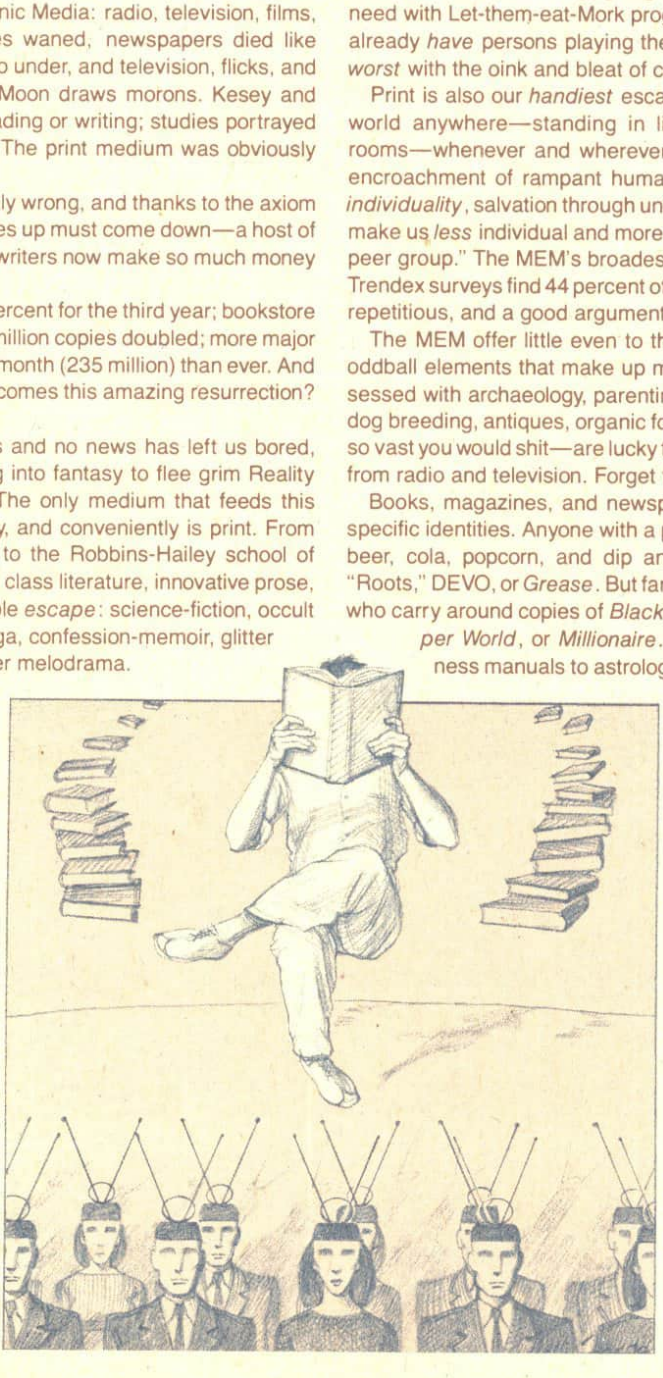
BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

In 1969 every sign foretold the death of literacy in America from an overdose of MEM — Mass Electronic Media: radio, television, films, music. Book and magazine sales waned, newspapers died like whales, *Life* and *Look* were about to go under, and television, flicks, and albums drew profits like Sun Myung Moon draws morons. Kesey and Vidal grieved that students weren't reading or writing; studies portrayed college grads as functional illiterates. The print medium was obviously *finis*.

But obvious conclusions are habitually wrong, and thanks to the axiom of cultural gravity—Whatever trend goes up must come down—a host of persons armed only with wits and typewriters now make so much money at this dead art that they need therapy.

Last year paperback sales rose 20 percent for the third year; bookstore chains and books selling 500,000 to 4 million copies doubled; more major magazines (335) sold more copies per month (235 million) than ever. And these stats are rising like helium. How comes this amazing resurrection? Read—repeat, *read*—on.

The '70s' dreary blend of bad news and no news has left us bored, depressed, and increasingly retreating into fantasy to flee grim Reality and put Actual Life from our minds. The only medium that feeds this voracious fantasy-hunger fully, cheaply, and conveniently is print. From housewife-hot-flash period romances to the Robbins-Hailey school of myth-fact fiction, the book boom isn't in class literature, innovative prose, or cerebral firepower but rather in simple *escape*: science-fiction, occult hoodoo, superhero odyssey, family saga, confession-memoir, glitter espionage, and sex-money-fame-power melodrama.



Victor Juhasz

By contrast, the film industry produces only about one solid reality-antidote—*Rocky, Star Wars, Animal House*—per year. Any bona fide escape junkie knows this barely dents a good science-fiction western detective spy romance habit.

Music is now escape only if you're dancing to it. Our fantasy idols—Elvis, Jimi, Janis, Morrison—are dead; their replacements—Meatloaf, Frampton, Patti—might as well be. Rock is no longer electronic LSD but computerized Quaalude—or, as Zappa noted, "company-manufactured background music."

One of the reasons ever fewer of us watch television is its slice-of-life kick, which has taken Lear et al. roaring through several tax brackets and has made the medium neither pure escape nor pure realism but rather a hideous hybrid of reality and idiocy, which trivializes and insults us with cheap caricatures of our lives. It's like the dentist without laughing gas. Television only taunts our escape need with Let-them-eat-Mork programming, with fast-food fantasies that already *have* persons playing the roles and jar us back to reality-at-its-*worst* with the oink and bleat of commercials.

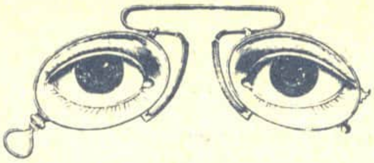
Print is also our *handiest* escape. In it you can lose yourself and the world anywhere—standing in line, commuting, at lunch, in waiting rooms—whenever and wherever you want a brief sanctuary from the encroachment of rampant humanity. Also, America's cultural creed is *individuality*, salvation through uniqueness. But the MEM, says McLuhan, make us *less* individual and more "corporate people, part of an extended peer group." The MEM's broadest-appeal philosophy is so obsolete that Trendex surveys find 44 percent of us rejecting television as bland, boring, repetitious, and a good argument for blindness.

The MEM offer little even to the *normally* idiosyncratic, let alone the oddball elements that make up maybe half our population. Persons obsessed with archaeology, parenting, custom cars, classical art, sodomy, dog breeding, antiques, organic food, and so on—and these markets are so vast you would shit—are lucky to get two interesting hours a week even from radio and television. Forget films and music.

Books, magazines, and newspapers involve selectivity, distinctness, specific identities. Anyone with a pulse can sit in a life-support system of beer, cola, popcorn, and dip and share the collective experience of "Roots," DEVO, or *Grease*. But far fewer and more conspicuous are those who carry around copies of *Black & Greek*, *Modern Proctologist*, *Chopper World*, or *Millionaire*. From self-assertion manifestos to fitness manuals to astrology tracts to hardcore porn, you are what you read. By comparison, the MEM are 90 percent herd instinct.

At a time when simple self-determination nears extinction, print offers the precious commodity of *choice*. The MEM provide all the real options of the two-party system. The echolalia of the networks, Hollywood's cost-efficient formula flicks, and that cesspool of taste manipulation—music—all dictate arbitrarily (and poorly) what we watch and listen to.

For ill or good, print is what *we* want, not mass-taste gruel run through the Osterizers of ratings, market research, and censors. The *Stone* and *Lampoon*, *Penthouse* and its X-rated ilk, *Mother Jones*, underground comics, even *Mad*, wouldn't exist if their survival depended on the MEM. Expensive as the print game is, it's the only one open to the individual, the loner, the nut. A $10,000 investment won't win



Lynn Goldsmith

Alice Cooper: junk rock.

you an Oscar, Emmy, or a Grammy, but it won a Marin County couple the Pulitzer Prize.

"If life isn't vulgar, it isn't life."—Thomas Berger.

Print is on the resurge largely because the line between candid realism and perverse crudity is vaporous, if not nonexistent. To delete obscenity is to delete reality, and even TV's hottest gimmick—the best-seller brought to television—runs a 40 percent flop rate, since TV's moral code prohibits those elements that *made* them best-sellers: lust, violence, sleazily satisfying behavior/motives/speech, down-home human vulgarity.

Gut-level reality is emasculated on television and radio and kept to a marketable minimum in films and music. Those sweet, sordid, visceral flights of fancy so gross that we wash our hands afterward are the province of *print*. And the fact is that we reject MEM, not because our tastes are too refined, but because they are too primitive. Print thrives because the deviants *are* the mainstream.

The predominant theme in our lives—*sex*—is *conceptum non gratum* in most MEM. Scores of mega-buck and hard-hyped network shows, motion pictures, and albums fail to attract the attention of even 10 million of us, though they are piped into our homes relentlessly and for free. But *Penthouse* magazine—unhyped on television, costing two dollars and barred from dozens of locales—has 11 million monthly readers.

This is no mystery. If the MEM could respond to our bedrock lusts, curiosities, obsessions, and daydreams, we wouldn't leave home for *food*, let alone literature. We'd just put coins in a television/radio/cable slot and salivate. But MEM sexuality is euphemistic and neurotic: *Coming Home*'s gimp-kink, Alice Cooper's junk rock, the pricktease-TV of jigglesex.

Given the moral pretensions and basic cowardice inherent in windfall-profit industries, the MEM now reproach us for our shabby tastes and cravings with codes, "standards," and lofty invocations of Quality. The printed word has no such prejudices.

Mark Sennet/Camera 5

Suzanne Somers: TV jigglesex.

Each medium has occasional art attacks and a body of truly inventive, daring, or exceptional work it can wave at critics, but the MEM remain the vanilla of input. Television is mainly by, for, and about cretins; the film biz rivals the Pahlavis for sheer corruption; and pop music has deteriorated into mind-set Muzak.

Of course, this may all be shallow or resentful jive. But that doesn't make it horseshit. Whether it's perceptive analysis or witless tripe, the point is—you *read* it. That's the only way you could have encountered it.

SCENES

SUPERSAINT

Jesus Christ is a tough act to follow, but Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice are giving it their best lick. The British *wunderkinder* who shook theatrical tastes on both sides of the Atlantic in 1970 with *Jesus Christ Superstar* have written another rock opera.

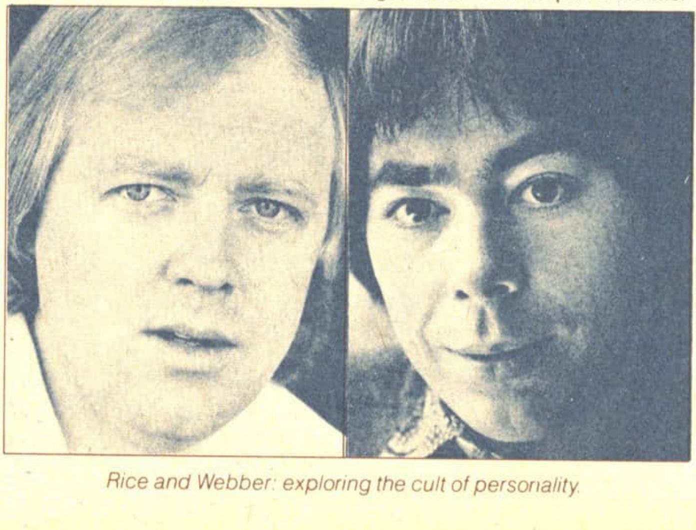
Evita, a musical biography of Eva Perón, opened in London last summer to ecstatic critical and public response. London's *Sunday Times* went so far as to call the Harold Prince production a "masterpiece." Regroomed by Prince for American sensibilities, the show opens on Broadway in September, following road runs in Los Angeles and San Francisco. After the obligatory tooth-and-nail clawing for the juicy title role, the part of Evita was awarded to relative unknown Patti LuPone.

Just before plunging into the grind of rehearsals, Webber, the show's composer, and Rice, his lyricist partner, sat in producer Robert Stigwood's *luxe* Manhattan offices and pondered what they had wrought. Eva Perón, they agreed, was a pretty off-beat follow-up to Jesus Christ. As the wife of President Juan Perón, she was the power behind Argentina's military dictatorship from 1946 until 1952, when she died of cancer at the age of thirty-three. A *putana* to some, a saint to others, she was one of the most powerful, colorful, ambitious, unscrupulous, and charismatic political figures of the century.

"Tim is always fascinated by figures larger than life," Webber notes of his partner, who says he got the idea for *Evita* in 1973, when he caught the last ten minutes of a BBC documentary about Eva Perón on his car radio. "I suppose you could say that she was an example of the very early use of the contemporary cult of the personality."

As personalities go, Eva Perón's was nothing if not vivid. ("She reminds me of those little plastic statues you see in religious shrines," says Webber, "the ones with the shiny lips and long eyelashes.") Born illegitimate in a dreary village outside Buenos Aires, Argentina's future First Lady bed-hopped her way to the big city and an early career as a film and radio actress.

She latched onto Perón, who at forty-eight was exactly twice her age, when the incipient dictator



Michael Putland/Retna

Michael Putland/Retna

Rice and Webber: exploring the cult of personality.

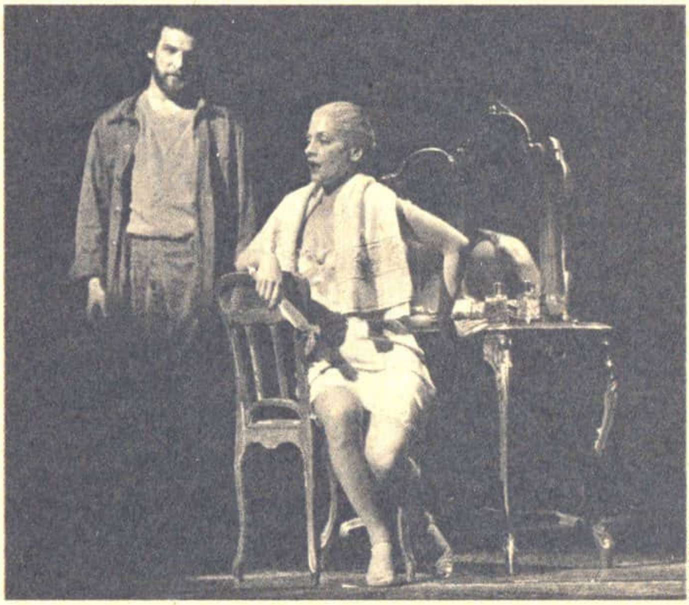
Van Williams

Mandy Patinkin as Ché Guevara in the new musical Evita.

was still just an ambitious colonel in the army. As his mistress, she fueled Perón's political drive and helped stage the military coup that installed him as president of Argentina in 1946.

Once ensconced as First Lady, Eva unfurled her own political colors. A ferociously energetic organizer and a mesmerizing orator, she founded charitable organizations, spearheaded a successful women's suffrage movement, and served as international ambassador for the fascistic regime that people said she actually ran in her husband's name.

Through the sheer force of her personality (and her genius at manipulating the media), Eva Perón quickly mobilized Argentina's vast trade-worker population into a unified political front—with herself as heroine and patron saint. Her popularity with the people so far outstripped her husband's that, at her death, the entire country threw itself into hysterical paroxysms of mourning and grief. As a bizarre postscript to her melodramatic life, Eva Perón's body was smuggled out of the country and periodically dragged out for political circuses. Even today, there are still efforts in the country to have the woman canonized.


Van Williams

LuPone and Patinkin: Ché Guevara as Eva Perón's alter ego.

"It's all so ironic," Webber admits. "The people adored her, but all the time she and Perón were letting the country fall apart. She spent a fortune on magnificent furs and jewels—they said she had 400 dresses and 600 hats—but she used to tell the people that she was wearing the jewels of the oligarchs just for them, in the name of the people. And they believed her!"

Politically, the irony was even heavier than Webber lets on. Under the Peróns Argentina became a fascistic dictatorship of the most repressive order. Political deviants were tortured and eliminated with ruthless dispatch. Beneath the public glitz, the country's economy skidded to the edge of ruin—which didn't stop Eva from socking away in a Swiss bank account $25 million, which her enemies claimed she siphoned off from her "charitable" institutions.

Mass strikes and sweeping poverty were the result of the regime's incompetent, and no doubt venal, methods in redistributing private wealth, nationalizing corporate holdings, and overindustrializing the country. At one shameful point, the world's largest supplier of market cattle was forced to import beef from other countries.

Webber and Rice are understandably discomfited by critical charges that *Evita* glosses over a lot of this rot in its fascination with the more spectacular aspects of Eva Perón's persona. They insist that the political realities are all there—specifically, in their stage character of Ché Guevara (who is played by Mandy Patinkin), the Argentine-born revolutionary who was still living in his native land during the Peronist years.

"Ché must have been politicized by what happened to his own family during the regime," says Tim Rice of the historical Guevara. "His family strongly opposed the regime, and the Peronists sent his mother into exile. Being a young, political person, he *must* have been influenced by Evita."

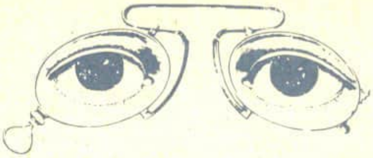
In the musical Rice uses the character of Ché as a commentator and critic, a kind of Greek chorus in combat fatigues. "He is Eva's alter ego," says Rice, "warning her that her ambition could become a drug. In this sense, the opera is a cautionary tale, because Ché sees right through her. She represented herself as the champion of the worker, but Ché saw her as a fraud."

Despite Rice's insistence on the political integrity of the show ("Look, we're not trying to do *Annie*. This is a heavy story, about the ruin of a country!"), audience approval of *Evita* seems directed more to the show's music than to its politics. Like *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the new rock opera is extraordinarily successful at mixing traditional and contemporary musical idioms. Constructed like an opera, with recurring and interlocking themes, the score spices its pop-and-rock thematic structure with a heavy dose of Latin American rhythms. If Webber has his way, the music will have an even stronger Latin character in the show's American edition.

"Harmonically, and in the directions of the melodic structure, *Evita* is a much more ambitious musical piece for me than *Superstar*," Webber says. "I can't pretend to be a Latin composer, but I have tried to absorb the flavor of the country. I have made heavy use, for example, of a form of polyphonic synthesizer, which makes a sound that is a reasonable approximation of Paraguayan harps."

Like *Superstar*, the new musical began life as a record album. Although neither the original recording nor the subsequent cast album of the London production has made much of an impact here (Webber blames American disco-mania, which "leaves no room for anything that doesn't fit in with a station's limited commercial format"), *Evita* struck solid gold in England.

In addition, several of the show's individual songs—the lyrical heartbreaker "Another Suitcase," for one, and the heavy, rocking "Oh, What a Circus," for another—have been hits as singles. But the real blockbuster from the show's unusually rich score has been "Don't Cry for Me, Argentina," a gorgeously melodic ditty that has sold more than two and a



half million copies in England and around the world.

Maneuvering this gold-mine property onto the stage took years, essentially because Webber and Rice were determined to have Harold Prince, and nobody *but* Prince, as director. "We were so keen to work with Hal," says Webber, "that we were willing to wait forever, until he was finished with the film of *A Little Night Music*, the Broadway production of *On the Twentieth Century*, and some strange play about a tree that talked." Only Prince would do, they felt, because of his special interest in operatic musicals (*Sweeney Todd, Pacific Overtures, Night Music*) and his commitment to musicals with heavy content. And God knows, *Evita* has content.

UPI

Eva Perón onstage in real life: vulgar and very dangerous.

"If the show has a message," considers Tim Rice, "I suppose this is it: all dictators are unpleasant, but beautiful dictators are dangerously unpleasant. I believe that if Eva Perón had not been so glamorous, she would have been like any other nasty dictator."

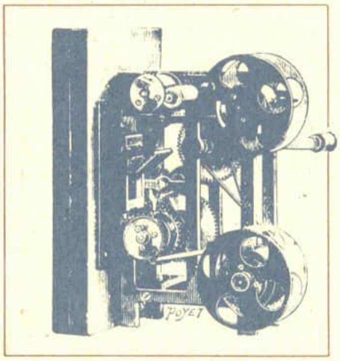
Neither Rice nor Webber feels comfortable, however, with critical analysts who read connections between the Peronist government and Britain's current political problems. "It's true that Eva got to power by whipping up the trade unionists," says Rice, "and in this same way a minority of people in trade unionism are out to wreck Britain's liberal system today. But we never intended *Evita* to be a cautionary tale about England.

"Personally, I think that all these young British writers who keep griping are getting uptight about nothing at all. They should realize that Britain is a basically liberal country, and they've really got nothing to complain about. I've never felt I had any cause to be political myself. Of course, if I were living in Peronist Argentina, I certainly would feel political."

According to its creators, *Evita*'s political import is far less compelling, both to them and to audiences, than the "extraordinary theatrical quality" of its heroine. They have a million anecdotes about her. Like the time she unleashed the secret police on one of her neighbors because the woman had arrived at a party in a Dior creation exactly like Eva's. And the time she closed down a regatta at the yacht club because she thought that the spectators, who had risen in a traditional salute to the racers, were deliberately turning their backs on her. And how about the time she took revenge on a lady, who had snubbed her, by not allowing the woman to be buried beside her own husband?

"She was incredibly vulgar," grins Webber. "She was spiteful, capricious, and very, very dangerous," sighs Rice. And they obviously adore her.—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS



FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN

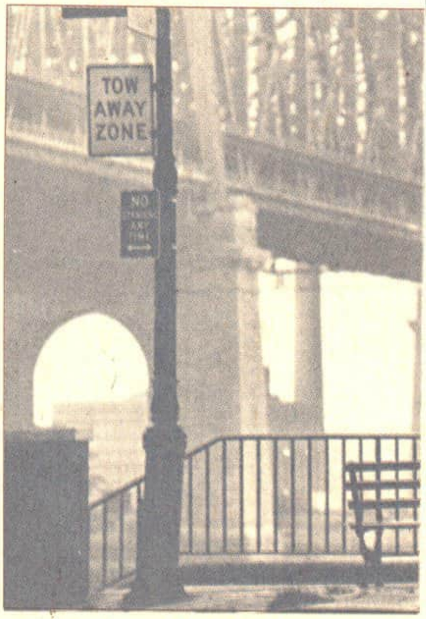
It must have been minutes after the first press screening of Woody Allen's *Manhattan* that the rave reviews began pouring out of critics' mouths and into the ears of press agents. It's hard to imagine anything so impersonal as a typewriter getting in the way of such admiration. An important critic I admire took no chances with print, I've been told, but phoned to the distributor his by now much-quoted opinion that *Manhattan* is "the one truly great American film of the '70s."

I'm perplexed by this, recalling everybody who seemed to have decided six months ago that *The Deer Hunter* was the truly great American film of the decade. Perhaps it's that the people who missed out on—or couldn't quite buy—*The Deer Hunter* now have a wholly different kind of one-truly-great-film to which they can pledge allegiance.

It seems almost frivolous to point out that the '70s haven't finished with us yet and that there are at least a few months left for the emergence of some under-the-wire true greatness. But considering that the '70s have also seen work by Hawks and Hitchcock, Altman, Scorsese, and De Palma—just to mention a few filmmakers I'd normally rank above Woody Allen—it strikes me as precipitous to declare so readily just what the decade's masterpiece has been.

To an extent the enshrinement of Woody Allen, and especially of *Manhattan*, is a New York City phenomenon. He isn't just the city's moral philosopher and its comedian (of those there are easily 3.4 million); he is also the one who's made a point of getting it characteristically on film. For bright, upper-middle-class New Yorkers, he speaks a language full of the anxious nuances they particularly understand. The accent and the vocabulary of New York City have, of course, always been there. But with *Annie Hall* the attachment was made public. In *Manhattan* it has become a *cause célèbre*—possibly too *célèbre*. I have problems with Woody Allen's claim upon this island he and I share—but more of that in a while.

Obviously, Woody Allen reaches beyond the parochial concerns of the big city. Audiences all over the country wait for his movies the way they have waited for Alfred Hitchcock's. Even the understated assurance of those unadorned newspaper advertisements—looking more like announcements from Cartier's than your standard movie hype—have become a precisely sufficient institutional trademark of their own. That might create difficulties. I would love to know how many hopeful innocents, confidently expecting belly laughs, trotted off to the austerely advertised, and unrelentingly austere, Woody



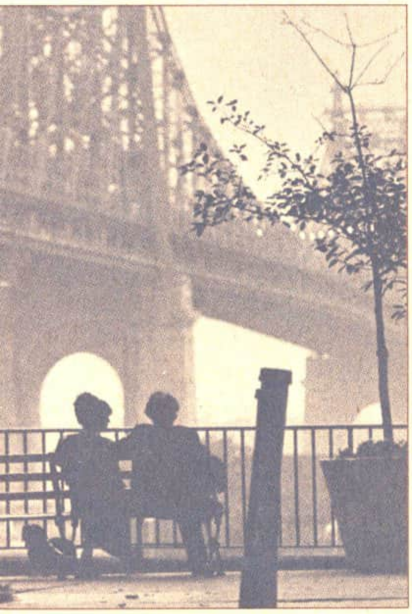
Woody Allen's Manhattan.

Allen's *Interiors*.

So we give him what we give almost nobody else these days—an indulgence mostly reserved for the great comedians, where the name above the title becomes a guarantee for what's in the film. He's earned it. I'm not the greatest Woody Allen fan, but I also look forward to each Woody Allen movie, and then I hotly debate whether it's as good as the last one (this one is 100 percent better than *Interiors*) and think I know how it could be improved, because Woody Allen has made himself a presence in my mind and in the current spectrum of the movies. So much regard confers a certain freedom and implies equally certain constraints. You'll have read over the past few years that each new Woody Allen movie is a "breakthrough." But in fact each new Woody Allen movie continues a formula. His talent isn't in breaking through. His talent—and perhaps his strongest claim to importance—is in understanding how to vary, add to, and even deepen the formula.

What you get from Allen is something like what you get in the Charlie Chaplin features: a form of romantic comedy in which the comedian, against all probability, gets the girl. Woody Allen adds a modern twist. Lately—and this may be some of the "breakthrough" we've been hearing about—he not only gets the girl; he loses her again. Unlike Chaplin, Allen isn't a visually funny comedian; the Chaplin imitations in *Sleeper* are embarrassing demonstrations of that. But also unlike Chaplin, he has a sympathy for his collaborators that extends beyond his own needs and that even becomes a criticism of those needs.

Diane Keaton and Michael Murphy: sanity for the sexes.



documentary glamour.

That sympathy, the "romance" in romantic comedy, forms half the subject of *Manhattan*. By now the on-screen affair between Woody Allen and Diane Keaton amounts to going steady—an enduring misalliance that has become here, as it did in *Annie Hall*, something of great tenderness and beauty. In working with Allen, Diane Keaton has developed such skill that you will tend to respond to *her* timing and her shading in any scene they play together. She offers the most brilliant performance in *Manhattan*, though she is no longer quite the female center of the movie.

The center is occupied by Mariel Hemingway as Tracy, the seventeen-year-old prep-school girl with whom ex-television-writer, budding novelist, twice-divorced forty-two-year-old Isaac Davis (Woody Allen) is having an affair—much to the discomfort of his own self-esteem. The discomfort is the other half of what *Manhattan* is about. Time, age, Woody Allen's sense of his own mortality; not much different from anybody else's sense, except we keep getting movies about it. There was *Sleeper*, in which he wakes from frozen preservation 200 years from now; *Love and Death*, in which he actually dies; the gentle farewells to a man's thirties in *Annie Hall*; and now *Manhattan*, with its sharper confrontation between neurotic forty-two and an uncomplicated woman of seventeen.

Mariel Hemingway is lovely, grave, and quite wonderful—though less wonderful than Diane Keaton as Mary Wilke, the intellectual overachiever from Philadelphia with whom Isaac has his unsuccessful older-woman fling. But I suspect any one of a number of intelligent, sensitive girls could have played Tracy, whose function is to bring Isaac around to an accommodation with time outside the pressures of his own anxieties and momentary needs. He's jilted her and unceremoniously tried to woo her back; and when she won't give up six months' study in London just because he wants her to, she counsels patience. "You have to have a little faith in people," she advises. They are the last and—despite all the bright dialogue that goes before—the most luminous words in the movie.

Most of what you'd expect in any Woody Allen film you'll find in this one—though fewer one-liners and a generally better sense of ensemble, not only with Keaton and Hemingway but also with Michael Murphy and Anne Byrne, as the husband and wife who are Isaac's best friends and resident protectors from the traumas of simply living.

The movie's look is very handsome—black-and-white, 1950s-style wide screen, panoramas of Manhattan shown over a background of George Gershwin music. It's how Woody Allen says he thinks of Manhattan, and it's meant to be a valentine to the city. But on the whole the movie is not. The evocations of the buildings, the streets, the East Side skyline, and so forth are in a sense too emphatic. For all the documentary glamour, Allen hasn't yet found a way of putting his people in the middle of an environment and making you feel they really belong there. His typical location street-strolling tracking shot—there is a lot of this in *Manhattan*—poses the problem of an actor in a setting. It doesn't solve it.

But if you recall some of the handicaps that have cluttered screen romances this year—the blind heroine of *Ice Castles*, the deaf heroine of *Voices*, the mutilated heroine in *The Promise*—the odds in *Manhattan* seem normal and fairly optimistic. Our movies are back to telling love stories with a vengeance, and with a whole good-as-new set of idiotic taboos. Given the context of screen romance in 1979—but not the entire history of cinema in the '70s—*Manhattan* scores high for sanity and viable relations between the sexes.

Just after Mary deserts him, despondent Isaac leans back on his couch and compiles a catalog of reasons life may be worth living.

It's an eclectic list: Groucho Marx, Willie Mays, the second movement of Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, a Louis Armstrong recording, Flaubert's *A Sentimental Education*, "those incredible apples and pears by Cezanne." I know what's going on in that list, and I hate it. It reads like a curriculum of adult-education courses, complete with art-, sports-, literature-, movie-, and music-appreciation. But then, after the Cezanne still life, Isaac recalls another image: "Tracy's face!" It's nonsense of course, a bit of rather desperately manipulative plotting. But it gets Isaac moving toward that revelation that at forty-two, he's got some growing up to do. He runs to Tracy's building, and the run takes him through yet another set of exemplary Manhattan street scenes. And then he arrives, and through the heavy plate-glass doors he sees her standing in the lobby combing her hair, about to take a taxi to the airport for London. Something in what he sees—the young girl calm and solemn, observed from outside looking in—catches more of the city's potential for heartbreaking loveliness than everything else in the movie combined. It catches the spirit of an affair, always mishandled and now running out of time. Maybe *that* is the spirit of the city. In any case, it gives *Manhattan* an image to build for, and it gives us a clue why all the building may have been worthwhile.

—Roger Greenspun

Hemingway as the younger woman.

WORDS

OLD MASTERS, NEW TIMES

Science tends to be a young man's game. Typically, as with Newton and Einstein, the great insights come early. By thirty-five a mathematician or physicist is *old*. Literature, however, has a different time scale. There are few child prodigies. Debilitating illness aside, fiction writers are expected to increase in skill, not to mention their wisdom, as they get older.

What about science fiction, which draws strength from a cross-fertilization of the arts and sciences? A look at some recent titles by old hands and newer talents reveals (just as one might have predicted) that no easy generalization fits.

Arthur C. Clarke certainly qualifies as one of the contemporary masters of SF. Born in England in 1917, he was an early enthusiast of space travel and a leading member of the influential British Interplanetary Society. His most famous novel, *Childhood's End*, was published in 1953, and in 1968 he collaborated with Stanley Kubrick on the classic film *2001: A Space Odyssey*. At his best Clarke combined a knowledgeable love of technology with an almost mystical appreciation of the vastness of the universe. In his latest novel, ***The Fountains of Paradise*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $10.00), we get the mixture as before—only the life seems to have gone out of it.

The story deals with the efforts of Vannevar Morgan, engineering genius of the twenty-second century, to build an elevator in space. Literally. According to Clarke (and he offers documentation in a brief afterword), it would take only a few technological breakthroughs to make it possible to link a "stationary" satellite to the earth's surface with a permanent tower, so that people could ferry back and forth almost as easily as today's commuters shuttle between New York City and Washington. Clarke compares Morgan's dream to the achievements of a mad king of ancient Sri Lanka (the island, formerly known as Ceylon, where Clarke now makes his home), and for good measure he throws in a mysterious emissary from a supercivilization beyond the solar system. But Clarke seems more interested in the details of his "orbital tower" than in anything else. This is essentially gadget-oriented science fiction, with roots in the magazine SF of the 1940s and even 1930s. I expect more from Arthur Clarke.

Frederik Pohl was born in 1919. A bright Jewish kid from Brooklyn, he was a shaker and a mover in early science-fiction fandom; a starry-eyed member of the Young Communist League during the depression, as he relates in a recent autobiography, *The Way the Future Was* (Dell Rey/Ballantine, $8.95); editor of *two* SF magazines at the age of nineteen—a precocious figure in the brave new world of American science fiction. His latest novel, ***JEM*** (St. Martin's Press, $10.00), is as disturbing a vision of the future as I have read in years. In the twenty-first century, the world is divided up into three blocs of nation-states—Fuel-Exporting, Food-Exporting, and People-Exporting. This makes for some strange bedfellows—the U.S. and Peru are both Food, for instance; Britain and Kuwait are Fuel. Most of the action, however, takes place on a distant planet that harbors at least three intelligent species and

Mottke Weissman

Clarke: towering dreams.

that has the misfortune to become an arena of human interbloc conflict.

Pohl's anger at human stupidities (made all the more horrible because they ride on the back of human creativity) informs every line. Even the most decent of his characters are swept up in an orgy of destruction, which encompasses not only the indigenes and most of the explorers from Earth but the home planet as well. Yet Pohl is no antiscience yahoo; the technological background is as vivid as anything else Clarke has done. The trouble, Pohl seems to be saying, is not in our gadgets but in ourselves.

John Varley, the author of ***Titan*** (Berkley/Putnam's, $9.95), is thirty-one years old. In this novel of exploration *inside* one of the moons of Saturn, he writes about spaceships and centaurs and love and sex with the assurance of someone who has had firsthand experience of such matters. Varley seems to have more fun writing than most novelists do, in or out of science fiction. *Titan* abounds in references, overt or oblique, to Frank L. Baum's Oz, C. S. Lewis's Perelandra, and Larry Niven's Ringworld. But unlike most literary in-jokes, all these references are justified by the ending—which, unfortunately, I cannot reveal without undercutting the book's considerable suspense. Suffice it to say that Varley's purpose, unlike Lewis's, is not allegorical, nor is he as obsessively concerned with the wilder frontiers of science as Niven is. Like Baum, he aims primarily to entertain—and he succeeds in doing that.

Engine Summer (Doubleday, $7.95) is John Crowley's third novel. His second, *Beasts,* published in 1976, is one of the best SF novels of the seventies. *Engine Summer* is better. An unnamed catastrophe, apparently more ecological than nuclear, has destroyed civilization as we know it. The survivors have split up into many small, not quite self-contained communities spread out across the slowly healing landscape. The theme is one familiar to science-fiction. In most such stories the organization of the surviving communities is borrowed from some aspect of medieval European culture—monasteries, guilds, castles, and warlords—as if history repeated itself by rote. By contrast, however, Crowley's post-crackup world has all the freshness and unpredictability of a genetic hybrid—or a mutation. He imagines new religious rituals, new ways of communal living, new forms of noncompetitive commerce, new technologies—all presented in exceptionally satisfying detail without a hint of arbitrariness.

Yet this is not a bloodless utopia. None of Crowley's social inventions is free of flaws, and it is not at all clear whether any will permit the long-term survival of the species. The story line, appropriately enough, is that of a Quest. The protagonist, a man named Rush That Speaks, is not simply a mouthpiece for the author's ideas. The reader cares about his fate—which is as marvelous (in the original sense of the word) as everything else in this brilliantly conceived and beautifully written book by one of the new "old hands" of science fiction.—*Gerald Jonas*

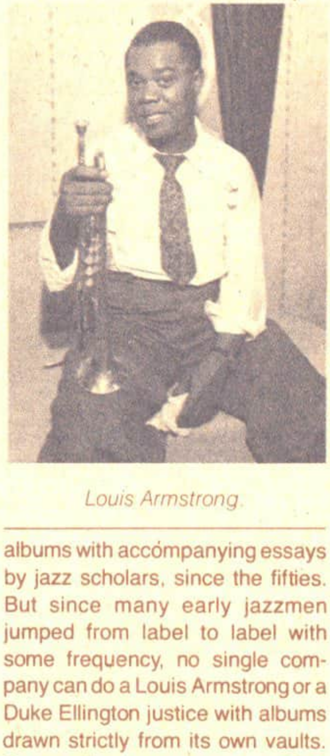
SOUNDS

CLASSIC JAZZ

Well, it's official. After all these years, jazz has finally been recognized as "one of America's most significant contributions to world culture." This proclamation comes not from the president, who did his part last summer by jamming with Dizzy Gillespie on the White House lawn, but from the hallowed halls of Time-Life. In a letter and elaborately illustrated flier mailed to homes throughout America, the president of Time-Life Records (a subsidiary of the magazine and book empire) pleads the case for jazz as an art form in no uncertain terms.

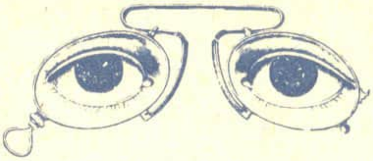
As you might expect, he has something to sell. His company has launched an ambitious new series of albums documenting the work of the early giants of jazz—Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Bix Beiderbecke, Coleman Hawkins, and others. The recordings are drawn from the archives of all the major record labels, making this the most comprehensive series of its kind ever attempted. And because it's being mass-merchandised by Time-Life, it should reach into quite a few places authentic jazz has never been before.

The marketing of jazz, of whatever vintage, has always posed peculiar problems. Most contemporary jazz players and composers consider themselves artists, not entertainers, but still have to deal with commercial realities when they make records or perform in night clubs. The pre–World War Two jazz masters were part of American show business, which means, among other things, that snippets of great jazz playing turn up on vintage discs that are otherwise blandly commercial. Such records tended to sell well in their heyday and then disappear from view, like any other ephemeral pop product. It has been left to a handful of small reissue labels and a few hardcore aficionados at the major companies to keep these and all the other universally admired jazz classics in circulation. RCA, Columbia, and the other majors own most of the classic jazz on records, and they have been reissuing it, usually in intelligently programmed albums with accompanying essays by jazz scholars, since the fifties. But since many early jazzmen jumped from label to label with some frequency, no single company can do a Louis Armstrong or a Duke Ellington justice with albums drawn strictly from its own vaults. Cooperation is necessary; and in a business as competitive as the record business, cooperation between companies has traditionally been in short supply.


Frank Driggs Collection

Louis Armstrong.

The situation is ludicrous. Jazz is more than "one of America's most significant contributions to world culture." It's a major art form of the twentieth century. But unlike the classical music of Europe, which is preserved in scores and can be performed over and over again, jazz is an art of the moment. A Beethoven symphony exists inde-



pendently of any recorded version, but Louis Armstrong's "West End Blues" was partially improvised in a recording studio on June 28, 1928, and has no real existence except as an original recording. One can write down all the notes and give general directions as to how the piece is supposed to sound, but nobody is going to be able to reproduce the personal sounds, inflections, and timing of all the players who helped Armstrong make the record. So jazz, by its very nature, is subject to corporate ownership in a way that classical music is not. A publishing company may own rights to a particular symphony, but copies of that symphony are in libraries and collections all over the world; it is in the repertories of numerous orchestras, and it may have been recorded dozens or even hundreds of times. Columbia Records, on the other hand, owns "West End Blues" lock, stock, and barrel.

Jazz lovers have been complaining about this state of affairs for years, but nothing was done about it in any comprehensive way until 1973, when ***The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz*** appeared. Martin Williams, a respected jazz critic who had been appointed head of the Smithsonian's jazz program, used that institution's cultural clout to obtain cooperation from seventeen record companies, all of whom contributed material to a six-record boxed set that is still the single definitive jazz anthology.

Since the appearance of this landmark set, Williams and his colleagues at the Smithsonian have continued to produce important reissues, drawing on the resources of several major labels. Such albums as ***Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines /1928*** and the three two-record sets of Ellington recordings that have been released so far are essential for any serious jazz collection and do much to fill in the gaps left by the on-again, off-again reissue programs of the original labels. But these albums weren't designed with the general public in mind. For the most part the extensive liner notes have a decidedly scholarly cast, and the samplings of periods and styles are probably more generous than most beginning jazz listeners will be able or willing to absorb. There is still a need for a series of tightly edited classic jazz collections with potentially broad appeal, and this is the need the Time-Life series is seeking to fill.

The first of the Time-Life sets, ***Louis Armstrong***, is a mixed blessing. As arguably the greatest and almost certainly the most influential of all jazz soloists, Armstrong deserves first place in the series, but apparently the people who chose the forty selections in the package were a little confused about just what they were trying to do. Armstrong was a brilliant virtuoso of the trumpet for most of his life, but he was an innovative jazzman only during a relatively brief period, the twenties and early thirties. After that he tended to surround himself with competent but ordinary bands and to feature his singing and clowning at the expense of committed instrumental improvisation.

Photo Files

Duke Ellington: new reissues explore his creativity.

The album's programming seems to represent a compromise between portraying Armstrong as a great artist and presenting versions of the more familiar numbers in his repertory, and also throws in a few rarities in order to appeal to collectors as well as the public at large. Well over half the collection is devoted to Armstrong's best period, but inexplicably several unanimously acclaimed masterpieces have been passed over in favor of minor pleasures. Where is "Weather Bird," the remarkable Armstrong–Earl Hines duet improvisation, which included the trumpeter's most agile and incendiary recorded work and forecast changes that would occur in jazz over the following thirty years? Where is "Beau Koo Jack," described by the eminent musicologist Gunther Schuller as "one of Louis's most perfect solos"? Where is the melodious Hot Five version of "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," a recording so perfect it has been copied note for note by innumerable lesser artists? And why has the King Oliver Band's "Dipper Mouth Blues" been included instead of Oliver's "Chimes Blues" or "Riverside Blues," when the latter two featured the fledgling Armstrong and "Dipper Mouth" did not? Instead of these essential contributions to the Armstrong canon, we get several performances that are, for Armstrong, wholly ordinary—"My Heart," "Gut Bucket Blues," and two numbers from a 1934 Paris session with a pickup band.

Duke Ellington, the second entry in Time-Life's Giants of Jazz series, is an improvement. As the editors note in an accompanying letter, "there was a special problem in assembling an album of Duke Ellington recordings. . . . The Duke made some 1,500 recordings in the course of his long career, probably more than any other jazz artist, and he recorded some of his hits repeatedly." Nevertheless, the choices are generally apt. The Ellington band's early period, with its experimentation and air of almost fevered creativity, is well represented; and so is the classic period of the late thirties and early forties, when Ellington and his orchestra were at their collective zenith, producing masterpieces like "Ko-Ko," "Jack the Bear," and "In a Mellotone," all included here. The Smithsonian's Ellington reissues cover the period in more depth, but the Time-Life *Duke Ellington* is a splendid introduction. The extended works of Ellington's later years aren't represented, but they wouldn't have fitted into such a tight format without cutting. They are best appreciated whole, and most of them are on record and in print.

The forty-eight-page booklets that accompany both sets strike an exemplary balance between entertaining writing and solid musical analysis. They shouldn't be difficult for casual listeners to comprehend, but they aren't condescending, either. Time-Life's claims for its albums' sound quality—"cleaned of virtually every pop, hiss, and scratch . . . sound of literally startling clarity and presence"—are a little misleading; removing all the extraneous noise from some of the earliest selections left the music sounding rather dull and lifeless. But in general the sound is very good indeed, and perhaps one shouldn't quibble too vehemently.

The music on these albums, even the more expendable selections, is generally beyond reproach, and Time-Life is marketing it to the masses at a bargain price of $19.95 per set. If Armstrong's "West End Blues" and Ellington's "Ko-Ko" become as well known as the warhorses anthologized by the Longines Symphonette Society, America will have taken a giant step toward cultural maturity.—*Robert Palmer*

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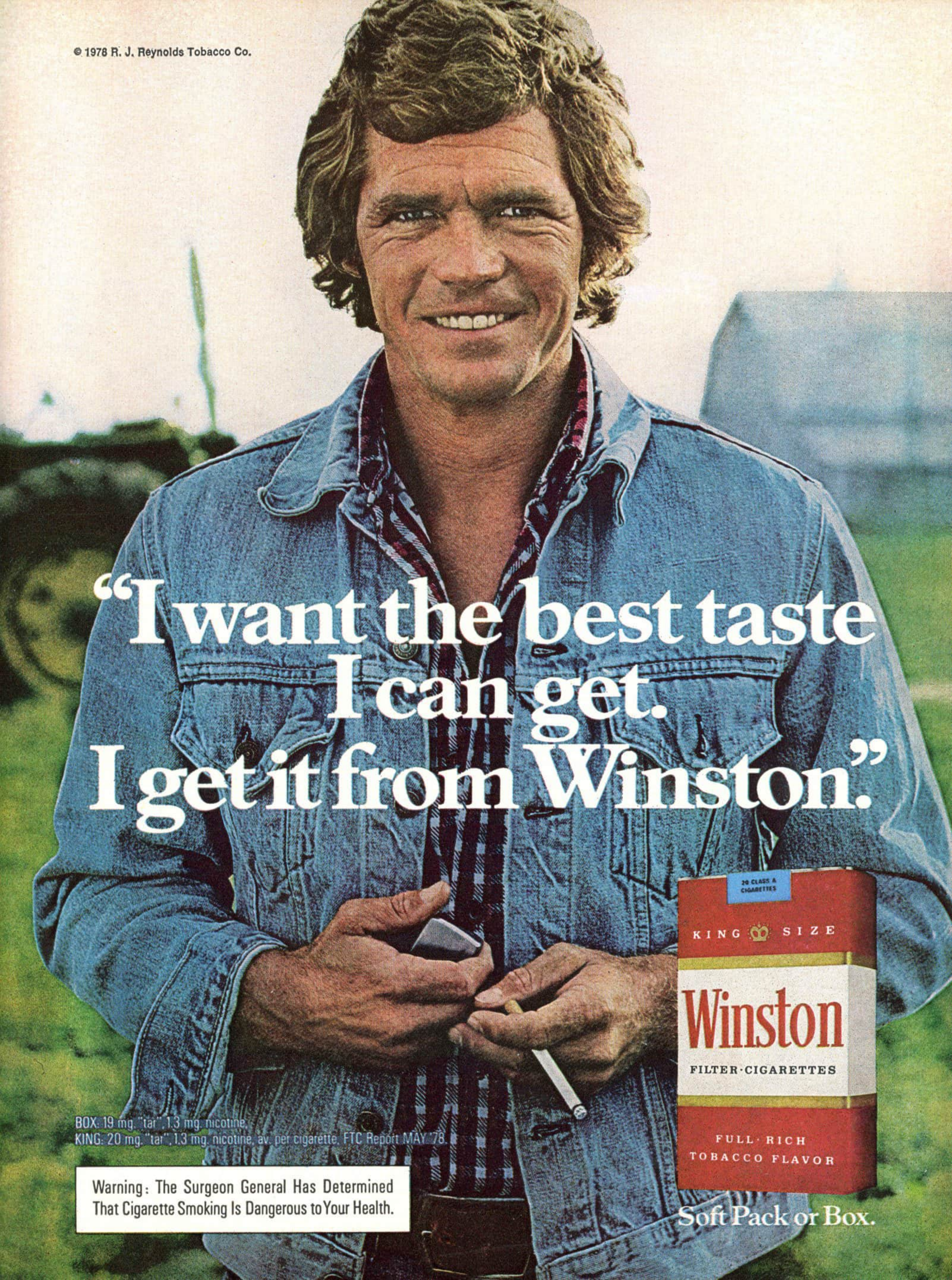
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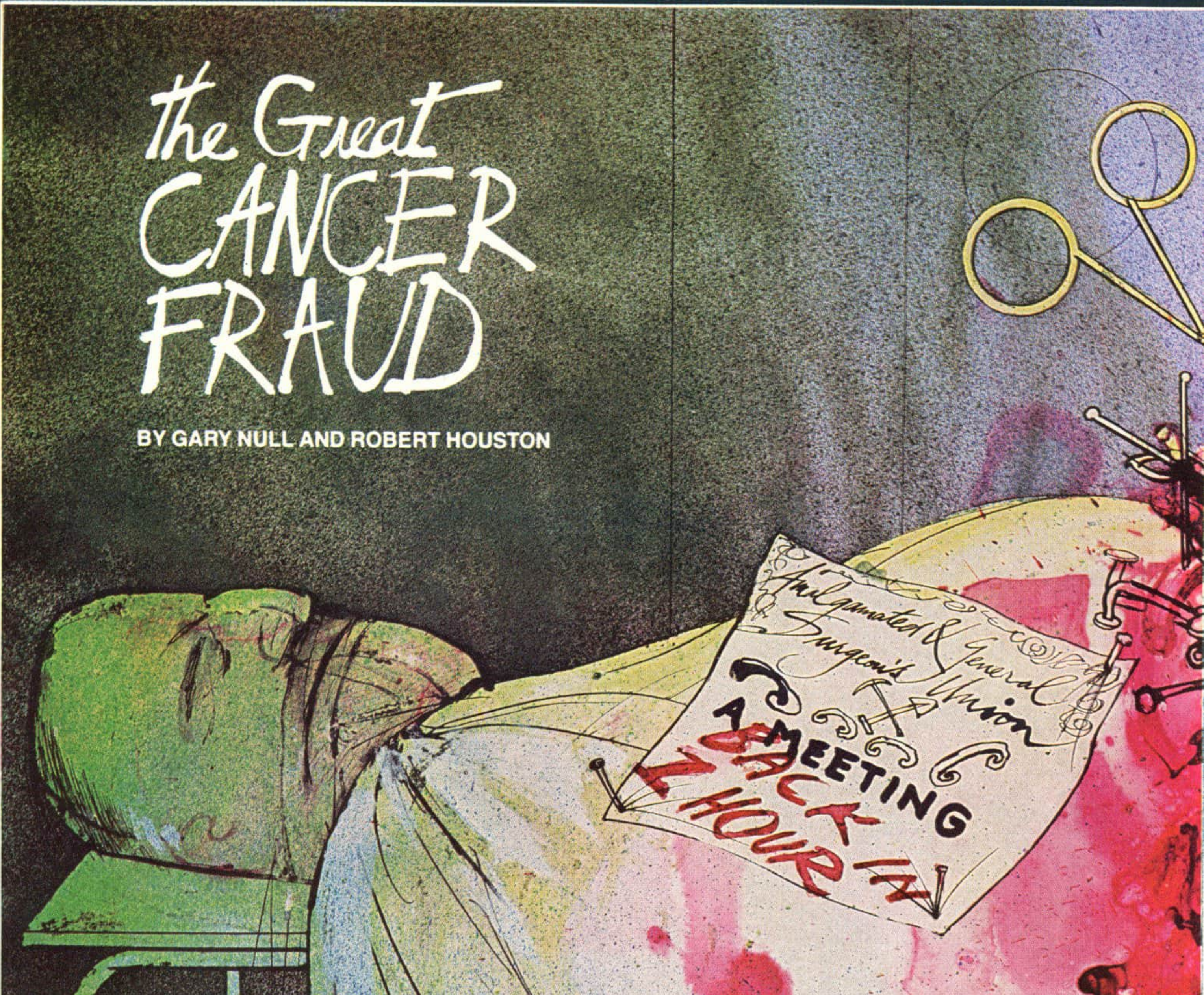
the Great CANCER FRAUD

BY GARY NULL AND ROBERT HOUSTON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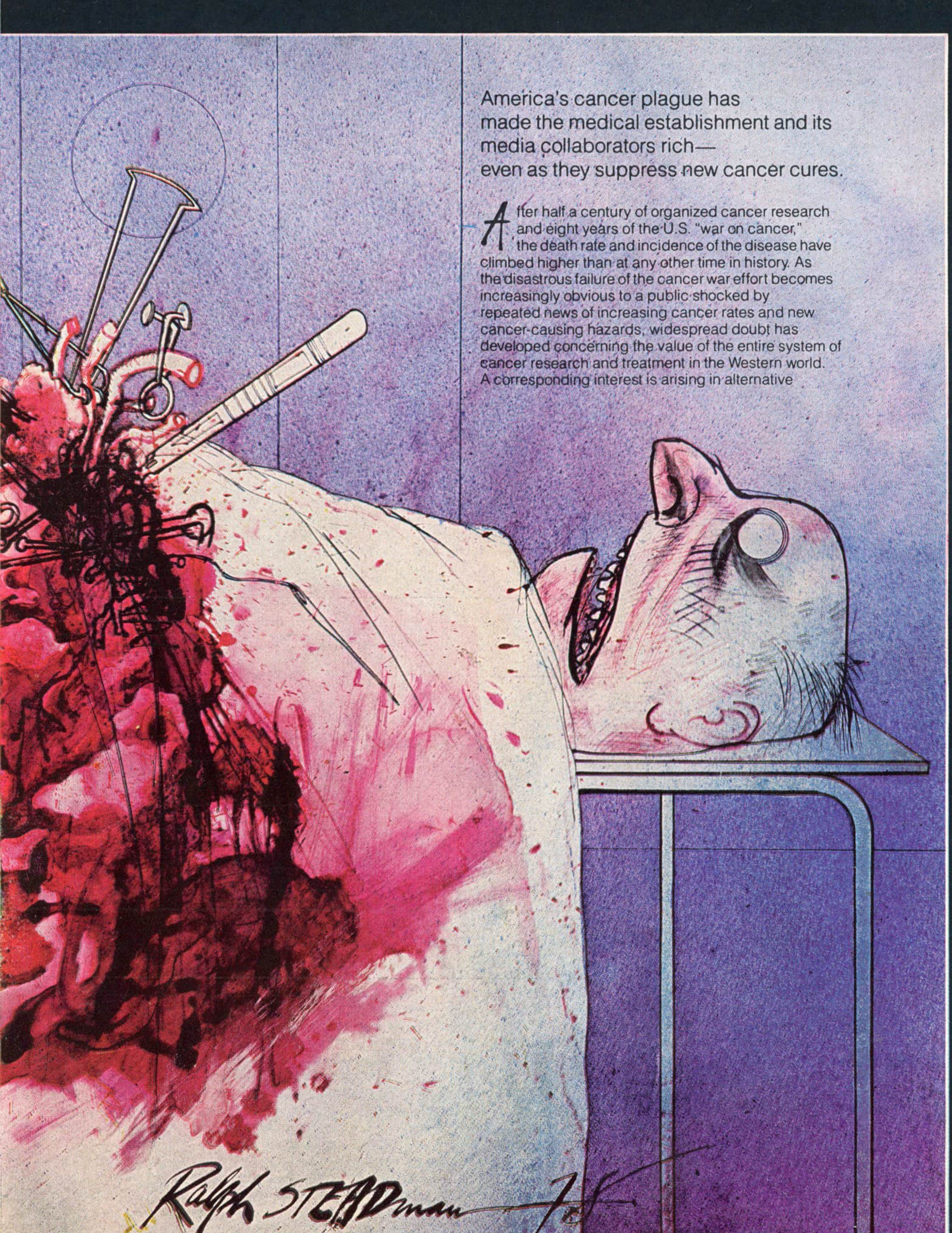

America's cancer plague has made the medical establishment and its media collaborators rich— even as they suppress new cancer cures.

After half a century of organized cancer research and eight years of the U.S. "war on cancer," the death rate and incidence of the disease have climbed higher than at any other time in history. As the disastrous failure of the cancer war effort becomes increasingly obvious to a public shocked by repeated news of increasing cancer rates and new cancer-causing hazards, widespread doubt has developed concerning the value of the entire system of cancer research and treatment in the Western world. A corresponding interest is arising in alternative approaches to cancer therapy, including nutritional and immunological methods, as the failures and hazards of the standard treatments—surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy—become increasingly apparent.

The issues involved are not merely of academic interest, but are likely to intrude at a dramatic, personal level at some point in the life of the reader.

At present rates, two out of three families will be struck by cancer. Today one in five deaths is due to it; just ten years ago the ratio was one in six. According to a recent American Cancer Society study, the probability at birth of developing cancer in one's lifetime increased in white males from 23 percent in 1950 to 26 percent in 1970, and in white females from 28 percent in 1950 to 30 percent in 1970; for nonwhites the increase was even more marked. The odds are one in four that someday you'll get it.

The failure of the war against cancer is obviously at least as important as Watergate, Koreagate, and other examples of recent media crusades. But there is evidence now to indicate that the same news organizations that so vigorously pursued social justice are pawns of a socio-political establishment that acts to control our most precious commodity—health. Often more powerful than the federal government, this group has for the past fifty years been steadily suppressing innovative ideas in medicine, particularly new ideas in cancer prevention and treatment. This collusive pressure group, sometimes known as the Medical Establishment, is made up of the prestigious American Medical Association, the powerful drug and chemical industries, the National Cancer Institute, the public-supported American Cancer Society, the federal Food and Drug Administration, and many science writers who work for the national news media.

To see how insidiously this alliance works, one need only look at the facts in the web of politics, fear, and intrigue that is spun around the minds, hearts, cancer-ridden bodies, and savings of an unsuspecting American public. In so doing, however, one must distinguish reality from its often distorted reflection in the press.

The national news media consist of the three major television networks; the two major wire services, Associated Press and United Press International; the newspapers with national influence, such as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*; and the two major news magazines, *Time* and *Newsweek*. On health issues as well as other topics, they tend to interact as a system to feature the same stories: the networks and newspapers take their cues from the wire services, and the magazines take their cues from the *New York Times*. A total of perhaps a dozen persons controls these giant spotlights in their focus on health stories for the nation.

With reliable skill and efficiency, the reporters grind out an immense amount of copy, extolling the progress of establishment medicine and parroting its views on issues of controversy. Much of the product is well-written, useful information, for which the public can only be grateful. Science, for many people, is a complex subject and one by which they are constantly intimidated. Therefore many people, feeling they are uneducated about the "scientific progress" of the medical establishment, depend more heavily for their information on what they read than they do with practically any other subject. Only since the dawn of "self-health" consciousness and attention to nutrition at the grass-roots level has there been real controversy over matters of health. People all over the country have begun to take health into their own hands. Almost invariably, however, the news coverage has not undergone any such change and still remains in the horse-and-buggy era when it comes to health and medicine. Even today, practically all news coverage of health issues seems to be sharply skewed in favor of the AMA-FDA position. After all, as conventional wisdom has it, "your doctor should know."

“In 1973 a leading cancer researcher charged that virtually all conventional anticancer drugs actually caused cancer. Editors at *Time* and the Associated Press killed the story.”

But what do doctors really know? It's interesting to note that medical schools require *no* courses in nutrition and diet for doctors. "In fact," says Dr. Roger J. Williams in his book *Nutrition against Disease*, "medical schools in this country are now standardized (if not homogenized). A strong orthodoxy has developed that has without a doubt put a damper on the generation of challenging ideas. Since we all have one kind of medicine now—established medicine—all medical schools teach essentially the same things. The curricula are so full of supposedly necessary things that there is too little time or inclination to explore new approaches. It then becomes easy to drift into the convention that what is accepted is really and unalterably true. When science becomes orthodoxy, it ceases to be science. It ceases to search for the truth. *It also becomes liable to error*."

This blindness and rigidity on the part of establishment medicine and its media apologists is superbly illustrated by the example of the late Dr. Hardin Jones, professor of medical physics and physiology at the University of California at Berkeley. Jones, a pioneer in epidemiological research linking smoking to cancer, was asked to speak at the American Cancer Society Science Writers' conference in 1969. Jones delivered a bombshell report on his research concerning cancer survival statistics. According to Jones, the failure of past survival studies was that they did not take into account the fact that the worst, inoperable cases were left in the groups that were untreated. Thus many cancer studies were based on research done with operable and "healthier" cases, giving the mistaken judgment that surgery and radiation were of value in cancer treatment. When Jones corrected for such bias statistically, he found that "the apparent life expectancy of untreated cases of cancer . . . seems to be greater than that of the treated cases." In short, conventional cancer therapy didn't work.

Only two reporters present at this conference reported this astonishing information: Dave Cleary of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and John Matonis of *Health Bulletin*. Though repeated in 1975 and 1977, Jones's findings were incredibly ignored by the major news media until he died in 1978.

The fact remains, however, that there *is* hope. There are various public groups and dedicated scientists who are fighting cancer in effective, innovative ways with essentially nontoxic agents. Some researchers feel they may have discovered therapies that not only arrest cancer but also check it completely, and they present clincial reports that will back them up. *Why haven't we heard about these?*

Every year, millions of dollars are spent hoaxing the public out of good nutrition into chemically polluted low-health diets—and ultimately into cancer. Then start the treatments that knife, burn, poison, and, in some cases, kill you sooner than any cancer could. And all this costs thousands of dollars, hard-earned money that goes right into the pockets of the medical establishment every day to continue the work of "the cancer factory."

The plain fact is that the news media do not investigate health issues thoroughly. With regard to the scientific results of a health issue, only the official view is generally recognized, however intense the public controversy. In fact, the more intense the controversy over the issues, the more rigorous appears to be the *exclusion* of the dissident scientific viewpoint. This is not balanced, or even honest, reporting—in the political arena it would be termed propaganda or, at best, public relations. By such practice many health reporters of the national news media have thus become little more than PR agents for the medical establishment, highly praised and paid in their preparation of supportive puffery and propaganda for its never-ending war against dissent.

Let us look at how the cancer establishment influences these reporters—and then see how the reporters go into action to quash new cancer treatments.

The action begins every spring, when the American Cancer Society, one of the

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largest "charitable" organizations in the world, holds its national Science Writers' Seminar at a resort locale. Here, selected health reporters from the leading media are soireed and surfeited in poolside luxury—a luxury that bespeaks the $126 million the ACS raised last year from the public—and slipped rah-rah cancer progress stories from acceptable researchers. The American Cancer Society seminars are essentially the spring fashion shows of cancer research, letting health and science reporters know where the big money's going—though in actuality the expense has yielded almost complete failure at reducing the overall mortality level. There is always a "breakthrough" or two announced, and this right around contribution time, which neatly and coincidentally dovetails with the science writers' conference.

This annual spectacle exemplifies how some health reporters become engaged in not so much journalism as *advertising*, thereby boosting the profits of the medical establishment.

From the conference, the public receives a barrage of "progress on cancer" articles, through which its cancer consciousness is raised and its resistance softened by paraded false hopes. Then the fund raising is put into high gear, and checks by the millions are raked in for the avowed purpose of furthering research to the imminent triumph that lies "just over the horizon"—where it has remained stuck since the ACS began in 1913 as an "emergency temporary organization." What happened between that emergency time and now is a story filled with politics and with the needless deaths of millions of Americans. Suffice it to say that the American Cancer Society has been turned by members of the Madison Avenue advertising community into a self-perpetuating, propagandistic money machine.

The American Cancer Society had an income of $140 million in fiscal 1978, with assets totaling over $228 million; it spends less than 30 percent of its yearly income on research studies. Many feel that the American Cancer Society is largely responsible for the ineffectiveness of the War on Cancer today. Contrary to the image it cultivates, the ACS doesn't conduct much of its own research but funds certain outside research.

Examining the economics of "charity," we find that 56 percent of the ACS budget goes to its staff and office expenditures (some of its executives make up to $75,000 a year). Over $200 million of its nest egg is invested, making the ACS a prime banking customer. On its board of directors are *eighteen* people who are affiliated with banks. As of August 1976, over 42 percent of its assets were invested directly in those banks with which these directors were affiliated. Quite as shocking are the findings of an audit of the ACS in 1976–1978 by the National Information Bureau, the nationally recognized independent overseer of charities. It concluded: "Questions [must] arise with respect to the ACS's accumulation of assets beyond the amount required for its next year's budget.... ACS repeatedly claimed over the past several years ... that it would have made more research grants had sufficient funds been available, a statement not substantiated by the facts."

What the National Information Bureau has couched in polite terms is only too censurable for the many grief-stricken and cancer-ridden people of this country who think their only hope is a "checkup and a check."

Approximately 70 percent of the ACS's meager research budget goes to support research that is carried on by institutions with which the board directors affiliate. Patrick McGrady, Sr., science editor for the American Cancer Society for twenty-five years before he resigned in disgust at the extent of its ineptitude, said that ACS officials "close the door on innovative ideas." A notable example is Dr. Linus Pauling, who has come up with some very positive findings to show that vitamin C can extend cancer survival manyfold. This eminent scientist, who is the only living person to have won the Nobel Prize twice, never had any trouble getting grants before he became involved with vitamin C. Since then he has been rejected by the American Cancer Society as well as by the National Cancer Institute research grant committees *five times*.

> At present rates two out of three families will be struck by cancer. The odds are one in four that someday you'll get it.

How can the American Cancer Society get away with it? For the answer, we must now return to the national news-media science writers at the luxurious resort where the ACS was holding its annual Science Writers' Seminar.

Dave Cleary, writing in the *National Association of Science Writers Newsletter* in June 1971, said: "How much longer are we of the science-writing fraternity going to be subjected to these annual extravaganzas, consisting in significant part of unjustified speculation?" At the 1971 ACS seminar, Cleary also criticized "science writers for not being more discerning in their reports on what scientists say."

Science writer Daniel Greenberg echoed the sentiment. As editor of *Science and Government Report*, Greenberg has also taken issue with the Pollyanna image of cancer-research progress in the columns of his colleagues. Examining the final data of the National Cancer Institute on survival rates, he concluded that "the public is getting a snow job about progress in cancer research and treatment.... After twenty-five years and several billion dollars expended on research for cures, survival rates for the most common types of cancer—those accounting for some 80 percent of all cases—are virtually unchanged [and] in some instances have worsened."

Greenberg blames this problem on "a generally passive lay press" that refuses to investigate. Why? The answer appeared in an article by Greenberg for the *Columbia Journalism Review* in 1975, for which he talked confidentially to insiders in the research establishment. In their defense these researchers told Greenberg that "there is no conscious intention to mislead the public. Rather, there is a desire to sustain public support and federal appropriations by conveying a picture of an immensely difficult problem that will slowly yield if we spend on it and work at it."

In other words—they want money.

Thus, public and government funds go to support researchers who are *not* working on feasible cures, while more people needlessly die agonizing deaths in the interim as the "immense problem" is "slowly yielding." This becomes doubly disturbing when we realize that today there are as many people *making a living from cancer* as there are those who are dying from it each year. The figures are staggering: the disease will strike this year 765,000 Americans and kill about 400,000. As one researcher summed it up, "There's a good deal of harm [from the laxity of the medical establishment in seeking a cure], because as long as the establishment is persuading the public that results are being achieved, there isn't going to be any pressure for supporting *alternatives* to these dead-end lines of research that dominate the program."

Where are these alternatives, and how can we support them? The public may want to know, but the public *will not know*—the alternatives have been covered up by those science writers of the national news media who ride shotgun for the medical establishment's solid-gold cancer train.

Nobel Prize–winning geneticist Dr. James Watson, codiscoverer of DNA and director of the Cold Spring Harbor Lab on Long Island, asserts: "The American public is being sold a nasty bill of goods about cancer. While they're being told about cancer cures, the cure rate has improved only about 1 percent. Today the press releases coming out of the National Cancer Institute have all the honesty of the Pentagon's."

Indeed, a better way to describe the media-manufactured War on Cancer would be to call it the War on Cancer Cures. In the past fifty years, a number of economical and clinically documented cancer

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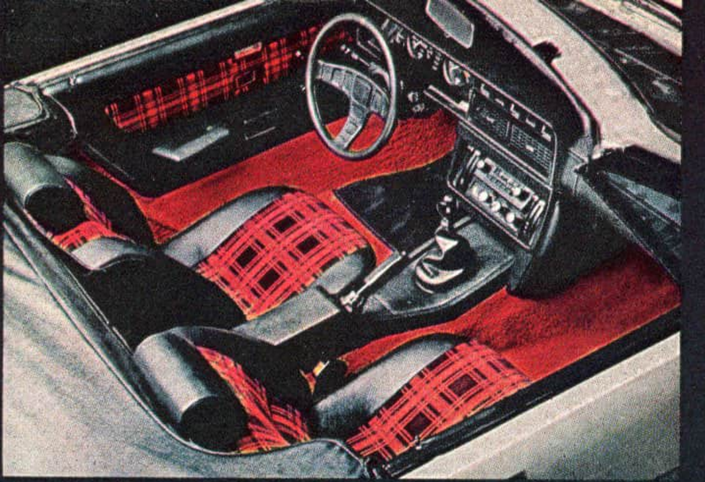

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The Golden Butterfly

The governor of California has tried to be all things to all people and has failed by succeeding in that attempt.

Do you think that what you do or what I do will really make a difference in the long run?—Gov. Edmund G. ("Jerry") Brown, Jr.

The position of governor is already sufficiently insane. You have to have someone who really understands the illusion of power. What we need is a man who can handle insanity.—Stewart Brand, editor of *The Whole Earth Catalogue* and adviser to Governor Brown

Not since the flowering of George Wallace in the early 1960s has a governor drawn such elaborate and unending attention as California's Jerry Brown. In an age that reveres bigness, it is only fitting that Brown stirs the nation's interest, for he presides over our most populated state (22 million people) and over a state budget that is

BY ROBERT SHERRILL

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exceeded in only six nations.

Already four books and more than fifty magazine pieces have been devoted to him. Only President Carter—by virtue of his office, not his personal attraction—can command comparably premium treatment from the networks and the newspapers. Handsome, savvy, sly, elusive, sometimes witty, sometimes dopey, sometimes mean, sometimes retiring, sometimes brash—Brown has rewarded the press for its attention by supplying it with endless anecdotes and memorable (perhaps even smart-ass) remarks and material for speculation. Does he want to be president? Of course. But what does he want to do with the presidency? For that matter, what does he want to do with the governorship? (That question is still pertinent even after he has been five years in the job.) Does he have any fixed notions of leadership?

What I am writing here is one attempt to answer those questions. But Brown is such fluid, cloudy, vaporous material that one can only guess. Brownism has become a guessing game. That's why everyone in the press, or so it seems, wants to corner him. With hundreds of interview petitions on file in his press office, Brown can pick the outlets that he wants to have so as to create at any given moment just the right impression that he is seeking to make on America: turning down "Meet the Press" (traditionally tough questioning), for example, but accepting an invitation to appear on "Issues and Answers" (soft questions). As this springboard year for the presidential election opened, reporters were being told that his interview date book was full for five months solid; and as Brown's candidacy became more certain, the backlog grew longer.

He can afford to be picky. At the governor's level, he is the star. All fifty-two governors showed up this year at the National Governors Association convention in Washington; but when it came to getting attention, fifty-one might as well have stayed home. All eyes were on Brown. This tendency was comically illustrated in one session when the moderator announced that "only the double microphones are wired to television soundtracks." With a slight movement of his hand, Brown checked to make sure that he had a double microphone. His desire to get maximum exposure did not go unnoticed. The very second his hand began to move, the crowded room—there must have been 500 people in there—burst into laughter. *Every*one had been watching him.

A pack of us reporters were trotting down the corridor behind Brown, like puppies hustling along for a chance to see how a big dog makes spoor, when he turned and fixed me with his thumbtack eyes and demanded to know whether I had ever read the book *California: The Great Exception*, written by my former boss, Carey McWilliams, who was the editor of *The Nation*. Brown kept rolling the last part of the title around on his tongue, saying several times, "I like that. The great exception. That's what I want to be, too. The great exception."

From that remark alone it is plain to see that he has already partly succeeded. A member of one of the world's most illiterate professions, Brown actually reads books—everything from Nicholas von Hoffman to Sartre. There are other signs of uniqueness. Most politicians would rather be caught in the embarrassment of earning an honest dollar than have to say, "I don't know." Brown, to the contrary, almost seems to enjoy admitting that he is ignorant of a great many things. He is also that rare politician—the only extant governor—who is so humane that he has never married some poor woman to haul around as a platform showpiece to prove he is straight and stable. Brown's refusal to treat matrimony as a political plank has left him victimized by occasional rumors of homosexuality, but it has also left him free to date the likes of Candice Bergen and Linda Ronstadt. Another strange thing about Brown: one has to go back two decades, to the peaceful wasteland of Dwight Eisenhower, to find another politician so eager to argue that the best exercise of power, at least part of the time, is to do absolutely nothing. Brown calls it "creative inaction," which, admittedly, may be only a flip rationalization for ineptness or laziness. But at least it's a catchy phrase.

“

One California politician says he shudders to think of Brown as president: "He swings from one ideological extreme to another like a crazy pendulum."

”

Oh, there are a lot of unusual things about Jerry Brown, though not so many as his press clippings would lead one to think. What at first glance seems to be a formidable political strength is in fact a combination of several lesser strengths. Like Robert Kennedy, he has got within striking distance of the presidency by pulling together four things, none in itself so very awesome. First, he has youth. He is forty-one, looks thirty-one, and if he wants to keep trying for the presidency until the year 2000—six presidential elections away—he will still be younger than Ronald Reagan and John Connally are today. Second, he has unashamedly traded on a name made popular by a close relative. For Jerry it was his father, Edmund G. Brown, Sr., known to all Californians as Pat. Some say that Pat was a bumbling do-gooder, but many think that his governorship was one of the most progressive in the state's history. Jerry had all that name-recognition gold in the bank, waiting for him. Third, like the younger Kennedy, Brown has shown a genius for catching the underlying unhappiness of an era and exploiting it. And, fourth, he is quite an expert at manipulating us frail beings in the press corps.

In California, where political party organizations carry little weight, media are everything. Give an attractive, glib candidate a television crane and he can move the state. That's why so many California amateurs—Ronald Reagan, George Murphy, John Tunney, and now Brown—have won top jobs. They knew nothing about party organization and precious little about issues, but they knew how to work the media—the "media machine," Brown calls it, and, depending on his target of the moment, he would just as soon appear in *Penthouse* as in the *New Yorker*. Propagandizing next to pretty girls doesn't bother him: "It's a media product," he says, "part of one mélange: politicians, sex, comedy, murder, soaps, commercials. It's all stuff that is put through the media machine. There's no difference between being layered in between the centerfold and being layered in between deodorant commercials or soap operas."

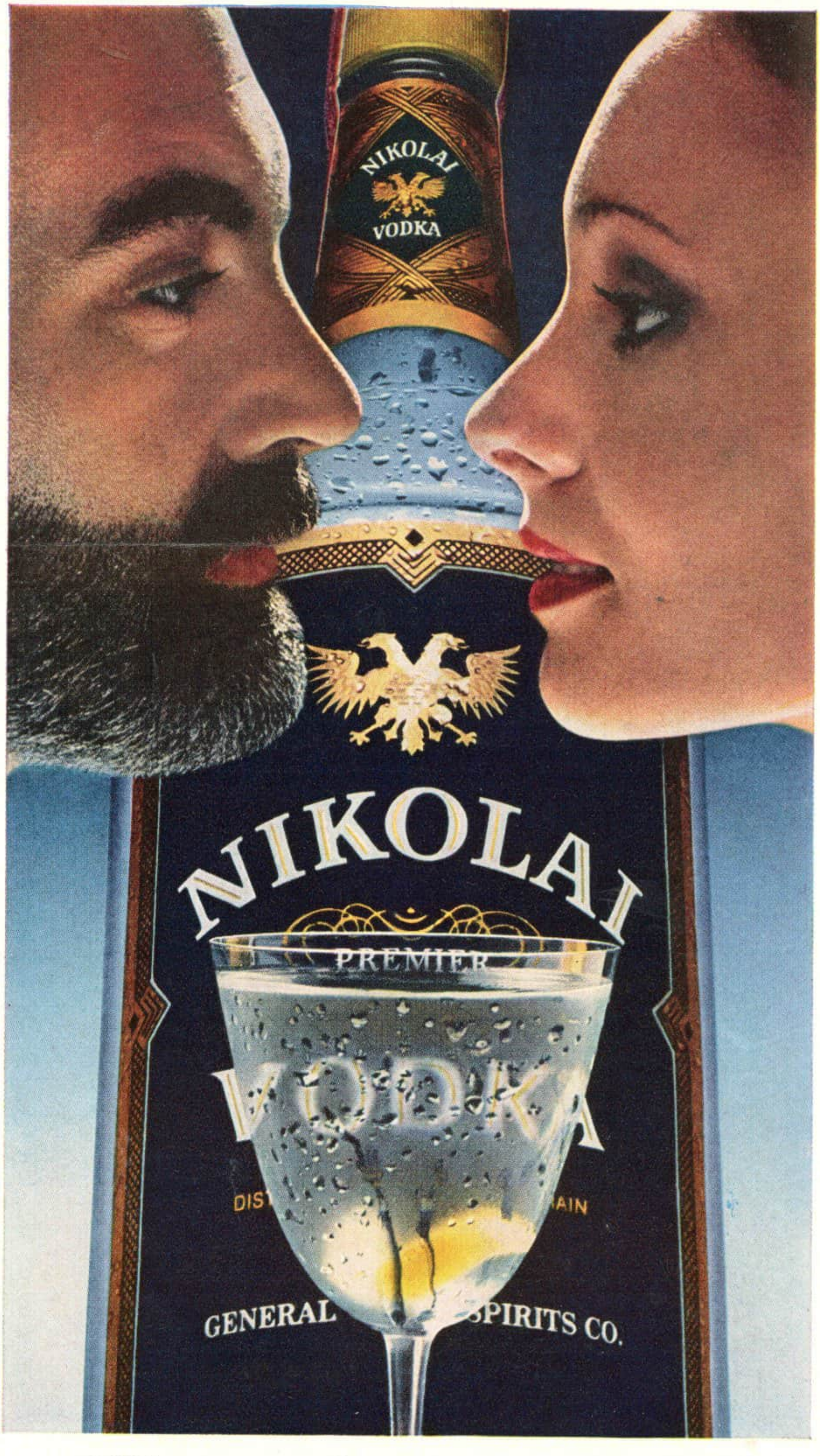
The members of his staff project the same cynicism. They have come to see him as a television commodity—a kind of Mr. Tidy Bowl. Referring to one of Brown's television appearances, Jacques Barzaghi, who is very close to the governor, said ecstatically, "It was just like a commercial for air freshener."

To see Brown strolling with his arm around NBC's Catherine Mackin or hear him shout a quip across the hall to columnist Mary McGrory, one might get the fleeting impression that Brown's relations with the press are chummy. They are not. Some reporters like him, many have at least a grudging respect for his talents, all are fascinated by him, but among the reporters I have talked with there is the feeling that he is almost insultingly open in his manipulation of the press and in his contempt for the press because it can be manipulated so easily. The press feels that he is using it as a mere symbol-processing gadget—and even Brown and his staff sometimes admit that this is what they are dealing in. One of Brown's special consultants, Stewart Brand, told writer Orville Schell that "a lot of Brown's flashiness and good moves tend to be fairly symbolic things, like the Arts Council, the Office of Appropriate Technology, and the California Conservation Corps.... You sort of fly the symbol out there, and it either gets picked up or it doesn't."

Everything Brown says and does—as well as all his silences and inertia—is shaped by an awareness of the probable effect on headlines, deadlines, leads, photographic angles. He knows these technicalities almost as well as do the professionals. In his last campaign for governor he noticed that his opponent, Evelle Younger, sometimes made major announcements at eleven o'clock in the morning. Dumbfounded, Brown asked a San Diego reporter, "Why is he doing that? Doesn't he know that the deadline for afternoon papers is a lot earlier than that?" When Brown comes into a room, he immediately looks to see where he should sit so that the television cameras are on the "good" side—the left side—of his face. When he takes questions from the print press, one can almost hear the terminals in his head laying out the front page to see how his answers will look in type. When a reporter asked him whether the unflattering remarks being made about his presidential ambitions bothered him, Brown answered, "I'm not going to tell you, because you would put it in your lead, and I don't want to see it there." Another reporter asked Brown why he had been so stingy with details of his anti-inflation plan. He replied, "I gave you all the details you can absorb into one story." A *Washington Star* reporter went to Brown with five questions; Brown refused to answer any of them and then spent two hours giving answers to questions he *wished* the reporter had asked, including one about—hold your hat—the marvelously restorative values of jojoba bean oil, a derivative of a California cactus.

A Sacramento reporter complained, "He understands perfectly how to play to our weaknesses. He derides the press publicly for always trying for a sexy angle, for thinking it needs to stir things up, for being too trendy. He says that, but in fact he feeds us the sexy stuff, the controversial stuff, the flashy stuff. He knows the reporter's perennial quest for a hot lead." Another reporter—a woman—said that Brown had played the press like a harmonica because "he knows better than anyone else that if it weren't for television, radio, and the press, he wouldn't be where he is right now. Not so popular. Not such a curiosity. Not so pleasingly mysterious, like a half-buttoned blouse."

Few reporters have ever accused Brown of lying. But some—an interesting twist—accuse him of using even candor as a way to make the press serve his purposes. One explained, "In a certain way, I find him remarkably truthful. It depends on what time of the day it is. If it's in a local bar after midnight, for example, he can get very high on himself when he's around reporters at that hour. It's hard to explain, but he gets kind of turned on to himself—jibberty-jabberty. It's almost as if there is absolutely no editing machine between his brain and his mouth. When he gets to running like that, I think, the train of sentences he drops on the press is not too different from the way he talks privately among his inner circle. But I don't think Brown is so stupid that he lets such things come out because he has had one too many glasses of white wine. I think it is because at that hour, in that light, with that tempo of life around them, with inhibitions down around their ankles, reporters can be more easily hypnotized."



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Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Any understanding of Jerry Brown must begin with his youthful asceticism and his relationship with his father.

From the fourth grade upward Jerry Brown attended Catholic schools. His mother was a Protestant, and his father was only a part-time Catholic, but for several years Jerry went in for the mystical and ritual side of Catholicism in a big way—perhaps because he was outstanding at neither athletics nor scholarship and found it a comfortable crevice in which to bury himself. After prepping for a year at a Catholic college, Brown entered a Jesuit seminary, intent, or so he thought, on becoming a priest.

In this seminary apprentice priests, aside from maintaining silence virtually all the time (a rule that Brown says made him physically sick, "for I love to talk"), were also expected to mortify the flesh. They had to regularly whip themselves or bind their arms and legs with straps, tight enough to be painful, and leave the straps in place as long as they could stand the pain. Brown preferred binding to whipping, and he reportedly could stand the pain of the straps longer than any of his colleagues. Otherwise, he did not impress his superiors.

Father Joseph Meehan, who was supervisor of the novice priests' daily routine during Brown's stay at the seminary, remembers him as "very ordinary . . . an ordinary fellow, with average intelligence and average acceptance. . . . He's a plodding fellow, not quick on the draw."

But Brown was smart enough to know what he didn't like. The route to Jesuit priesthood is fifteen years long; but after only three and a half years of silence and the straps, Brown decided that he had had enough and walked out. But he could not walk away from the indoctrination. Says Pat Brown of his son: "Jerry is essentially a loner. I think those three and a half years in the novitiate and the contemplative life he led had a profound influence on his life." Indeed, he is still at heart a Jesuit. Shortly after becoming governor, Jerry Brown told a group of Jesuit priests, "If you want to know what my administration will be like, look at St. Ignatius's eleventh and twelfth rules." These two rules counsel Spartan living and fatalism. Brown admits that the teachings of St. Ignatius, founder of the Jesuit order, "run counter to the American flow—there's no doubt about that. St. Ignatius and the American flow are not reconcilable." But those teachings have nevertheless shaped his political philosophy. It comes to this: do not become emotionally involved; think small; avoid the pack; do not put too much importance on anything; do not commit yourself long to any worldly action; question all secular values; give credit only to God. It is a negative, passive philosophy, and because of it Pat Brown is probably right when he says, "I don't think Jerry gets tormented over very many things, just between you and me. I think he has convictions about things, but I don't think he agonizes over them."

The appraisal has been proved accurate over and over again since Jerry's first tentative steps into politics. During Easter vacation in 1962, Jerry and some of his Yale chums went to the Deep South to take part in the civil-rights movement then under way. His friends participated, but Jerry was only an observer. In 1968 he was an alternate delegate for McCarthy at the national Democratic convention; but before the convention—one of the most dramatic in history—had ended, Jerry went home, saying that it was all a drag. He has always been stingy with his emotions.

To put it more exact: he does not agonize over or become emotionally committed to anything but his own ambitions. With a wry smile, Jerry admits that despite St. Ignatius's poundings on his soul, he emerged from the seminary with his ego "just as strong as ever."

At this point it is important that we permanently lay to rest a key portion of the Jerry Brown myth. This myth portrays him as charting his career in "rebellion" against his father; it would have one believe that Jerry, thoroughly disenchanted with the conduct of his politician dad, went his separate way and that even today he holds his father at arm's length and only tolerates him. Jerry himself helped concoct that myth. Just why he did it is anybody's guess; perhaps he was afraid that the voting public would be offended at the idea of a Brown Dynasty or would object to Jerry if he came in the guise of crown prince, wearing his father's hand-me-down political mantle. Perhaps the myth was concocted in order to shatter the dynasty idea. In any event, the myth could not be more mythical.

> ‘ Referring to one of Brown's television appearances, one of his top advisers said ecstatically, "It was just like a commercial for air freshener." ’

When Jerry emerged from the Jesuit cloister, nothing in his background pointed to a distinguished career. But he did have two things going for him: his father was governor of the state, and he had his father's name. It was that fortunate combination that put him where he is today, nothing else, and he was only too happy to make use of it. Pat Brown, who is still a close adviser to his son (and who has benefited financially from his son's success), helped him crucially at every step in his climb. When Jerry quit the seminary in February 1960, Pat got the University of California to bend a few rules to accept his son for immediate admission—no small trick, considering Jerry's confused scholastic record. On the day Jerry registered, a friend asked him how he had managed to get admitted so fast. Jerry replied, only half seriously, "Are you kidding? My father owns the university." Since all doors seemed to swing open for his father, he decided to parlay that advantage all the way. He would follow his dad into law. ("If my father had been a carpenter," he says, "I would probably have been a carpenter.") He picked Yale Law School, and Pat got a friendly foundation to help his son with some money.

When Jerry came home with his law degree, he was still a long way from earning a living at law. He failed the California bar exam the first time; so Pat put him up in the governor's mansion and brought in tutors. The next time he passed. Then Pat got him a clerkship with California Supreme Court Justice Mathew Trobiner by calling in a political debt—Pat had appointed Trobiner to the bench. (Trobiner remembers Jerry as "competent" but "not brilliant.") Next, Pat lined him up with a job with Tuttle & Taylor, a solid corporate law firm in Los Angeles—just the sort of thing that spruces up the credentials of a would-be politician. The work at Tuttle & Taylor, "narrow and confining," says Jerry, was merely marking time, and after four years of trivial litigation, he was ready to make the break.

He ran for a seat on the Los Angeles Junior College Board. He ran, not as Jerry Brown, but as Edmund G. Brown, Jr., and flew high enough with his dad's name recognition to take more votes than did the mayor of Los Angeles. Brown's service on the board was spotty, but it did give him his first chance to show skills as a headline grabber. Robert Cline, who was a Republican member of the board at that time, claims that he and Brown got together and agreed that if an issue "was going to be controversial, we might as well be getting the coverage. We would essentially argue it for the benefit of the press."

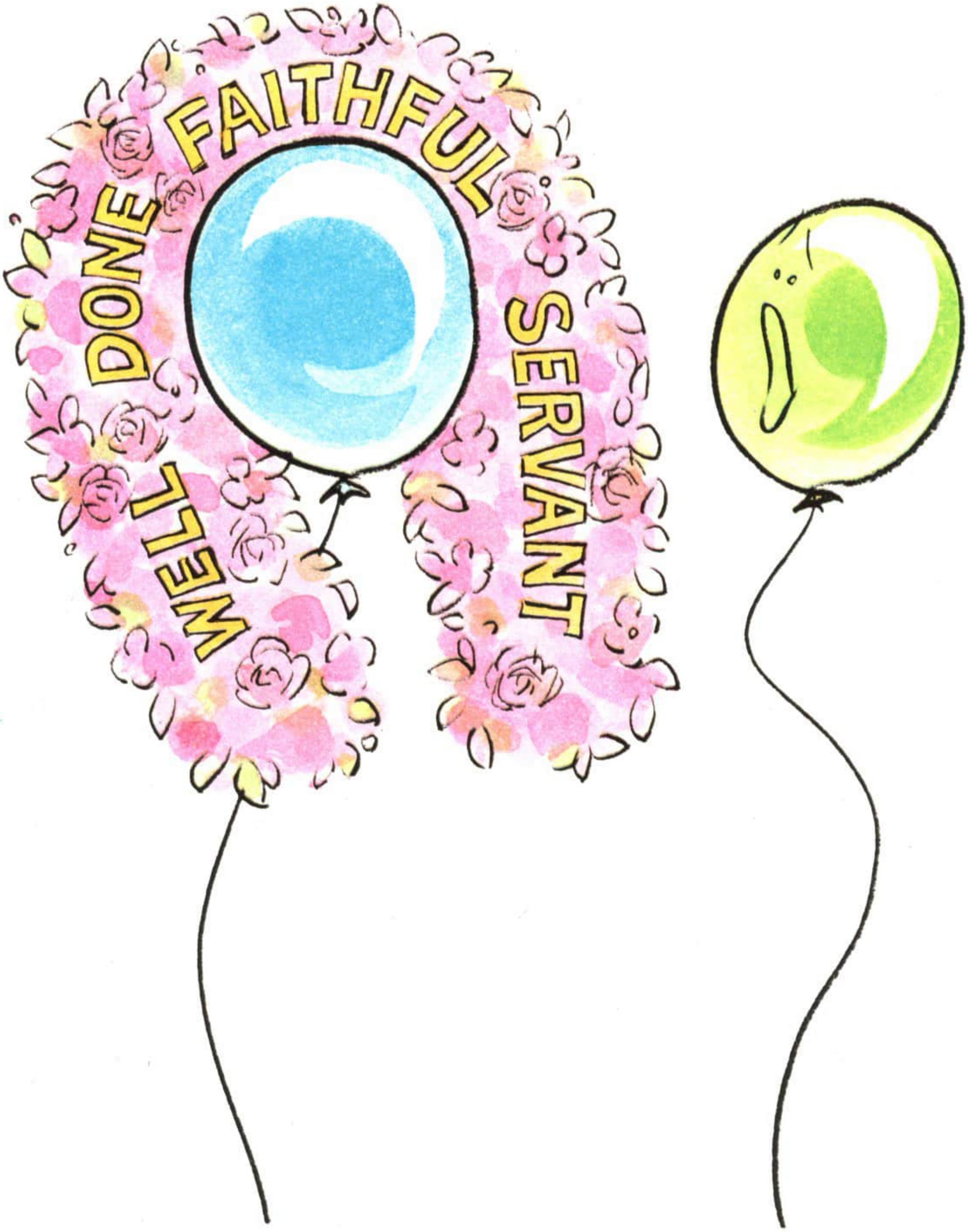
Eighteen months later Jerry rode his father's name into the secretary of state's office, and it was here that he really came into his own as a publicist. Previously, the secretary of state's office had been thought of as a file cabinet for laundry marks, branding marks, and corporation registrations. But it had one other duty that was just waiting to be exploited: it supervised campaign finance reports. For years—forever, in fact—California politicians had ignored the law requiring full disclosure of the source of their campaign money. The records they filed with the secretary of state were models of obfuscation. But it was not an awful situation; the fudging was fair and equal—liberals lied on their reports just as consistently as did the conservatives; big labor lied just as routinely as big business. It was tit for tat.

Disregarding all that, Brown went charging into the lawlessness like St. Ignatius

CONTINUED ON PAGE 227

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS


WELL DONE FAITHFUL SERVANT

"You mean you've been fired!"

SWINGING IN THE GRAIN

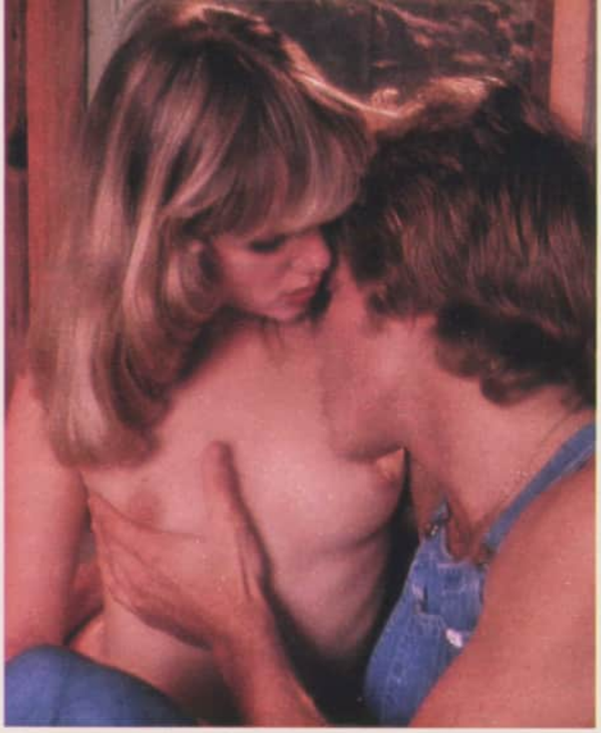
He's the sheep farmer's oldest son, in love with the rancher's daughter—hardly a match made in heaven in the eyes of cantankerous kin. But grazing rights, feuds, and fence wars hardly faze them; like Romeo and Juliet, they ignore their elders' egos and happily follow their ids. They meet in secret, of course, but they've hardly mastered discretion. "We'll never kiss in the shadows," she beams, admiring her overalled lover, her barefoot boy with cheek. He cradles his modern-day milkmaid in his arms, caressing one white breast with one brown hand. With a long and lingering pastoral kiss, they make themselves at home on the range.

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

He takes a tender breast in his hand and admires her soft perfection; the only parent they'll obey is the tempting call of Mother Nature. Flinging themselves together, prone on the fragrant field, they find splendor in a blade of grass and even more in each other . . . "Let's be brazen in the sun," he suggests, and proceeds to trespass against her in a thoroughly friendly way . . .

Wardrobe courtesy of Deco Flash Too, Los Angeles and Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Her equestrian talents amaze him as she mounts her delirious lover and gives him the ride of his life. He's never had sun strokes like this before; she's never felt such tremors . . .



For a moment they're startled from their reverie, but it's only the murmur of the nearby flock, standing guard for the lovers. They slake their love-parched throats at a nearby pump and then stroll hand in hand to the comfort of the great indoors. Stripping her naked, he traces her breasts with his fingers and then enters her one more time, as she closes her eyes and shudders at the molten, plunging sensations deep inside her. After the spasms subside, they lie embracing on her grandmother's homemade quilt, having practiced the delicate craft no *Farmer's Almanac* includes...

Los Angeles
A·C·E·L·E·B·R·A·T·I·O·N

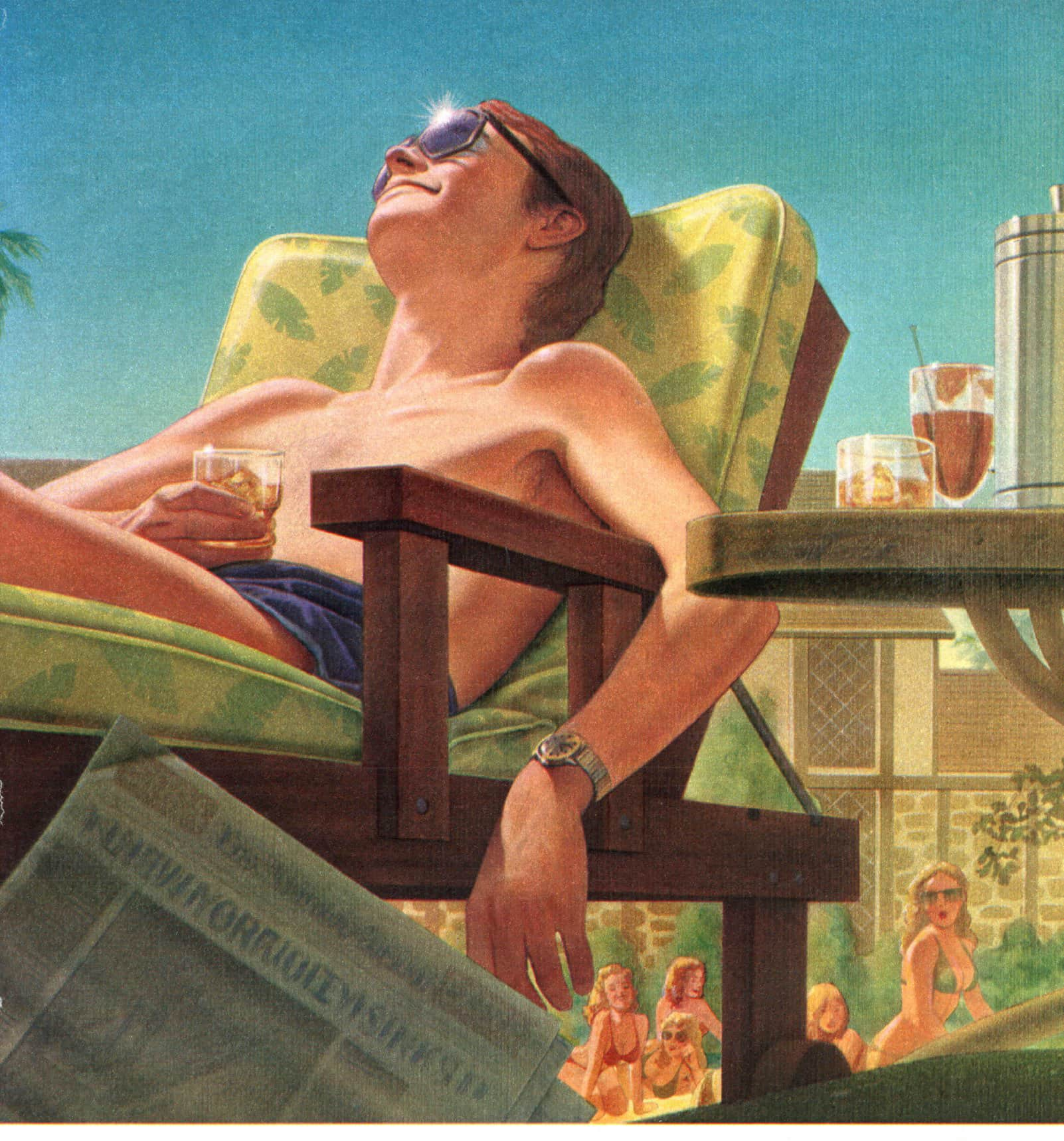
A person fleeing from the East explains why L.A. is no longer the edge—it's the center.

BY BEN STEIN

I have lost my favorite waiter at Mister Chow's. For a year he served me delicious seaweed and fried dumplings, always with a smile. Like all the other waiters, he was Swiss. And like everyone in Los Angeles, he was planning to become a star. "I have a script," he said. "I know I can sell it."

He said that for about ten months, and then he sold it. Now he's not there anymore. He is the latest victim of the plague that sweeps over everyone who comes to L.A.: success.

Los Angeles is many cities. It is playground, lotus land, energy center, and center of the universe. To understand just why it is destined to be the greatest city in the history of civilization, and to be able to say so without laughing, you must first understand



something about how Los Angeles came to be.

In 1783, when New York and Philadelphia and Boston were already major metropolitan centers, a few hundred Indians were living in thatched wamkishes in an unknown basin that had no name. In that year twelve Spaniards and mestizos arrived on a march from Monterey, Mexico, to found a mission. The leader of the group, Father Junipero Serra, had once studied theology at a mission named for Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, in Porciuncula, Italy. Just for the hell of it, he named the mission in California del Norte for that mission in Italy.

There was nothing in the area except Indians, who were promptly enslaved, and open, scrub-covered ground. Not for long. Word spread to Mexico that there was land here for the taking. Soon, by bribery and chicanery, a few Spaniards and Mexicans had enormous land grants covering thousands of acres, with tens of thousands of head of cattle.

And although there was very little water, the cattle baronies flourished. Political winds blew across the land, and great missions sprang up. They were replaced by smaller, but still huge, secular holdings. Then there was a war, and another war, and the Yanqui traders became masters of the whole shooting match.

The new masters were ten times as determined to make something of themselves and their city as the Spaniards had been—and the Spaniards had been determined indeed.

Down in Los Angeles there was no gold and very little water. But there was constant sunshine, and sheep love sunshine for growing their woolly coats. So the Union soldiers were covered with blue coats made from the wool of sheep that grazed in Los Angeles. Still, Los Angeles was a small town, mostly known as a haven for Mexican bandits fleeing the federales. When the Civil War came to an end, there was drought. The grass died. The sheep died. And the town very nearly died.

So the smart people who owned the banks and the ranches and the hardware stores got together and decided that what Los Angeles had, even if it had nothing else, was Los Angeles—a place where there is no humidity, no winter chill, and a lot of sunshine. The people of Los Angeles could not count on much, but they could count on the climate and the air. And so they would make the city by selling the rest of America on Los Angeles as the second Garden of Eden.

Soon the word went out all over America and Europe that the true El Dorado had been discovered, and its name was Los Angeles. People flocked to Los Angeles, from the brutal Midwest and the boring East and the defeated South, to find nirvana.

They found it. And they told other people, and the rush was on. It started in a big way in the 1870s. It got intense; so both the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific built rail lines from St. Louis to Los Angeles. They competed with each other, and for a few golden days in 1885 the fare from St. Louis to L.A. was one dollar.

By 1890 Los Angeles was a thriving city—not so big as San Francisco, where the swells lived, but doing fine. It had no harbor and no natural resources that anyone knew of. But it was a great place to live. And it got to be a greater place because more and more people—well-heeled people, not dismal immigrants from Italy or Poland—came to town and told still others.

Los Angeles by 1890 had already established itself as the town built by the Word. It was communication from person to person about the joys of Los Angeles living that made Los Angeles. In the beginning was the Word, and after the Word came the City.

By 1892 E. L. Doheny had discovered that Los Angeles was sitting atop an immense lake of oil. He began to pump it, and that was when L.A. learned just how jealous people in the East could be. Doheny could pump oil so cheaply that it could still be sold in the East for a price lower than Pennsylvania oil. John D. Rockefeller did not like that. He told his friends at the railroads that they could ship all the oranges and grapefruits they wanted from Los Angeles, but if they started to ship oil, they were in league with the devil.

There was so much surplus oil in California that people used it to pave roads and to keep the dust down. The price fell so much that Doheny was close to ruin. That was when he explained to the railroads that they could burn oil instead of coal in their locomotives. There were no problems selling the oil after that, Doheny noticed, and the whole city drew a lesson from the experience. To survive against a jealous East, Los Angeles would need a great deal of ingenuity.

After the oil came the harbor—totally man-made, like everything in Los Angeles except the climate—and then something electrifying happened, which spelled out destiny in giant letters across the Pacific horizon.

In the East, in Brooklyn, the films trust was cranking out one- and two-reelers for the theaters of America to show between vaudeville acts. The trust absolutely refused to make anything resembling a full-blown story and further refused to let anyone wanting to make a normal story use its patents.

And so to California came a few hardy souls—Jesse Lasky, Adolph Zukor, and Samuel Goldfish; furriers, glove salesmen, and heroes—to make movies that would have a plot: a beginning, a middle, and an end. They came here because the legal establishment of New York City was so ponderous and slow that it would take the lawyers for the trust years to stop them from making movies into an art. The furriers and glove salesmen were dead right. And so they were heroes. While the lawyers for the Edison trust went berserk with frustration—genteel frustration—movies changed from pointless light and shadow to the dominant medium of the twentieth century, providing an alternate reality for the entire mass of humanity.

> ‘
>
> Los Angeles is
> the capital of energy
> in the only
> meaningful sense—
> the energy of
> the human mind.
>
> ’

The lawyers were defeated, and Los Angeles became the center of fantasy and media and communication while New York fumed. Movies grew, changed, and told the story of the world to the world, reinterpreting the entire tapestry of man's existence so that a Jewish man in a city 2,500 miles from Atlanta—David O. Selznick—could and did explain to the whole of Dixie just what chivalry and the life that was Gone With The Wind were really all about.

Then came television, a force so powerful that even the movies were humbled. New York started out as the television hub, but within a few years television production moved, slowly but unstoppably, to the Coast. The facilities for creating the gargantuan amount of fantasy that was necessary to fill television's insatiable appetite were in Los Angeles and nowhere else. Besides, the sunshine was still here, and the people who knew how to make stories live on the screen were here. Los Angeles, after all, had experience making art for the whole nation to understand and to be moved by. At best, New York remembered how to make drama for the few people who still went to the theater.

So the television business came to Los Angeles, and after a while people realized that L.A. was not the Coast anymore. It was the center.

More than anything else, Los Angeles is about energy. It has only a little to do with the vast pool of oil that still lies under Los Angeles, awaiting clean technologies to pump it out. It has to do with the formula that makes Los Angeles the capital of energy in the only meaningful sense—the energy of the human mind. That energy is genuinely limitless. It will still be flowing when the world has forgotten Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

The history of Los Angeles, its present, and its future are all summarized by a new interpretation of $E=mc^2$. This time it is Stein's formula.

Energy is equal to Mobility times the square of Creativity.

Drive along Sunset Boulevard to get the picture straight. Sunset Boulevard (not Main Street or Broadway or Embarcadero, but *Sunset* Boulevard) is the longest metropolitan street in the world. It stretches (with occasional name changes) from the port at San Pedro to the haunts of the pretty people in Malibu, from oceanfront to oceanfront in a crescent moon shape.

If you start in Hollywood, you pass by the television production companies, including TAT, whence Norman Lear's immense product comes spewing forth, and Golden West, Gene Autry's home base. You pass by Sunset Stage, where rock groups make their noise; Paramount; and then legions of record companies—RCA and A & M and Casablanca and Motown and the little recording studios where thirty-two tracks of solid platinum are laid down day after day.

And then the Sunset Strip passes by the buildings full of agents, scuffling and scurrying and not returning telephone calls and pretending that they are literati and empire builders.

Then come the fabulous houses of Beverly Hills, the Spanish extravaganzas that come out of those bare studios and tense agents' offices. Up and down Sunset Boulevard wash the tides of affluence, carrying endless legions of Rolls-Royces and Mercedes and Jaguars and Ferraris until people from the hinterlands begin to wonder if cars are free in Los Angeles.

Then the houses become even more elaborate and wind through Holmby Hills and the never-never land of Bel Air, where one can live like a sheikh from one big record or one top-grossing movie. Spanish

CONTINUED ON PAGE 236

Summer. Seven Style

Summer's here and the mixing is easy. Refresh yourself with a tall, cool glass of Seagram's 7 with 7-Up, cola, ginger ale or your favorite mixer. Enjoy summer Seven style! And enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown

Where quality drinks begin.

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THE SPLICE IS RIGHT

The first films of Woody Allen and Mel Brooks were comedies of error. Their film editor describes the heads on the cutting room floor.

RALPH ROSENBLUM WITH ROBERT KAREN

"Don't worry; we'll fix it in the cutting room" is a prayer that's been uttered in every language, on every location, in every country where films have been made. Shooting a film is the most expensive entertainment production ever devised. When mistakes are made or scenes fall short of the director's vision, the immense cost of doggedly pursuing the cinematic fantasy on the set dampens even the most ambitious director's desire for perfection. And so the cutting room becomes the last-stand corral for everyone's hopes that the unrealized dreams, the dead moments, the inevitable blah sequences from weeks of shooting, will finally be brought to life.

For the last twenty years Ralph Rosenblum has been one of the top New York film editors, having cut some thirty features, including *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *The Pawnbroker*, *Fail-Safe*, and *Goodbye, Columbus*, not to mention *A Thousand Clowns* and *The Night They Raided Minsky*'s, two films that industry buffs know were "made in the cutting room." However, Rosenblum is probably best known for his comedy work, particularly with Woody Allen, for whom he has cut six films, including *Annie Hall*.

In this excerpt from his controversial new book, *When the Shooting Stops*, coauthored with Robert Karen, Rosenblum reveals from an editor's-eye view what it was like to work with America's two top comedy filmmakers—Woody Allen and Mel Brooks—on their first outings, *Take the Money and Run* and *The Producers*. In each case he was dealing with young men who were insecure about their place in the film industry and who manifested their anxieties in such opposing ways that it's possible to understand why, despite the immense popularity they share, their styles are so overwhemingly different. With both films, however, it is evident that making comedies is no bundle of laughs.

From the forthcoming book *When the Shooting Stops*, to be published by The Viking Press.

ENDICOTT/'79©

THE PRODUCERS: NOT JUST ANOTHER FUNNY PICTURE

The myth that the director is the sole creator of his film is a burden on almost everyone in the movie industry, including the director, who frequently becomes weighed down by the excess responsibility, incapable of generating a team spirit, afraid to delegate authority, or unable to accept graciously the contributions of the expert collaborators he's summoned to his side.

With a first-time director, the pressure of this myth is magnified, especially if he has no film experience, which is often the case. Ashamed to expose his ignorance, he may resist the cameraman to "shoot it the way Altman did in *Nashville*" and instead insist on numerous and frustrating retakes in which no one understands his dissatisfaction. If he is insecure and defensive about the degree of dependence he feels on all the experienced professionals around him, and if the production manager, the cameraman, the set director, the editor, or one of the stars is inclined to counter his defensive behavior by subtly making an issue of his dependency, the scene is set for flashes of paranoia or what the industry gingerly refers to as "psychotic episodes."

Mel Brooks's first film, *The Producers*, is the story of Max Bialystock (Zero Mostel) and Leo Bloom (Gene Wilder), one a seedy, corrupt, over-the-hill Broadway producer who seduces old ladies in order to get them to invest in his awful productions, the other a whimpering, neurotic accountant who falls under his sway. Together they conspire to produce "the worst play ever written," overfinance it by 25,000 percent, and then pocket the excess investments when the play closes. The scheme depends on a surefire flop that will fold in one night, and after a laborious search the two settle on a play by a fanatical Nazi called *Springtime for Hitler: A Gay Romp with Adolf and Eva at Berchtesgaden*.

From the first page to the last, Brooks's script was loaded with enough hilarious material to keep a reader laughing aloud almost continuously. It was an extraordinary screenplay, and two years later it won an Oscar—although the film itself was so crudely shot and edited that, seen today, it looks almost prehistoric.

Better known as a writer, Brooks was himself a natural performer who would grab almost any opportunity to go into an impromptu act. Those of us who were meeting him for the first time found him a very funny, very eager man, someone we knew by reputation for his work on Sid Caesar's "Your Show of Shows" and for his "Two-Thousand-Year-Old Man" records, who was now full of nervous energy about directing his first script.

"He came to my office, a small guy who looked very nervous, and started to tell jokes, some of which weren't too funny, and I was a little uncomfortable," remembers producer Sidney Glazier. "But finally he told me he had an idea, and I subsequently learned that he had been trying to get it sold for three years, and nobody would give him an opportunity to direct. It was called *Springtime for Hitler,* and if it had remained *Springtime for Hitler,* it would have made several million dollars. But we had a Jewish distributor by the name of Joseph Levine who insisted that the Jews would be up in arms; so we reluctantly changed the title to a banal thing called *The Producers.* In any case, Mel stood in front of my desk and did the movie. I was drinking coffee in a paper cup, and I began to laugh. I began to choke. He did the movie from beginning to end. He acted every part—he did the fag, everything—and my sides hurt when he finished. You know how Mel is when he's really on. And I said, 'I'll do it.' I didn't know where the hell I was going to get the money, but I said, 'I'll do it; I'll do it,' and that's how it began."

Production manager Jack Grossberg invited cameraman Joe Coffey to Glazier's office to meet Mel. "I was very impressed by his friendliness and warmth," says Coffey. "We discussed the possibility of my doing the film, and he gave me the script, and I went home and read it. He told me he had seen *Up the Down Staircase* and that he was very impressed with how I had photographed it. I became very enthusiastic, and Mel was very up, asking me all kinds of questions about what I'd done, how I'd done certain things, and so forth. And then there ensued a series of meetings with the design director, Chuck Rosen. Chuck made a series of drawings based on every set from every point of view. He drew in the furniture and the doorways and the windows, and we pondered them, and we said, 'We'll put the camera here, and we'll move it over here when Bialystock says this, and we'll move it here when the old lady kisses him,' and Mel was just wildly enthusiastic. He fired my enthusiasm and Chuck's, and as usual, I fell in love with the director. My wife keeps telling me every time I have a disaster in a relationship with somebody in the film business, 'You *schmuck*, you must stop falling in love with these people; they're all hideous killers!' But Mel exhibited such marvelous enthusiasm for my ideas, and he was so receptive to Chuck's contribution. . . . Well, at any rate, this love feast went on for, I don't know, five or six weeks. We would meet and talk about how we were going to make the world's greatest comedy, and I would go home and tell Arlene, 'Oh, Mel is so terrific; he's so receptive.' And meanwhile my ego was becoming more and more inflated—more than usual."

> "Is that fat pig ready yet?" Mel Brooks would sputter. "The director?" said Zero Mostel. "What director? There's a director here? *That's* a director?"

Production day was one month off when the production manager, Jack Grossberg, summoned me for my first meeting with Mel. Mel was very serious. He spoke at length about the contribution I had made as an editor on *A Thousand Clowns*; he touched just the right note when he suggested a collaboration of equals, and like Joe Coffey, I was immediately impressed and optimistic.

By the end of the first morning, however, Mel was already getting jittery. His only previous experience being in television, where everything proceeds in a much quicker manner, Mel's inclination was to spend most of his time working with the actors. He would rehearse Mostel and Wilder to the point where he had them doing exactly what he wanted, and then he would turn around, ready to shoot. Cameraman Joe Coffey, who'd been standing by doing nothing all this time, would say, "Mel, where do you want the camera?" Suddenly, Mel would realize that he should have conferred with Coffey an hour and a half ago, before he began rehearsing. Now he will have to watch the clock while the electricians slowly arrange all the lights, his actors get cold, and an acid inner voice whispers that he's falling rapidly behind schedule, that people are resisting him, and the distributor, Joe Levine, is going to take away his "points" in the picture, or maybe even the picture itself.

"On the second day of shooting, right after lunch," Joe Coffee recalls, "Mel came up to me and said, 'Joe, I'm very worried.' I said, 'What are you worried about?' He said, 'Well, everything seems to be taking so much time.' I said, 'What do you mean?' He said, 'Well, you put the camera *here*, and then it takes time; you put it over *here*, and then you're turning lights on, and then you're having the guys turn lights off, and they're putting those sticks up and those little black flags—and this is taking so much time. I'm really worried. We're half a day behind already.' This was the middle of the second day of a ten-week schedule. We're half a day behind! So I said, 'Well, Mel, you know it takes time to make movies. You got to move furniture; you got to move walls.' 'Yeah,' he said. 'You're pulling these walls out, and you're putting those walls back again.What is all that about? Why don't you do it like we do it in television? When you're shooting in that direction, you just turn on all the lights that are going that way. Then, when you're shooting in this direction, you turn those off and you turn on the lights that're going in this direction.' What could I say? I said, 'I'll go as fast as I can.' But early on in the making of the film I realized that there was a sudden, abrupt change from the receptive, outgoing, fun-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 242

Two questions to ask yourself when choosing a low tar:

#1. Just how low in tar is it?

Salem Lights
VANTAGE
Camel lights
Marlboro LIGHTS
Winston Lights
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KOOL Milds
VANTAGE MENTHOL

10	**11**	**9**	**12**	**13**	**9**	**14**	**11**
MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.

#2. Can I go lower and still get good taste?

Yes.

Golden Lights Menthol
Golden Lights
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent.
Menthol
8 Mg Tar 0.7 Mg Nicotine

Only 8 mg. tar.
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Golden Lights™

As low as you can go and still get good taste and smoking satisfaction.

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Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978. **Golden Lights: Kings**— 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Truckers knew the legendary Ferkel D. Rauch
as the meanest, foulest, craziest
patrolman on Interstate 100. His specialty was
chasing them from Pennsylvania
through West Virginia to Ohio and issuing
three tickets—one for each state.

SMOKEY THE PIG

HUMOR BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

It had gotten to the point where *Penthouse*'s Action Center was receiving so many requests that America's most revealing magazine expose the renegade highway patrolman who'd been terrorizing motorists in three states that they started sorting incoming mail into two piles: "S.T.P." and "Other." Yours truly drew the short straw and was dispatched to Wheeling, W.Va., to attempt to negotiate with the nation's most notorious law enforcer. None of you out there is going to believe it until you look at a map, but Wheeling is smack in between Pittsburgh, Pa., and Columbus, Ohio. Betwixt these two beauty spots, and skirting greater metropolitan Wheeling, runs interstate highway number 100.

Wheeling, home of country music flagship station WWVA as well as of the world's largest manufacturer of galvanized garbage pails, is located on a sliver that pokes between Pennsylvania and Ohio at a point where, if all were right with the world, they would touch. Adjoin they do not, however, because holding them apart is ten and one-half minutes' worth of West Virginia as the eighty-miles-per-hour semitrailer flies. Or should I say, used to fly, back in the days before Ferkel D. Rauch became the head of the West Virginia Highway Patrol's Northern Sector Five-Five Team, started tagging truckers on the fourteen miles of Century Road that belong to the Mountain State, and joined the ranks of John Bunyan, Johnny Appleseed, and the man who shot Liberty Valance as an authentic American larger-than-life latter-day legendary hero: Smokey the Pig.

On the plane to Wheeling, I reviewed the *Penthouse* Action Center file on Rauch, Ferkel D. . .

PAC #1979-469289: ". . . the officer who pulled me over told me he would consider not giving me a ticket if I could do as many pushups as the number of miles per hour I'd been going. I did seventy-six pushups. When I was finished throwing up, I looked over and there he was, writing out a summons.

" 'But I did all the pushups!' I panted. 'You said you wouldn't give me a ticket.'

" 'I said I'd *consider* not giving you a ticket,' he said. 'Well, I considered it, and you know what I decided? To give you two tickets.'

" 'Two tickets!' I gasped. 'What's the other one for?'

" 'Busted taillight,' he said.

" 'But I don't have a busted taillight!' I said.

"And he walked around the back of my car and kicked in the red light on the driver's side.

" 'You do now, sucker,' he said. The officer's name was F. D. Rauch. My arms are still so charley-horsed that I am dictating this letter to my wife . . ."

PAC #1979-586930: ". . . and I put out a call on the CB radio on my truck for a Smokey report. A motorist identifying himself as Whiskey City Moon Dog came back on channel 14. 'Negatory on that bear check,' he said in this real high-pitched squeaky voice. 'I been reading their mail on my scanner, and they ain't nowhere in sight. Got no county mounties, no local yokels, no plain wrappers. All the picture takers are at home, slipping their mamas the old chocolate bar. We're clear all the way to the Ohio line tonight, breaker.' So I thanked him and hammered down to about ninety. I was going so fast that the mile markers looked like a picket fence, when all of a sudden up behind me comes this Tijuana taxi with strobes popping and half runs me off the pavement. Where'd that son of a mother come from? I asked myself—that bear checker told me there wasn't a cop on the road.

"So I got down off my cab and walked over to the officer's car, and he's already written out a ticket for driving to endanger and is working on one for ninety in a fifty-five. He gives me back my license and registration—it's one o'clock in the morning, and he's wearing mirrored sunglasses, okay?—and he makes this toothy smirk at me and picks up an imaginary microphone and says in a high-

CMI SPEEDGUN
GOMEZ
WEST VIRGINIA
STATE
POLICE

pitched sort of squeak, 'Negatory on that bear check, good buddy. Got no county mounties, no local yokels, no plain wrappers,' and then he cracks up laughing like he's going to burst a vein. 'You dumb turkey,' he says to me. 'The next time you break for a bear check, make sure you're not getting it from the bear himself.' As a responsible trucker who exceeds the speed limit only when necessary to meet his colleagues at the Nineteenth Wheel Truck Plaza for a game of pocket billiards, I believe that this sort of unreasonable police behavior shouldn't be condoned. If it wasn't for us truckers, there wouldn't be food on the table or clothes on the back of policemen either. What use would wonder drugs be if there were no truckers to . . . ?"

PAC #1979-768943: " . . . stopped my car on I-100 when we were going no more than sixty-five miles per hour, which is perfectly normal on that road and I do not think is deserving of a speeding ticket. I made an innocent remark to this effect, whereupon he proceeded to make me and my brother-in-law spreadeagle with our hands on the roof of my car. At this point my eight-year-old son Rory asked me, 'Is this Smokey the Pig, the one all the kids at school draw pictures of with pee in the snow?' At which point this officer, one F. D. Rauch, made little Rory spreadeagle himself with his hands on the car's fender, which he could barely reach. Rauch then proceeded to frisk all of us, Rory included, without any regard to our Fourth Amendment rights, removing my wallet, in which he found my American Express Gold Card. I demanded that he return it, but he only spat on the ground and went over to his police car, where he read the card's number over his radio. He returned with a big smile on his face and informed me that the card was on the American Express deadbeat list, and that he was lifting it from me to collect his third twenty-five-dollar reward of the day from a credit-card company.

"When I protested, he gave me another citation for obstructed rear view because I had a decal on my back window that showed a policeman giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a small child, bearing the wording, "Some Call Him Pig." I protested that this was a pro-police sticker, but he said it implied that police officers were child molesters and proceeded to make me scratch it off with my fingernail, which subsequently broke to the quick and is now causing me great physical pain and grievous mental anguish. 'I'll give you a bit of advice, you doofus,' the officer said to me. 'Nothing jerks a highway safety officer's chain like decals about how drivers support their finest. If you like cops so much, just keep on jumping the limit by ten miles on this road and you'll be seeing plenty of them. And, anyway, some don't call me pig. *All* call me pig, even the mothertrucker they call the Roadrunner, the one with the bright red trailer and the horn that goes ah-oo-gah who thinks he can drive any old speed he likes and tries to run me into bridge abutments whenever I chase him. He gets on his C.B. and calls me Smokey the Pig and says no porker in a boy scout hat's ever going to catch him. Well, I caught you; I catch everything that goes over five-five on this fourteen-mile drag strip, and one of these fine evenings I'm gonna catch that Roadrunner's gluteus maximus, too.'

LADIES
OTTESON

"Stanley, ten years is long enough for any staff photographer!"

"I would appreciate *Penthouse*'s assistance in getting me back my American Express card. It is a fact that I inadvertently neglected to pay my bill for three or four months because of an extended absence from home, my check being lost in the mail, etc., etc., but what business was that of a West Virginia . . ."

PAC #1979-715688: ". . . and the officer said, 'How fast you think you were going?' And I answered honestly, 'Well, officer, my speedometer registered exactly fifty-six miles an hour.'

'Well, I got good news for you,' said Rauch. 'Detroit always sets those things a couple miles faster than you're really going. I only clocked you at fifty-four.'

"So I thanked him, but he said, 'Not so fast, Clyde. I'm still giving you a ticket because you *thought* you were doing fifty-six. It's not how fast you were going; it's the *criminal intent*.'

"The policeman's name was Ferkel D. Rauch. Is there no way this instance of cruel and unusual highway patrolling can be stopped?"

PAC #1979-414988: ". . . proceeding in a westerly direction in I-100 driving a tandem rig loaded with live broiler chickens when I was overtaken by a White diesel tractor pulling a Fruehauf. Imagine my shock when I saw a red light begin to flash inside the white cab and observed that the driver of the eighteen-wheeler to my left was wearing the uniform of the West Virginia Highway Patrol and was motioning me over to the side. We pulled onto the shoulder, and the officer cited me for going seventy-eight in a fifty-five-mile zone. Without intending to antagonize the officer, whose name tag read Sgt. Ferkel D. Rauch, I simply asked him whether it was not highly unusual to be patrolling in an unmarked semi. The officer replied, 'All's fair in love and selective speed enforcement, and just so you won't forget it, I'm gonna ticket you for driving with an unsecured load.' I attempted to hold my temper, asking him how I was supposed to tie down 18,000 live chickens. There is no way that I can bring myself to set his reply down on paper. Suffice it to say that from that moment on I have been going eighty-five miles out of my way on back roads to avoid the language I heard that night on the Century Road . . . "

PAC #1979-211499: ". . . when Sgt. Ferkel D. Rauch discovered that I had a Fuzzbuster, designed to warn me of radar traps, he almost fell down laughing. 'Don't you onionheads know how easy it is for me to avoid being detected by that thing? See this little rascal? It's a CMI Speedgun Digi-

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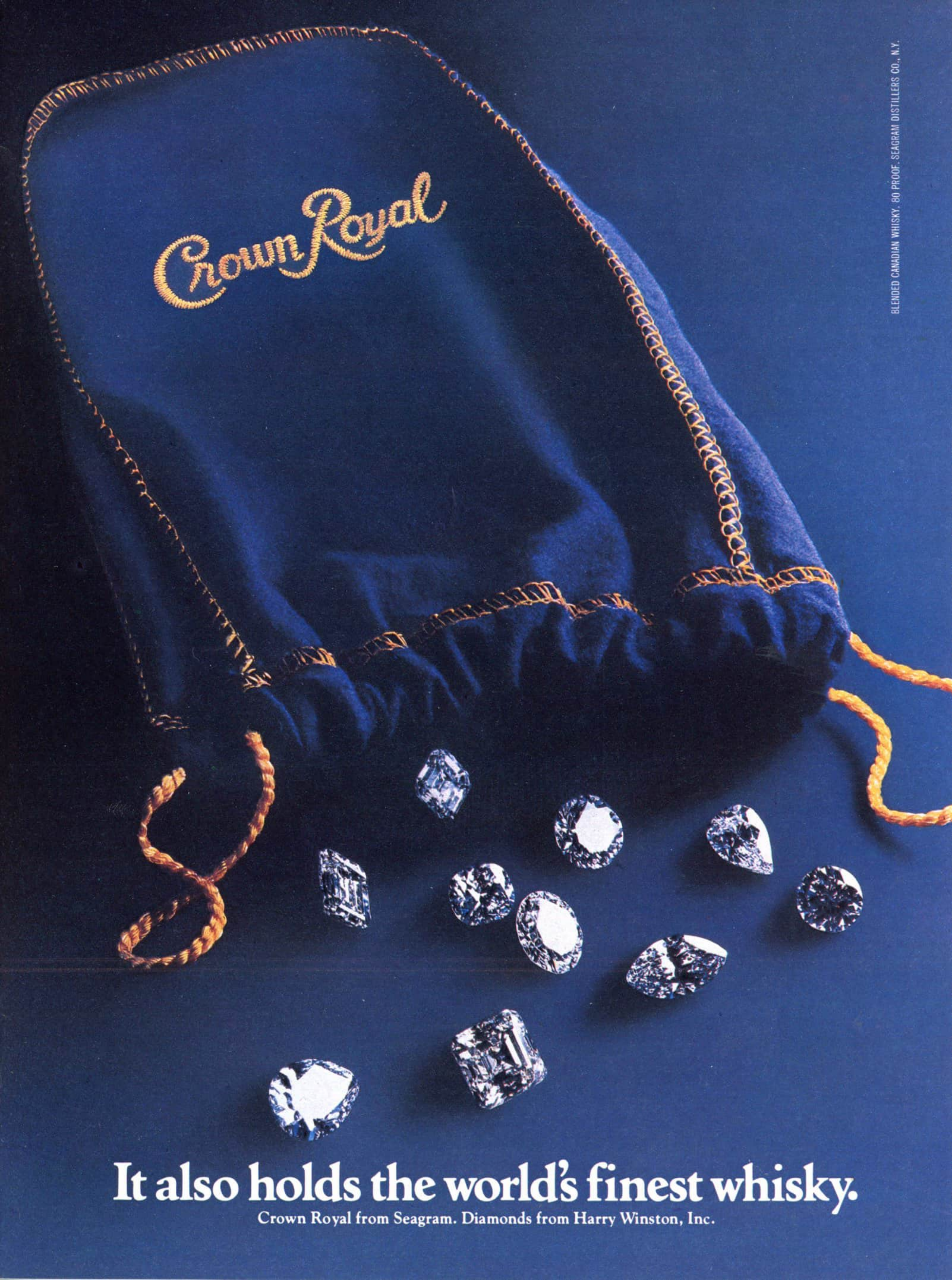

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A pretentious young theatrical producer has been blackmailed into marrying an Anglo-Saxon Princess (ASP), who turns out to be less than disappointing in bed. In this episode Schultz is discovered in bed with his wife's best friend, Agnes.

SCHULTZ

FICTION BY J.P. DONLEAVY

Schultz rubbing his eyes walking along a lamp-lit Charing Cross Road. Past the closed shops of this desolate, deserted street. A chill rainy mist falling. Released from jail, and now getting wet. And in six bloody hours I've got to be in Court. When I should be planning every last ditch emergency strategy for the show.

Schultz sending a shrieking whistle out between his lips. A taxi stopping two blocks away, turning and coming back. Thank god. At least I can still pipe out a long distance signal for a cab.

"Welcome aboard guv, where to."

Schultz alighting at number four Arabesque. Tip toeing silently in. So far she hasn't changed the locks on the door and stationed a policeman on the stoop to protect her life. But christ one can't avoid bitterness after what that bitch has done. Holy jeeze where the fuck will Pricilla or her mother be sleeping. And that outsize walrus mother-in-law busting springs in some bed.

Schultz up the first flight of stairs. And up the next. Pressing the light switch. Fucking lights still out. Go into this bedroom at the top back of the house. For peace and quiet. What a night. My head is swimming. About six hours sleep in the last two days.

Schultz wearily taking off his jacket in the dark. Holy shit sounds like there's a cat loose or something in here. I'm getting jumpy.

Schultz undoing his shirt, stopping listening again. I heard something, jesus christ, fucking well move. Dear god I beg you, don't after what you've already done to me make me be in the bedroom of the behemoth. Holy jeeze. There really is something fucking well in here breathing.

Schultz with shoelaces untied, trousers dropped to his ankles. Touching and feeling around him. Shit now if I move I'll fall over. Or a skeleton will drop out behind me like it did with me getting drenched pissing all over myself in his Lordship's castle. Christ I haven't even yet recovered from that heart stopping shock.

From the book *Schultz* by J. P. Donleavy. Copyright © 1979 by J. P. Donleavy. To be published in October 1979 by Delacorte Press/ Seymour Lawrence

And jesus I really do feel like I'm going to shit. My nerves are shattered. I'm just not going to last the course. Escape back to America. The land of the free. The home of the brave. Uncle Werb. Here I am. I want to go into the diamond business. Ah Sigmund what a good boy. Welcome to the reality of practical sense. Here, $2 million worth of stones, take them over to Izzy my old pal on the top floor. They're his for 3 million. You keep 10 percent of the profit for yourself and like a sensible boy go buy a good raincoat and galoshes, in case next time I have to send you out with diamonds to bring to Amsterdam when it's raining. Holy jeeze. I'd do it. I'd really do it. I'd sell diamonds stark naked in the snow. Even for 5 percent commission. And I could be fucking Dutch girls like Greta all over Holland.

Schultz touching his way across the room. Where's the fucking bed I remember was right here. No Jesus, this is the wardrobe. Ah, my knees are touching the mattress. At last I'm going to be warm. Blankets on the bed.

"Holy shit."

Schultz jumping backwards. A rustle of bedclothes. A gasping intake of breath. A female voice.

"Who's that."

"Jesus christ who the fuck is this."

"Who are you."

"I live here. Who are you."

"Get out of here."

"Like fucking hell I will."

"I'll scream."

"Holy shit, is it you Agnes.

"Who are you."

"It's me Sigmund."

"Get out of here Mr. Schultz. What are you doing here."

"I was trying to go to bed."

"Not with me you're not."

"No. I know. I'm sorry. I just got home. I didn't know anybody was here."

"Well now you know. And I hope you'll go. Right away."

"Jesus hold it will you. My clothes are everywhere."

"Go this second. Someone could hear you. And I hope you could explain then what you were doing."

"I'm going to fucking bed in my own house that's what I'm doing. How the hell was I to know you're here sleeping."

"Well I am. Pricilla said I could."

"O.K. honey, O.K. don't panic. Give me a second will you to figure this out. Where I'm going to go and sleep. I only just got out of jail. I'm cold, tired, and hungry."

"And if you don't mind my saying, you also appear to be without any clothes."

"Oh hey gee I'm sorry. Boy what eyesight you got to be able to see in the dark. Momma meeo, a fond du mots by goom de bots."

"What are you saying."

"Nothing, it's just an expression I used as a kid when every goddamn thing was going wrong. Holy fuck, pardon my French but I'm dropping everything I can't find."

"How can you drop it if you can't find it."

"Honey you'd be surprised what I can do."

"Yes, punching Pricilla."

"Hey why the fuck does everybody see everything from her side."

"Because she's a lovely person."

"Wow. You women stick together."

"Of course we do if a man behaves like a beast."

"Jesus honey, one sock and shoe is missing I got to find to get out of here. Which believe me I want to do in the quickest possible hurry."

"I thought the show was lovely."

"You did."

"Yes. I did. Magillacurdy I thought was magnificent. Such incredible animal magnetism. A lady sitting next to me was jumping out of her seat in delirium over him."

"You don't know how much you're doing my crushed soul a lot of good with those words honey."

"Well I honestly did love the whole production."

"That's the most pleasantly hopeful thing I've heard, no kidding, all night. Even though I haven't had hardly a second to talk to anybody. This is nearly the first moment I'm suddenly come to rest after spinning like a top for weeks."

"I imagine it must be such an awful lot of work to put a whole production together like that. Finding and choosing all the people. I really admire you for it."

"Honey if by any chance that great eyesight of yours can see my face in this obscurity you'll see I'm smiling a beatific smile."

"Are you."

"Yes I am."

"You're rather a funny person, aren't you. So much more introspective and serious than when one just meets you superficially."

"Agnes honey, you're a girl of impressive sensibilities."

"I'm just an ordinary girl. All I've done is just ride horses all my life.

"Honey I'm a little cold."

"Oh."

"And I'm a little tired."

"Oh."

"And I've got to be in Court in six hours. Jesus would it be asking too much just to chat and get warmed up in bed for a while."

"Pricilla's my best and oldest friend."

"I know that honey, I know that."

"We grew up together. Her father's ranch was beside my father's ranch before they lost all their money and moved to New York."

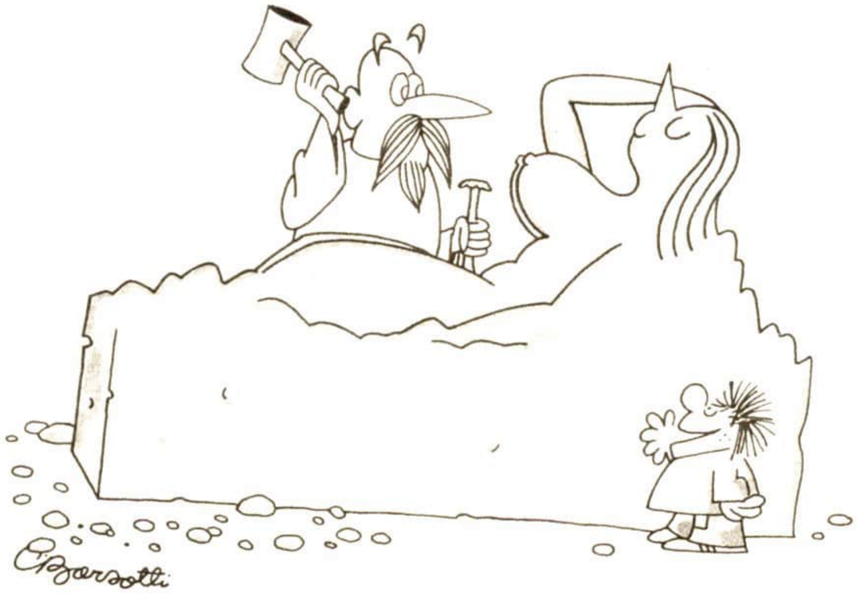
"I know that honey, I know that."

"And she's right downstairs and her mother's right downstairs."

"I know honey. But I'm right here freezing."

"Someone could suddenly come."

"Key's in the door. I'll lock it. Please honey. No shit. I really need to be saved at this moment. If you really are a friend of Pricilla's here's a time you could really help her by helping her husband, who needs it. What about it. Come on. You're a girl of impeccable theatrical taste.



"Oh! Oh my God! Don't Stop!"

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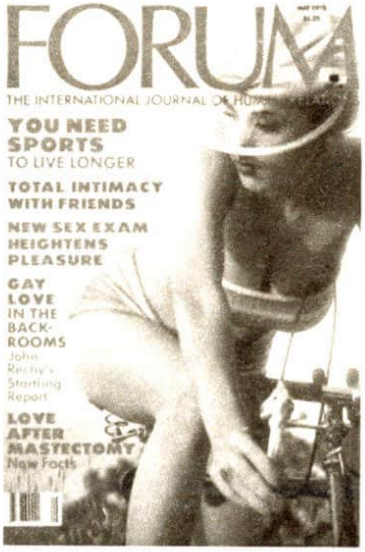
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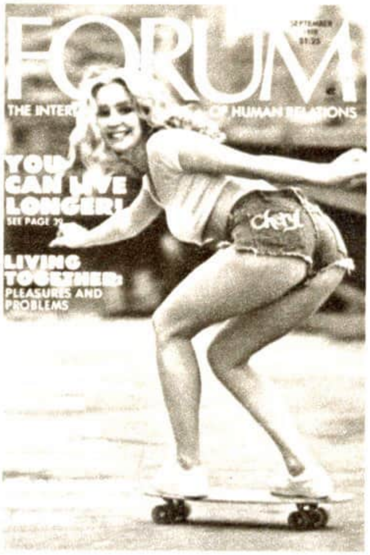
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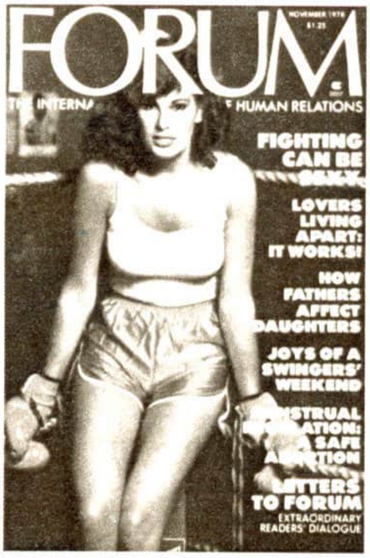
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PP679

"Wow. You can lay it on thick can't you. I just know I shouldn't be doing this."

"Christ. Eskimos do this all the time and nobody gets upset."

"I don't have any clothes on."

"That's O.K. honey, I won't in a second have any on either."

"Please, you mustn't. Please don't. She's my only real close friend."

"Honey, easy. Don't worry. Just lift up the blanket like this. Look. See how easy and harmless it is."

"O god."

"See, I just slip in. Jesus, you have no idea what this is doing for me at this moment."

"For me at this moment, it's giving me goose pimples. I'm terrified. Don't you understand. Pricilla and I were at convent school together."

"Honey. Just close your mind to the past for a while. See, lots of room. Not even touching. I just lie here. Hurting nobody."

"We were confirmed together. Went to our first dances together. Rode together. Took holidays together. Shared our secrets."

"Well here's a secret you won't have to share. It'll make a change."

"Don't you know how close as friends two girls can be."

"Sure. And as the husband of one of you, I could cement you two even closer. Jesus you looked good tonight."

"Did you see me."

"Sure I drank you in. In long ecstatic swallows. Stunning dress."

"Did you really see me."

"Sure. Your dress was a gorgeous satiny green. Who's the guy with you."

"Oh him. Just a stockbroker who's been dating me."

"Say no more honey. I heard how you've been chased ragged all over town by all those English creeps."

"Some of them are extremely nice."

"What's that."

"What honey."

"There."

"Just my knee. Is it bothering you."

"No. Not yet anyway."

"You know Agnes. I've never so suddenly ever felt better in my life. Usually as I'm lying here like this the ceiling or something has already fallen on me."

"You're a funny person aren't you. I never thought Pricilla would ever in a million years marry anyone like you."

"Hey what's wrong with me."

"Can I be truthful."

"Sure honey. What's wrong with me."

"Well everything if I'm being honest. I nearly died when I saw you. Her description of you in her letters. As if you were this golden haired knight mounted on his white charger slaying dragons. Then when I met you I nearly burst out laughing. Pricilla has had the pick of men all her life, anybody she wanted. You'll never believe this but her mother was once one of the most beautiful women in Argentina. And Pricilla just like her, has had only to flick her eyelashes and men were groveling at her feet. Handsome polo players, Italian princes, tycoons. That's why I flew all the way here. I thought, my god, Pricilla must have found the most fantastic man of all time. I even, I must confess, on the way, hoped you'd break up or something, so I'd have a chance. Then when, there you were. I could see that love is absolutely blind. Sorry if I make you seem like such a disappointment. I don't mean it that way at all. I mean you must have much deeper qualities that aren't apparent. It's not that you're a phony. Oh dear. I'm saying too much. Now you're silent. I've hurt your feelings."

BANK
TIME:
TEMP:
NIGHT DEPOSITS
Schwadron

"No honey you numbed them a little. It'll be a help when I'm standing in front of a judge in a few hours. But between now and then I hope the fucking christ I hear something from somebody that can make me feel I justify my goddamn existence."

"Oh dear. You're angry."

"Honey I'll tell you one thing that I really am. Right now lying here listening to you. I'm so horny and so dying to fuck you into the next century and centuries beyond, that anything you say only makes me want to fuck you even more."

"O god."

"What's the matter, honey."

"I don't know."

"You want me to get out."

"No."

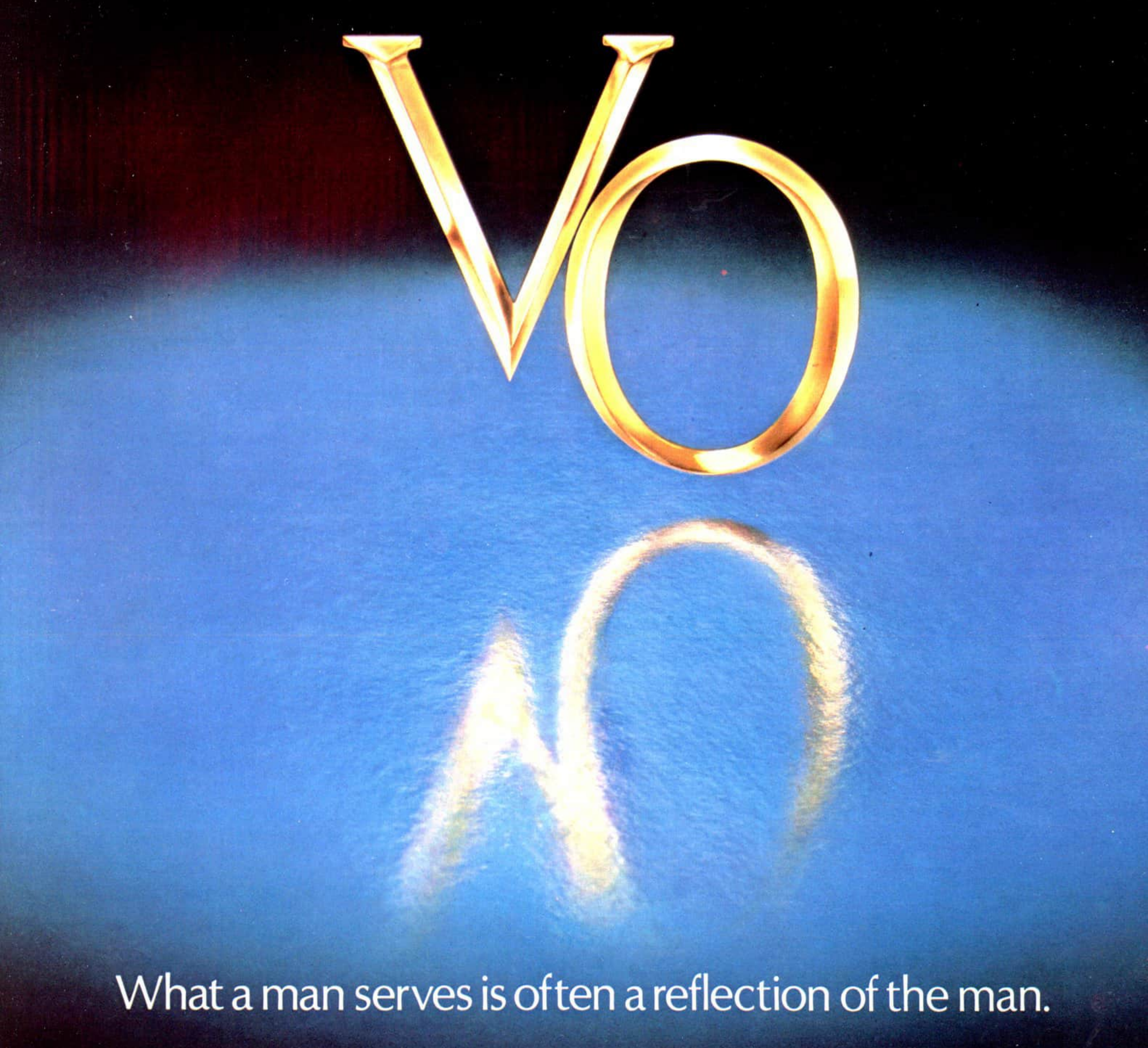
"What do you want me to do."

"Lock the door."

"No problem."

Schultz twisting the key. Returning to bed. Only slightly spraining one ankle stepping on the one lost shoe. Snaking in between the sheets. Rolling over into the arms of this armful. What a change of scenery grabbing these cornucopious bosoms. Locked sweet and delicious mouth to mouth. Honey this golden knight may not be golden and may not be slaying dragons. But he is going to fuck you with such compassion you didn't know existed. And honey, by the way you're squirming around like a live Prague Christmas carp, you're going to do the same. My god. My Czech grandfather. Thanks for the big prick you bequeathed me. To plant in this joy toy. Who is everything I need at this moment. Her spine bones are just the most perfect keyboard for playing dimuendo crescendo of the nervous chord. Wish I could have seen with my bare eyes the gorgeous arse of this creature. With two handfuls already, my fingers are crying out for an extra helping. Just when I was suddenly feeling like an old dog that is petted no more, mangy, and kicked in the teeth, here I am climbing up to go to sleep drowsily on a cloud. After a good fuck first. When ten minutes ago I thought I would have to end up letting my curls and whiskers grow. Go black hatted in a long black coat along a jammed packed Forty-seventh Street. Wearing ten pairs of eyeglasses to see gems I'm blinded by all day long. Uncle Werb trying to teach me fucking yiddish and Czech like my grandfather spoke in Prague. And now Jesus with a nectar flowing cunt, this is suddenly the Garden of Eden after Adam and Eve have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150


VO
What a man serves is often a reflection of the man.

Seagram's V.O.

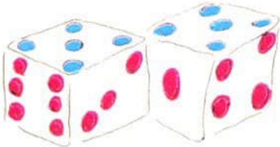
The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

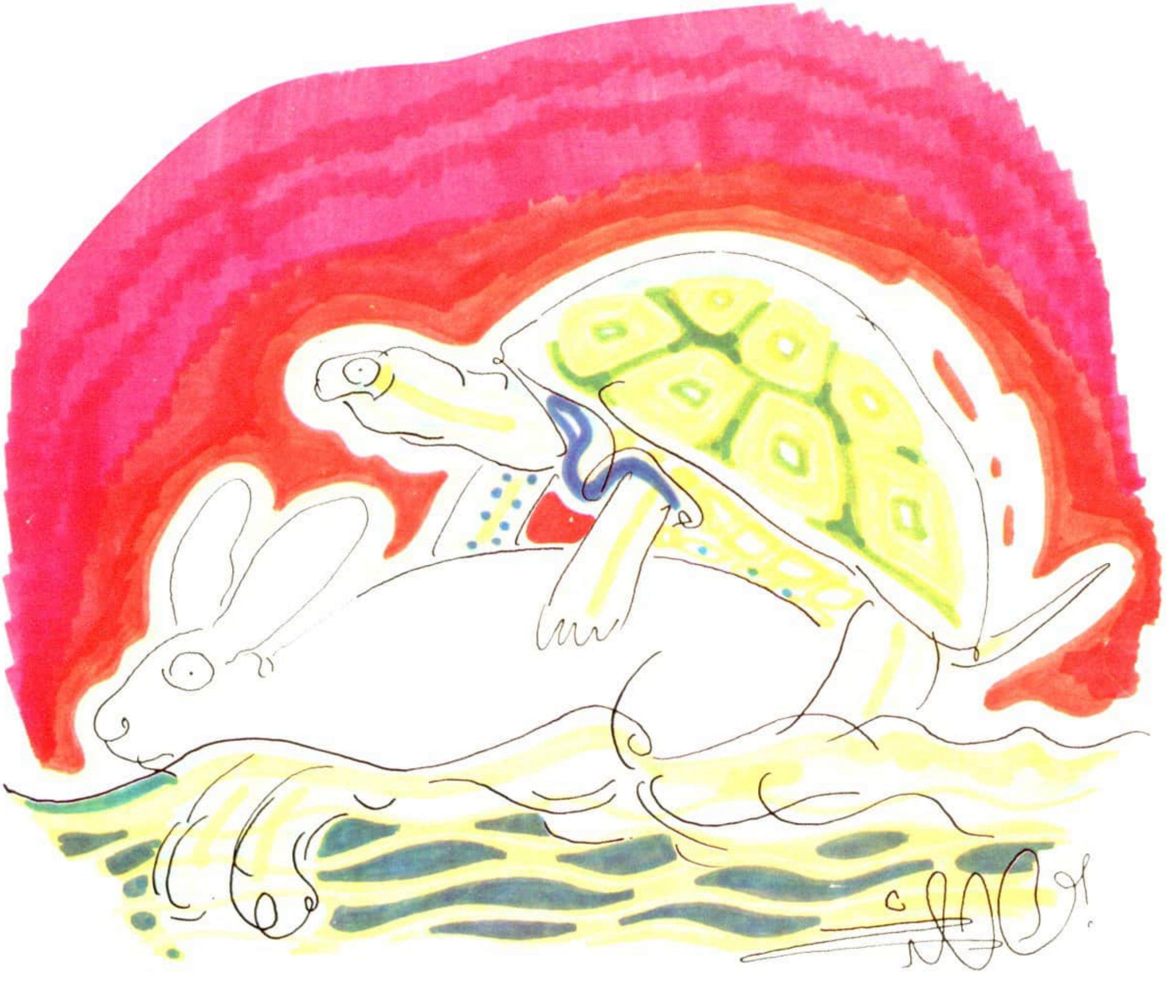
Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

INSIDE PENTHOUSE
...AND BEYOND

Ten is the point as *Penthouse* celebrates its tenth anniversary in America with a satirical look at the inner sanctum of America's leading entertainment magazine... *Penthouse!*

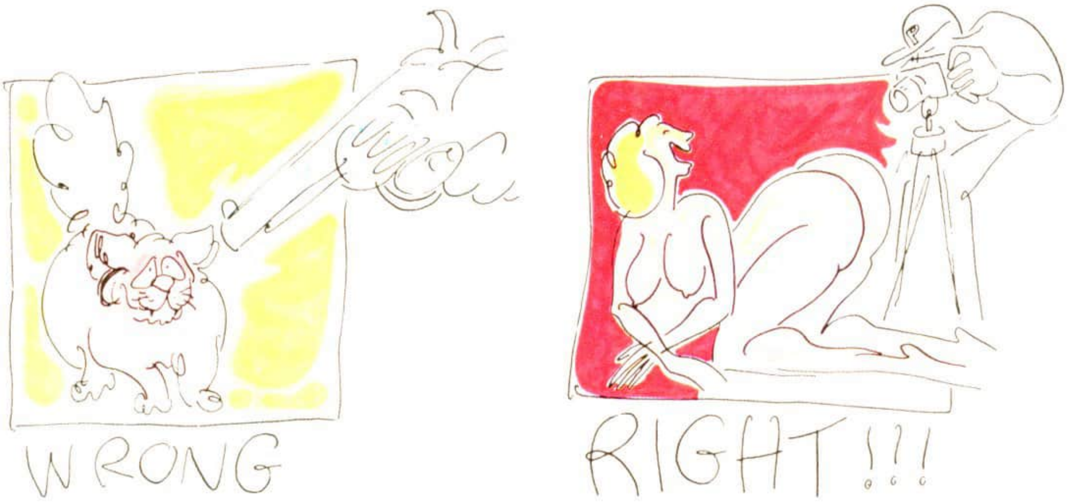


BY BILL LEE

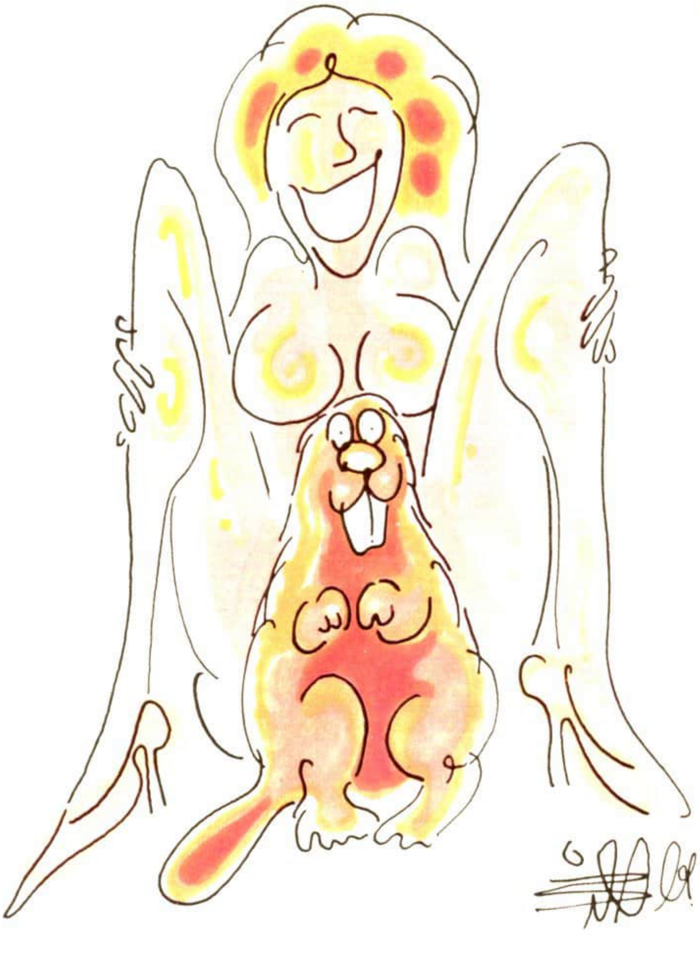


IN SEPTEMBER 1969
PENTHOUSE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC

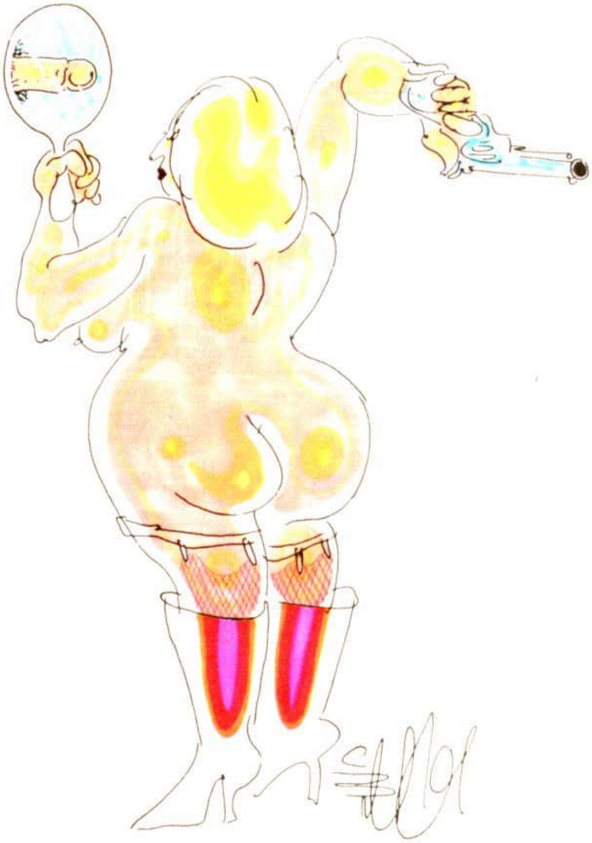
Little is known of the voyage from London, England, to New York City. A few small details have come to light, such as the captain's attempted rape of a Toyota Corolla, an aerial attack by the Latvian Navy, and the sudden conversion of Presbyterian crew members to Islam. Aside from these occurrences, the H.M.S. *Bunny* concluded a rather uneventful voyage when it finally came to berth in New York harbor.



"SHOOTING A PET"
That particular phrase was first coined by the *Penthouse* photographers (Manny, Moe, and Shemp) to describe their daily chores at the office (see illustration).



WILDLIFE CONSERVATION
The hardworking *PENTHOUSE* editorial staff has long been dedicated to the preservation of cute, warm, fuzzy little things.



PENTHOUSE "PET" REJECTS
I suppose you're all wondering what happens to the *Penthouse* "Pet" applicants who are rejected in the final judging. Shirley Gutwilling (shown here) is a fine example. Though poor Shirley never quite had what it takes to be our magazine's featured lady, she went on to become a star attraction with "Ringling Sisters, Burn-'em and Flail-me Circus."

THIS IS A STICK-UP
#1
BEFORE
HUMPH
CHOMP
UMPHH
#2
AFTER

ORAL SEX PREVENTS CRIME
Penthouse was the first to develop this unique method of crime prevention. Note the gunman on the left (figure 1) engaged in a criminal act. The same crook (figure 2) has been neutralized by oral sex and is no longer capable of saying, "This is a stickup."

PENTHOUSE PREDICTIONS
In the *Penthouse* coverage of the Democratic Convention (1976), this artist/writer stated that Carter had promised the public "I only want to put the head in." This reminder is dedicated to those of you who are still bent over and hurting.

WARNING: THE "PET OF THE YEAR" MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH
We advise our readers to turn the pages of *Penthouse* cautiously, taking extreme care to notice the physical activities that may possibly be interrupted by the sudden appearance of an "interesting" series of photographs.

PENTHOUSE "CELEBRITY ROAST"
(and other delightful gourmet treats)
The *Penthouse* single-man cook-booklet,
designed as a helpful guide for the unwed male
with a taste for "Hare Pie." (For further information,
contact the Humor Department, c/o Penthouse
Publications.)

DEAR PENTHOUSE FORUM
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP

LETTERS TO THE FORUM EDITOR

Dear Forum,

Last year I made love to a corned beef sandwich and discovered that food is better than men or women (sexually speaking, of course). Recently, I've been dating a six-pound wedge of Gorgonzola cheese while sneaking around with a cute little stuffed breast of veal, and certain problems have arisen. Both the Gorgonzola and the veal want to get serious, but I don't think that I'm ready to settle down. What should I do? — Food Lover

Dear Food,

Your problem is common among Foodaphiliacs (Foodaphilia is the sexual attraction to food), and we recommend a change of scenery, preferably a trip to Mexico. A few affairs with Mexican food will take your mind off the current situation. — Editors

THE *PENTHOUSE* INTERPRETIVE DANCE ENSEMBLE ET CETERA
(Shown here engaged in their brilliant performance of "Box Lunch,"
a highly innovative, originally choreographed interpretation
of the political election process of Great Britain.)

NUKE NOOK

The Penthouse Products Division has actually developed the world's first nuclear-powered vibrator. Referred to as the "Hiroshima Mon Amour" model, this unit provides the dual service of orgasm and sterilization in one simple step. Future models, for those kinky S&M folks out there in magazine land, will supply consumers with radiation overdose and the ever-popular sexual area of nuclear holocaust.

FRANK
IRWIN
IGOR

OCTOBER 1978—OMNI MAGAZINE IS BORN

(A new *Penthouse* publication dedicated to the cause of world scientific advancement . . . et cetera)

The *Omni* editorial staff (shown here engaged in an important research project), which recently discovered that litmus paper should not be taken internally, has provided a major breakthrough for the field of anal-retentive medicine.

PENTHOUSE OFFERS ADVICE TO ITS FEMALE READERS

(1) Avoid any man whose penis has undergone the silicone treatment.

(2) Stay away from the guy who trims his nostril hairs with a lawnmower.

(3) Never trust men who refer to themselves as "liberal Republicans"; it's a contradiction in terms.

THE *PENTHOUSE* INFLATION FIGHTER'S DIET PLAN

Skyrocketing costs at America's supermarket checkout counters have led the *Penthouse* economic staff to search for low-cost alternatives to high-calorie-priced snacks. This drawing illustrates one of the many methods used to appease your appetite, without spending big bucks at the food store (kosher meals available, on request).

WHAT KIND OF MAN READS *PENTHOUSE*?

According to a recent survey . . .

"The average *Penthouse* reader has a $200 million magazine empire, lives in a Beverly Hills mansion and is constantly surrounded by the world's most beautiful women. This survey was prepared for *Penthouse* by "Nerds Incorporated," one of the many organizations offering job opportunities to the mentally retarded.

SMOKEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

tal Doppler Traffic Radar. Looks like a large pistol, trigger and everything, plugs into the beat car's cigarette lighter. All I've got to do to ace the Fuzzbuster is point my Speedgun in the air until I see a car exceeding the limit. Then I point the gun at it, hit the trigger, and zap, I got you clocked. First, I show you the digital readout of your speed on the back of my Speedgun. Then I verify its calibration with this tuning fork, and from then on in you can tell it to the judge, little buddy.'

"As if this weren't bad enough, after the officer gave me the ticket, he made me sit by the side of the road and give clean bear checks to passing truckers on my C.B., giving out my real name and hometown. He even forced me to give a clean check to the Roadrunner, who tells the other drivers at truck stops that he painted his rig bright red so the blood doesn't show. Luckily for me, the Roadrunner smelled something wrong, because he never did come by us; you never could miss him, what with that big bird painted on the side. But in the past six weeks, truckers who got caught by Rauch's five-five team that night have thrown beer bottles through my picture window, and driven a semitrailer right across my Meyer Zoysia grass, which was just beginning to spread, and I have had to change my telephone number because of people calling me at all hours of the night, asking me for change for the pay toilet . . ."

PAC #1979-108709: ". . . and my girl friend were parked in the Mecklenburg rest area on I-100, embracing in a horizontal manner in the backseat. Suddenly, someone was shining a flashlight in our car and pointing his radar gun at our private parts. We pulled our clothes around us and sat up. It was a highway patrolman, who said, 'Don't let me disturb you nice folks. You just keep on partying while I write out your ticket.'

" 'Ticket!' I said. 'What ticket?'

" 'Excessive speed,' the officer said. His nameplate read Sgt. Ferkel D. Rauch.

" 'But we weren't even moving!' I said.

" 'That's funny,' he said. 'I clocked your rear end going about 100. But I'm gonna go easy and only write you up for 85.'

"My girl friend got angry at me and said, 'He's right, you bozo. You are guilty of excessive speed.'

The officer did not actually give me the ticket, because a semitrailer with a roadrunner bird painted on its side sped by, sounding an ah-oo-gah horn and swerving so that it forced the officer to jump out of the roadway. But I am writing to you because this officer caused my girl friend to break off her engagement with me, and I don't understand why as a citizen I have to take this kind of . . ."

PAC #1979-548918: ". . . and I said to Sergeant Rauch, 'But I was only going fifty.'

" 'I know that,' he said. 'But let me ask you a question. Do you believe there ought to be sex education in the public schools?'

"I told him that I thought it was a good idea if the kids were old enough. 'I'm glad you said that,' he replied and proceeded to write out a ticket for seventy-five miles in a fifty-five-mile zone. 'People who are pro-smut have a speeder's mentality,' he said. 'So what if you didn't happen to be speeding this time? If you believe in fitting ten-year-old girls for diaphragms, chances are you've been running that car over five-five some time or other, and I'll be damned if I'm gonna let you get away with it.'

"The judge told me he had a mind to have me indicted for perjury for making up this story, and I had to pay a $100 fine. Isn't there any way this man can be stopped before he . . ."

PAC #1979-611500: ". . . the officer, one Ferkel D. Rauch, then said to me, 'You know, if a certain officer were to find ten dollars folded into the driver's license of a certain person, it could change the mind of that certain officer about whether to give a ticket to that certain person for doing eighty in a five-five.' So I took the hint and stuck a ten-dollar bill in with my truck's registration when I handed it to him, and do you know what happened? He arrested me for *bribery!* 'Unfortunately,' he said with this ugly sneer, 'I just don't happen to be that certain officer, and you don't happen to be that certain driver.' I am now about to go to trial on a charge of attempted bribery, and my legal expenses have exceeded $5,000. I think this is outrageous, considering that there is a trucker, known by the C.B. handle 'Roadrunner,' who drives a supercharged red Diamond Reo with eighteen racing slicks and regularly runs the Century Road at nearly 110 miles per hour and has attempted on numerous occasions to sideswipe Rauch's police car. Rauch has never been able to apprehend the driver of this vehicle, with the result that he works out his frustration on innocent citizens such as me . . ."

Needless to say, we at *Penthouse*'s Action Center were thoroughly outraged by what Ferkel D. Rauch did. He thought the natural desire of motorists to use the West Virginia segment of I-100 as a Trans-Am qualification run was less important than mere considerations of highway safety and fuel conservation. Using a low-key approach to conflict resolution that consisted of repeatedly telephoning the state's commissioner of public safety at home at 3:00 A.M. every night for two weeks, demanding Smokey the Pig's transfer, we were able to get Rauch taken off his beat and promoted to a post involving somewhat less public contact—officer-in-charge, Bureau of Copying Supplies, in which capacity he had the crucial responsibility of purchasing toner and dispersant for the Highway Patrol's plain paper copiers.

Unfortunately, however, this didn't solve the problem; it made it worse. Every night, after his official duties at the BCS were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

"Do you know how to play the piano?"

PELICAN
STAIRS

‘I'm called Shuga because of my sweet disposition, though someday the right man might persuade me to be a little bit naughty…’

JOANNE

SHUGA CANDY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"I guess, looking at my figure, you might say I've had more than a little bit of bloomin' luck!" says astonishingly sumptuous Joanne Latham. We heartily agree. When she burst onto the London modeling scene, she was a terrific, tender sixteen. Her elders warned her that fame—and the adoration of every man who's so much as seen a snapshot of this photogenic miracle—would change her. "It hasn't, though," she declares, her eyes blue as cornflowers. "My friends nicknamed me Shuga because of my sweet disposition, and I intend to keep it—though someday the right man might persuade me to be a *little* bit naughty..."

PELICAN STAIRS

Nor does our unaffected nymphet seem overly impressed with her remarkable 40-23-36 dimensions. "Breasts are nice," she concedes, "but they aren't practical." U.S. magazines, considerably more enamored of Joanne's resplendent charms, vied for the honor of helping America discover her. When Bob Guccione traveled to London to see her, she found "both Kathy and Bob so charming" that she decided to appear as the centerfold in this Tenth Anniversary issue. Shuga was also charmed by Bob Guccione's photographic essay of her. Apparently, the admiration is mutual: he is grooming her to appear in *Flash Gordon*, a multi-million-dollar movie being shot by Dino De Laurentiis, and she has contracted to do extensive promotion work for *Penthouse*.

Ironically, despite her Lolita sexiness, Joanne sees herself as still very young. "I don't have a boyfriend, and I'm still rather naive," she tells us. "Though I wouldn't mind being courted by Ryan O'Neal and having an off-screen Love Story!"

"I can't even imagine what it's like to be in love," she admits wistfully. "But I would someday, in the *very* far future, like to get married and have loads of kids. I love children, and they love me," she adds. "Perhaps I'm just an overgrown kid myself!"

The one thing she *has* fallen in love with is New York City. "I like everything about it," she insists, "from the musicals like *Sweeney Todd* to the waiting line at Studio 54!" We doubt that Joanne will ever have to wait in line for anything: she seems blessed with all the qualities that spell success. "Maybe," she muses, "but I'll still *never* get snooty or wear fancy, revealing clothes when I'm not at work . . . And when I *am* at work," she says, grinning, "I have to take my clothes *off!*" It may seem like work to Joanne, but the playful pleasure is all ours . . .

“I love children, and they love me. . . . I'm just an overgrown kid myself!”

MISS JOANNE LATHAM/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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This is the

Tweed suit of polyester/wool blend with sleeveless

way tomorrow looks.

shawl collar sweater plus matching scarf. All for $150. At fine stores everywhere.

SCHULTZ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

left. I got to taste this unforbidden fruit. Gripped right around my finger. A fucking miracle down there. Demanding insatiable investigation by all the senses. If only screwing women did not result later in my getting fucked in so many other disastrous ways. Nearly ruining my appetite forevermore. Except now. To kiss, lips smacking, this real honey. Seeping from soft silky thighs spread wide. Conjuring hope to arise from the forlorn vistas of my life. This sure is an opening night at last. Just like no time is the perfect time for a production. Every time is the right time to fuck. Keeps me sane in this theatrical life which is too sparsely filled with infrequent peaks of ecstatic joy popping up isolated in a vast sea of torturous uncertainty. But honey. This is one of the peaks. From which the prick of yours truly will salvo. Into this body you got which ought to go touring on-stage in my private life. God, please don't make the show a flop. Let's settle between us for a soft hit. In London anyway, no one will speak to you if you're too successful. In New York no one will speak to you if you're not. Honey you cunt. You miraculous cunt. You love it. Don't you. Heaving in rapture. The state of unhappiness can become so familiar that you don't dare embrace any moments of delight. Then you fucking well dare. Holy shit she fucks like a horse cantering on her pampas. Who designed her. To sprout out of those vast treeless plains. That was the only thing I ever learned about Argentina in high school. And honey since you come off those grasslands. I'm going there in a hurry for further education. Showbizz makes you when you're happy very happy. And when you're sad you're suicidal. But this is catapulting straight into heaven in one nice easy plunge. the wealthiest guys in the world say that no matter how rich you get, you've got only one mouth to fill and one asshole to empty. But what they forgot to say is that jesus you can have more than one cunt to eat. This is it. What women are really good for. To transport you in two seconds. On their soothing bed of flesh. From a bed of deep piercing cold nails. Into a whole new world of perfect comfort. Holy mackerel. She's pulling me off by the hair. Away from her delicious pulsating snatch. Jesus don't moan fuck me so loud. And honey don't rush me. In a ten second countdown I'm going to slam it in all the way to the moon. Kiss me good-bye. Kiss me hello when we both weightless get there. Momma meeo. Her teeth sinking sucking in my neck. The green green eyes you got I kept looking at when I was undertaken to the Savoy for the postfuneral celebration after the disaster of my wedding. This is the first thing good now that's come out of it. With your hand around my balls. Tugging and squeezing away. And you'll get every ounce, honey. You firecracker. You just explode my amazement. Maybe my indelible motto I was for a second thinking of abandoning should remain absolutely the same. Don't waste time with women you're not fucking. Unless later that was exactly what all the wasted time was for in the beginning. Honey don't squeeze and pull too hard. They'll hear my balls ringing. With the bitch down there who eats like a cement mixer listening. Uncle Werb says there are over 2,000 categories of diamonds. And for him I've got news. Uncle Werb believe me when I tell you, there are twice as many categories of cunts. And my prick is in one of the most delightful examples. Which Jesus is now going to make me come like Niagara Falls after a deluge. Momma meeo. Something fatal is happening. I'm coming. All over the world. How am I, honey, ever ever going to do without you. After this I could happily drift into senile paralyzed old age like my old friend, Al. Who should at his time of life be leaving young girls to the young guys like me. To screw without having a heart valve blow out. Like I think mine nearly just did.

Schultz reaching up a hand to feel if the top of his head was still on and to brush back Agnes's silkily soft hair stuck in the beads of perspiration of his brow. Sounds out on the London night. And all's quiet on the Arabesque front. Agnes half an inch away. Nice fresh air coming in the window from the back garden. Big Ben tolling a quarter to five. Holy jesus I must have for a minute fell asleep. In a dream I was on my way from Woonsocket to Boston on the train. Lost my luggage. In the big shadowy gloomy station. Then found myself not knowing where to go out in the twisted streets. Kept asking everybody directions to the Ritz Carlton Hotel. They kept saying you go left, you go right, then through a door of an old office building and down a long tiled hall. And out another door. I'd get there. End up standing around hearing doors slamming. And ask and get the same directions from somebody else all over again. I kept saying it's by the Public Gardens. And Agnes suddenly was there, magically opening up every orifice. And jesus I found my way. Right up into a Ritz bedroom having sausages and buckwheat cakes drowned in maple syrup. Blueberry muffins and melted butter. And quaffing coffee. Reading the newspapers. Watching the television. Happy on top of the world.

"You've got to get out of here."

"Holy cow take it easy, don't push."

"I thought I heard a sound."

"Could be a cat in the garden."

"I've just betrayed my best friend."

"No you didn't honey, you just did her a big favor."

"I'm in her house. Her guest."

"You're in my house. You're my guest too honey."

"You sound like a cat who just got the cream."

"Honey you just saved my life."

"That's nice for you. But I'm not in the lifesaving business. O dear, what's that."

"Nothing honey."

"Sales are up! Earnings are up! Profits are up! But I can't get up!"

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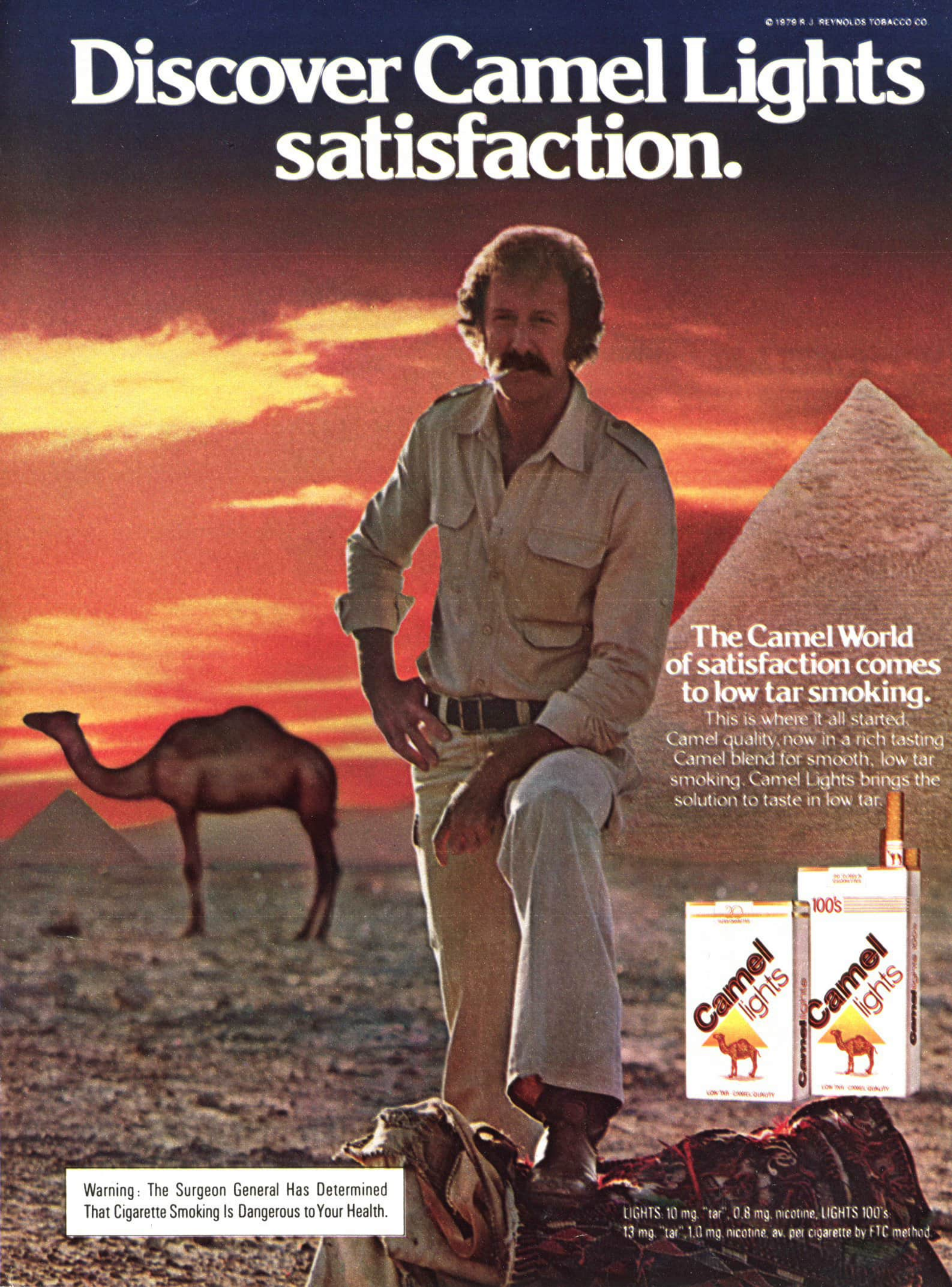

The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"It is. Someone's coming up the stairs."

"Holy shit, there is. Agnes don't panic, door's locked."

"O god what are we going to do."

"Lie low. I'll get under bed just in case."

"Get your clothes."

"No problem. Holy shit. What am I saying again. It could be some problem."

"Shush."

Schultz on hands and knees, grabbing around on the floor in the dark. Dragging his clothes after him squeezing face up in under the bed. A creak of floorboards in the hall. A long long listening silence. Another creak. And a knock on the door.

"Agnes. Are you all right in there."

"Yes."

"Are you sure. My mother thought she heard someone screaming."

"I had a bad dream. I'm all right now."

"Can I come in."

"The door's locked."

"Why have you locked it."

"I just locked it. I always lock my door in a big city."

"I do think you had better let me in. Open the door. Please. Oh the door is open. I thought you said it was locked."

Schultz squirming further under the bed. Holy jeeze, how the fuck did that happen. Too much on my mind for too long and mistakes are happening all over the fucking place. They teach you day and night in the Coast Guard. Check and then double check everything. Now with the way my life has become, if I don't fall head first downstairs, I leave doors open, my fly open, and even my prick out. Which, would you believe it, is at this moment pushing a hole up into the bedsprings.

A candle glow coming into the room. Followed by Pricilla. In a purple satin nightdress, with transparent crimson lace over the bosoms guaranteed to turn tired husbands on fire.

"Now are you sure you're allright Agnes."

Agnes shifting down in the bed. Schultz pulling his armful of clothes in tight around him. Foot entangled around the lamp cord. Holy jesus christ. There's a break in my favor. No electricity to electrocute me. One more inch lower and I could never, even with my prick bent back double, fit under this fucking thing in the first place. Look at the bitch. The hem of a brand-new purple fucking outfit to go to bed in. And she's wearing my goddamn hand-sewn custom-made slippers. If my heart pounds any louder she'll hear it. Come on Agnes. Time to be as cool as a cucumber in the September rain. Keep up the performance. Act like you were masturbating and blew your lid in a paroxysm. Don't give the game away with nervousness. Like I'm beginning to do with hysteria. Jesus this is just like once instead of hiding under it, I had to lie in full view of the bed. With a Mafia gunman four feet away pointing a goddamn Smith and Wesson thirty-eight-calibre revolver right at me between the eyes. When I had two minutes before been forty-two miles up his luscious chorus girl mistress fucking the tits off her all afternoon. When the banging on the door came just as I was banging her for the seventh ecstatic but unlucky time. Her jaw dropped and her eyes nearly fell out while she nearly ripped my prick off jumping into a kimono. The guy was hammering the apartment door down while I said should I hide under the bed. She said no. He'll kill you soon as he finds you there. Just go to sleep and look like you got pneumonia. I'll tell him you're my nephew from Albany who's visiting town and got sick. I got sick in a second like I had malaria, double pneumonia, clap, and leprosy. The fever I threw made me so red all over the face I nearly exploded. Like I thought the end of the revolver barrel was going to do any second. With his bodyguard just behind him, he kept standing there. In a black fedora, chesterfield overcoat, and black skin-tight gloves. Holding the gun on me. Looking. Saying. If this fucking kid's been up to any monkey business I'll blow first his head away and then yours. She kept saying can't you see, he's just an innocent kid Al. Imagine this gangster called Al. He was also called hairy ape because he didn't have a hair on his body. Never before did I try to look so young, innocent, and vulnerable. Only time I ever truly changed character in my life. It was a tour de force. Even to fluttering my eyelids to look effeminate. So help me fucking god I swear that was what must have convinced him. I was a pansy. He locked the bedroom door. As he was leaving he socked her breaking her nose. Shoved his knee in her stomach and made her vomit. Then threw her crashing back through the bedroom door where I was to my own astonishment getting up to protect her. Fortunately he was gone. And holy shit I left this goddamn bedroom door open. But jesus instead of Pricilla, give me the Mafia anytime. She could be giving evidence against me this morning in Court. Christ I already hear her sniffing.

"My wife! My friend! My coat!"

"Agnes. I smell something, like tomcat or something."

"I don't smell anything."

"Well I do."

"A cat might have got in during the night. In the window."

"How could a cat climb up three floors up the side of a building."

"The drain pipe."

"What's this."

"What's what."

"This Agnes."

"That."

"Yes."

"I don't think it's anything is it."

"It's a man's sock. And this is a shoe. I think I am entitled to an explanation. Well."

"Honestly, really honestly, Pricilla, I just woke up."

Holy jesus, my whole life is passing in front of my eyes, come on honey make it sound more convincing. Or else this could be the third situation of major mayhem in this house. Just like the psalm singing girl I invited in off the street. There she was playing in the band, pink skinned wearing

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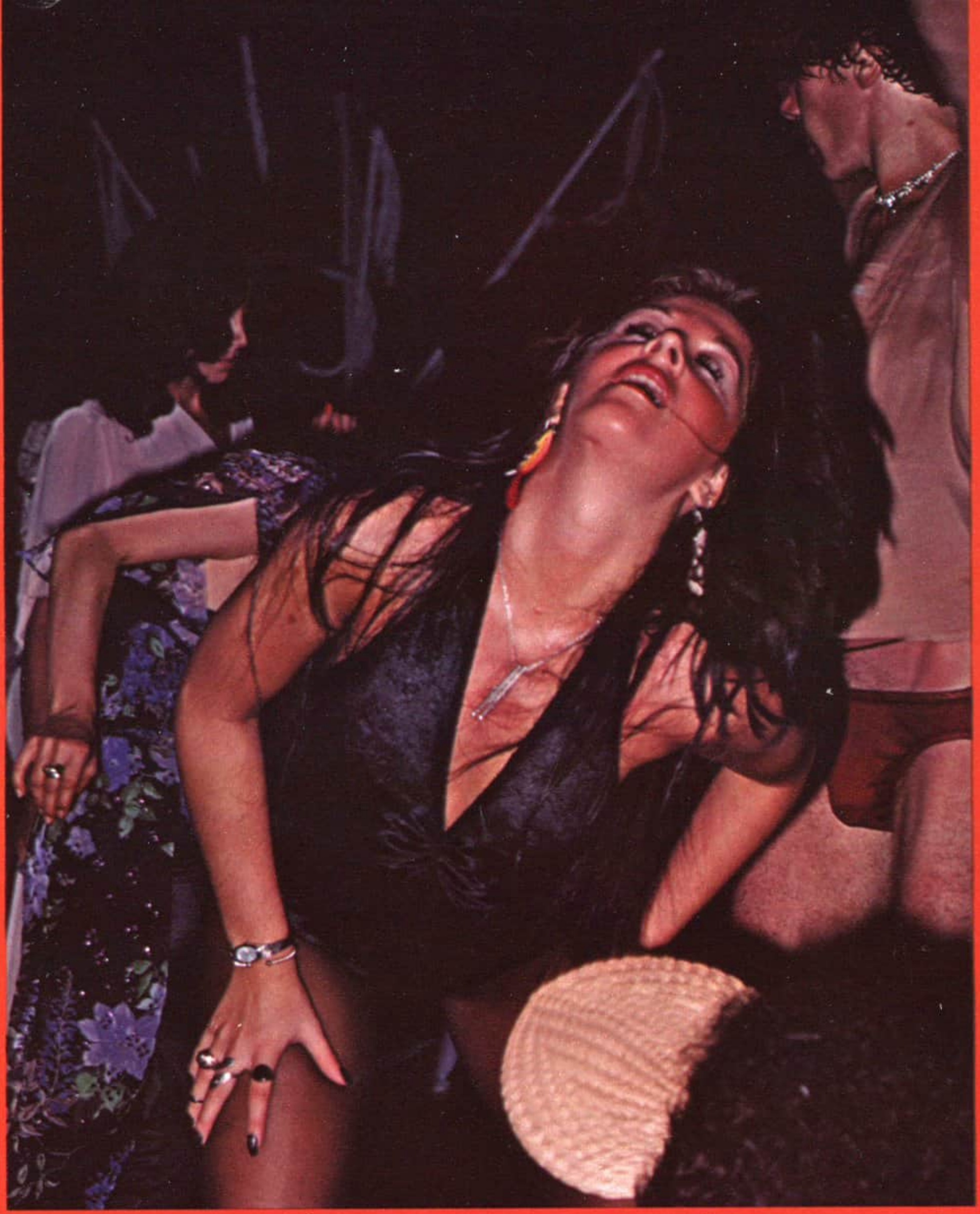


DISCOPHORIA

GETTING IT ON AND TAKING IT OFF IN DISCOLAND

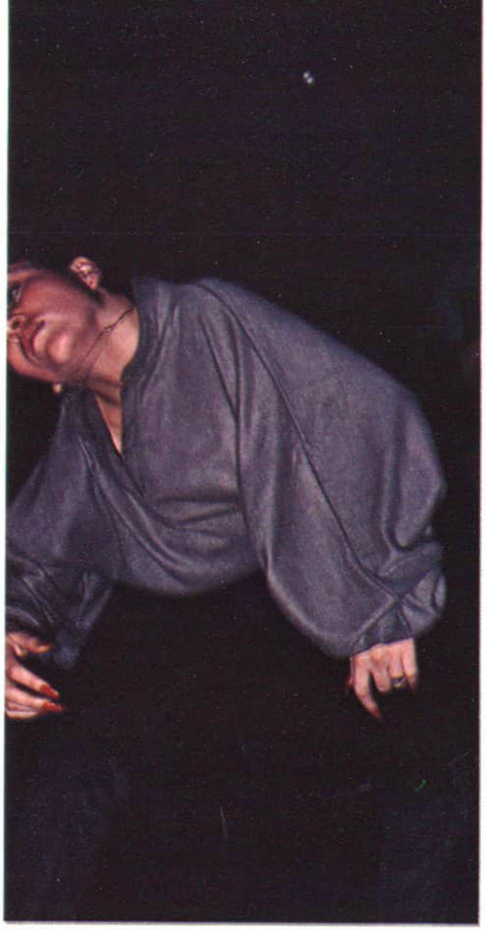
BY FRANK DONEGAN

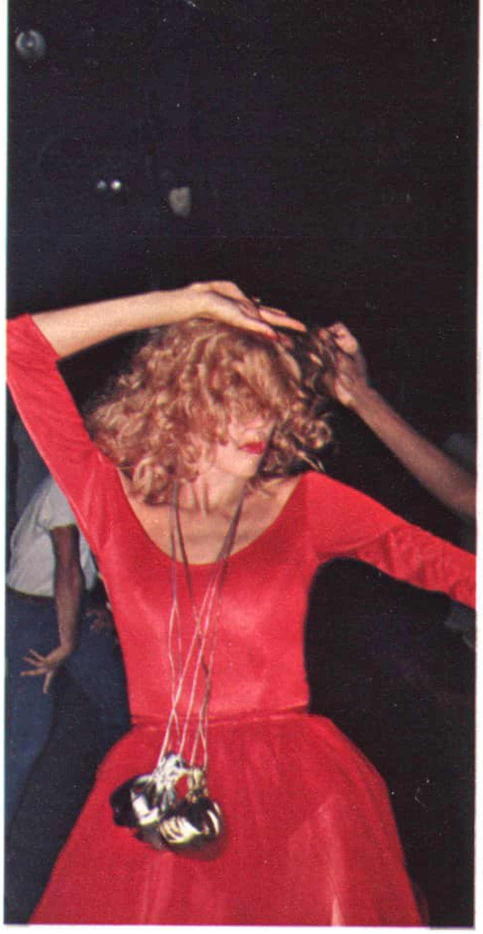
In the throbbing pits of disco you find boys and girls doing many other things besides dancing—snorting, sniffing, popping, fucking, buggering, fondling, groping, and striking various natural and unnatural orifices, of themselves and others.

In the sweaty gloom of Studio 54's fabled balcony you stumble on fauna in heat. Isn't that the wife of a rock star giving head to a designer (whose franchised name appears on everything)? That guy, the one on the sexual-receiving end of a fist, isn't he a celebrated novelist? Who's that *Town & Country* lady rolling around with the muscled little Puerto Rican stockboy from Bergdorf's?

There's a well-known, but lately out-of-work, actress on the dance floor below who is pretending to be cross with the photographer who has just come along and taken a shot of them dangling in the breeze. There's a famous female fashion model who lifts her dress and reveals nothing underneath. (She is not to be confused with the *other* famous

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL BALLARD





fashion model who also lifts *her* dress over *her* head, revealing that she is a he.)

Who do people—especially famous people whose careers could be *ruined* if they were caught doing *anything*—go sex-mad in discos? What is it about the air of the big, hot discos like "54" and Xenon in New York, Le Palace in Paris, or Jackie O's in Florence that rips the G-strings off our inhibitions?

One sociologist who has studied all sorts of nightlife said: "People will do many more things than we think they will, as long as they think *other* people are doing it also."

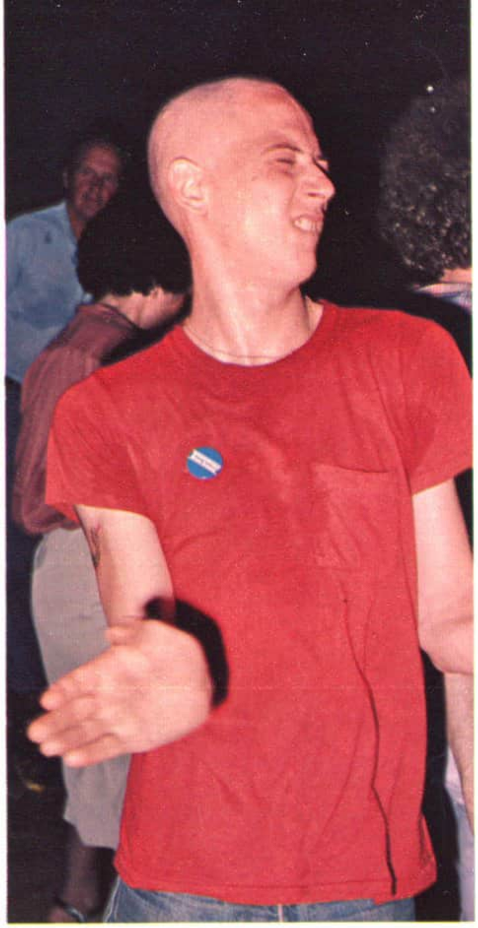
Howard Merritt, one of New York's top disco deejays (and a mixer for Casablanca Records), sees this happening all the time. "I remember working at one place where the dance floor was built over a pool. By five o'clock in the morning a large number of people on the floor were naked. Every sexual technique was used and abused. The waiter started it. One person fell in, then another, then another. It was very strange for me to watch someone getting laid while I was playing music. It wasn't even chaotic. Just one after another, everyone got into the flow of it."

Jim Burgess, the influential disc jockey at Manhattan's Infinity, has seen the same phenomenon over and over again. "People take off their clothes and fuck. It's like a contagious thing. If everyone else is running around screaming and yelling, then you certainly don't feel weird acting just a little odd yourself."

Celebrities, in particular, seem to be suckers for this game. Paco, who presides over the airwaves on New York disco station WKTU, says, "Celebrities like to follow. If they see a conservative mood, they will be conservative. If they see a rowdy place, well, then, listen, baby, they're going to let it all hang out."

The people who operate the hottest most successful discos are intelligent. They play upon the follow-the-leader psychology of their patrons. They look for just the right mix of con-

At Xenon, New York's disco lemmings gather nightly to boogie and bare it. 'Cause when the going gets hot, the hot get going. While some girls come dressed for excess, others cool off with a hoist of their hems. The miniskirt never looked so good.



formers and nonconformers: a mix that will explode once the music starts throbbing. (Picking and choosing the crowd is called "painting the picture" in discoland, and if you get the colors right, you end up with a masterpiece of decadence.)

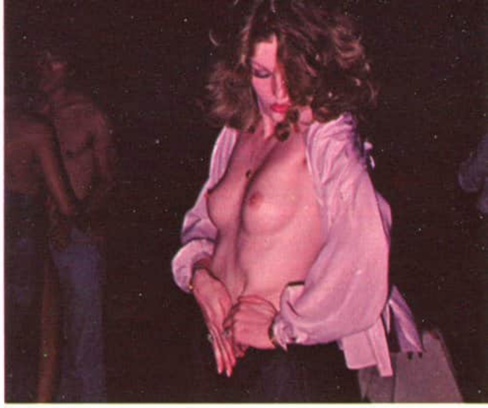
"Fags are the secret ingredient," the doorman at one choosy club told me. "They come in the door, coasting on poppers, booze, coke, or whatever, and when the music starts getting them hot, they'll do anything. You get these faggots going and they'd gang-bang the pope in St. Patrick's Cathedral. They don't give a shit who's watching or where they are. Once these guys start getting it on, the crowd follows like sheep in heat."

We asked Andy Warhol why some of his best friends' inhibitions (if they had any to begin with) disappear inside a disco. In his patented spacey, vacant way, he arrived at an insight: "Disco is theater. It's like seeing a good play. It has good reviews." (Studio 54, in case you didn't know, is the only disco in which Andy will show his pale face. Why? "Because I like Steve Rubell. Secretly.")

By general, subconscious consent, discos do, indeed, function as theaters. They are showplaces of outrageousness, where lack of restraint, rather than talent, propels one to stardom. It may be more than a coincidence that Studio 54 started out in life as an opera house and then became the theater from which such television hits of the 1950s as "What's My Line?" and "The $64,000 Question" were broadcast. The present dance floor is where the stage used to be, and the balcony, as we've averred, is still open for spectators (although the folks who use it most are usually too luded out or preoccupied with each other's genitals to notice the floor show).

"Once you go through those doors, you're a performer," said one psychologist I talked with. "The performer role transforms you. We are swayed by the definition of the situation. If all the cues we pick up tell us this is a place in which we're supposed

At discos the famous and the freaky rub asses and wallow in a curious mélange of democracy and decadence. It really doesn't matter whether you're wearing a $500 dress or a $5 T-shirt so long as you look good when you take it off.



to perform, we perform . . . sometimes quite spectacularly."

Julian Roebuck, a sociologist at Mississippi State University who has spent his professional life in studying the ethnography of nightlife and bar behavior, had some thoughts along the same line that he couched in the drawl of a good-ole-boy: "We go into these places to play a different role, to wear a different mask," he told us. "Everyone involved agrees that what we do there is playacting. It's not part of a person's 'serious' biography. It's a Shangri-la without any norms or rules. Sophisticated urban people, celebrity types under pressure, need a place to let down their hair. They find it in the fantasy world of a disco."

But why, then, do big-name stars—whose careers could melt away if the hot light of a camera flash caught them in something especially bestial—persist in public sin?

"I guess it's the thrill of walking on the edge," Roebuck says. "They get a kick out of

While discophiliacs agree that the wilder goings-on occur at the gay discos, heterosexuals manage to get in their licks (figuratively and literally) as well. The DJ isn't spinning "Boys and Girls Together," but a quick glance at the dance floor reveals that most couples prefer the dry hump over the hustle or the bump. And if you meet a man who's tall, dark, and wrapped in leather, don't worry. He's bound to please.

danger. In this case it's the danger to their careers and reputations . . . and let's face it, in the end, everyone's an exhibitionist."

Erving Goffman, the University of Pennsylvania professor who has pioneered in the study of situational sociology, sums up the same theory in a neat aphorism: "Wheresoever action is found, chance taking is sure to be."

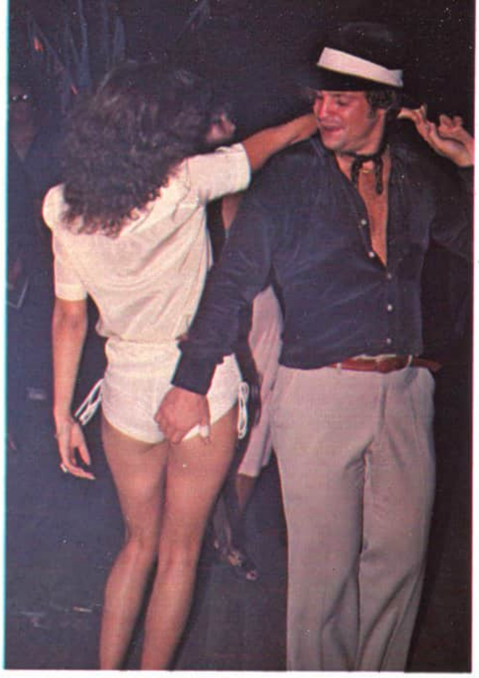
Being an exhibitionist in a place like "54" or Xenon hardly makes one unique, of course. That probably explains why, as the night progresses, behavior at these places becomes increasingly bizarre. When you get a roomful of exhibitionists trying to top one another, you're bound to end up with some strange activities. Trying to attract attention in a den of narcissists is tough work.

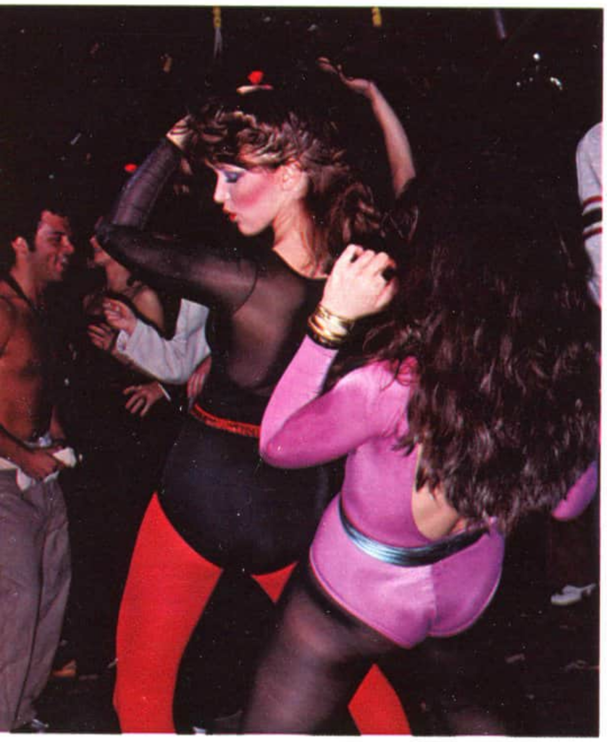
One thing you notice at the hot discos is that straight women are often the most ardent exhibitionists. They may not be the first people in the room to get it on, but once things turn steamy, it's not unusual to see a beautiful girl fingering her cunt and massaging her breasts in the throes of a singular orgasm.

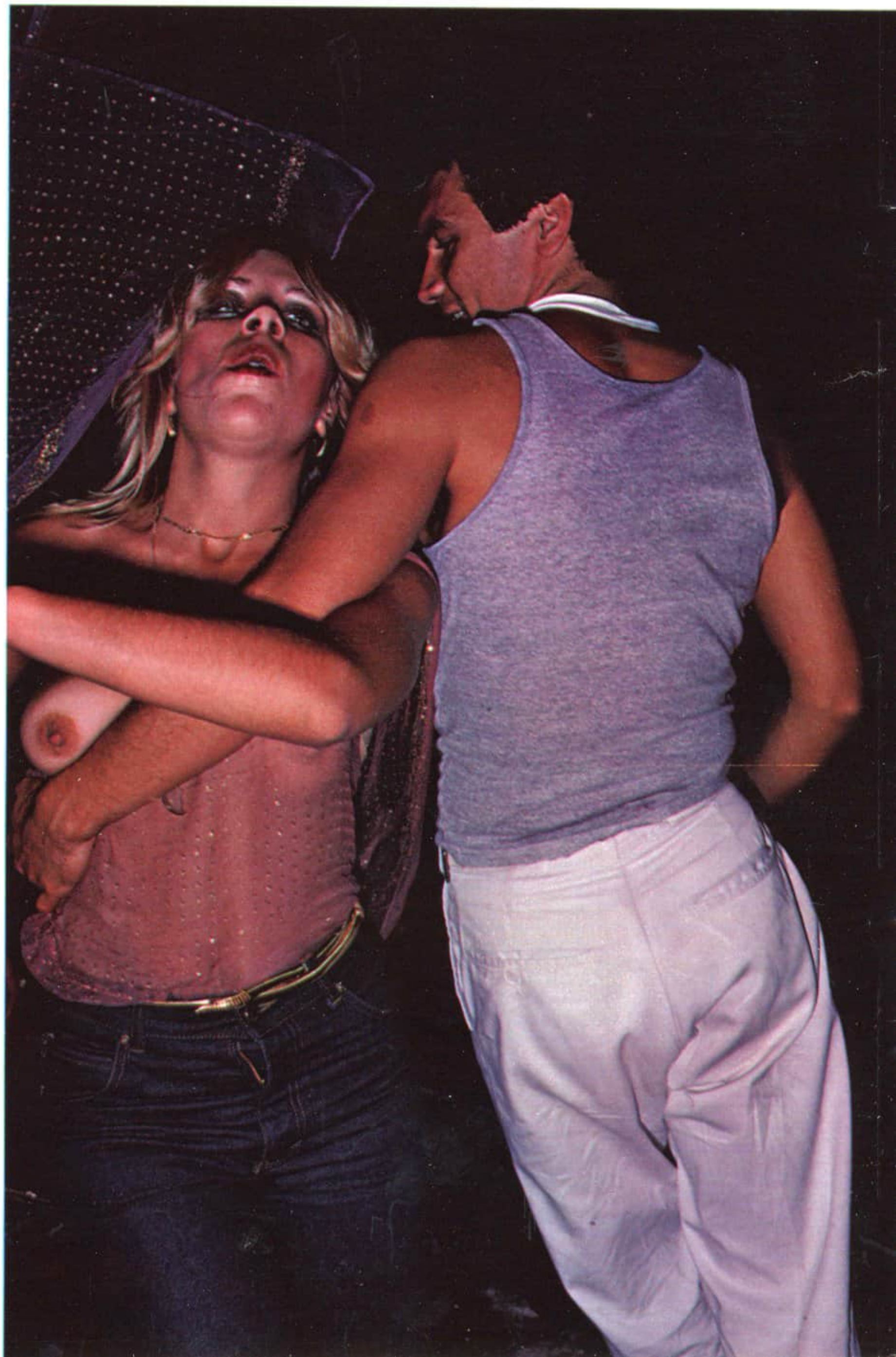
The psychological literature rarely discusses the female exhibitionist, and her frequent appearance in discos comes as something of a shock to orthodox shrinks, who believed the phenomenon was limited to men.

A team of psychiatric researchers at Vanderbilt University has studied genital exhibitionism in women, and their conclusions help explain why

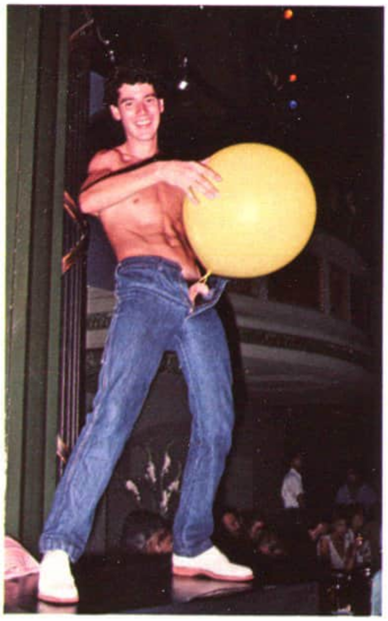
Xenon's popularity stems from the fact that it anticipates the wildest fantasies of its clientele. Theme parties allow discophiliacs to reveal hidden selves, from the innocent pleasures of roller skating to Leather Night, when you see through the strobes to the darker side of disco.



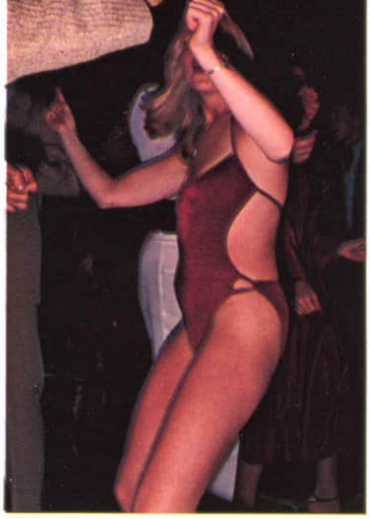




The true discophiliac never suffers from Saturday Night Fever. Saturday night is for the suburbanite, a night when their favorite discos are filled with oglers and voyeurs instead of fellow performers. The discophiliac doesn't know about the 7:00 wake-up call or the 8:15 from Roslyn. For him Sunday through Thursday is all Saturday night, with an occasional appearance on Friday. Saturday night is for staying home, getting high, and watching "Honeymooners" reruns.



some women disrobe so eagerly in discos. In a 1977 issue of the *American Journal of Psychiatry* the team (psychiatrists Marc Hollender and C. Winston Brown and psychologist Howard Roback) wrote, "A man exposes himself to evoke a reaction of fright or shock. On the other hand, genital exposure [in women] results from the need for attention." This difference in the psychodynamics of male and female exhibitionism dictates the distinct ways in which each sex gets its rocks off. The male flasher will usually expose himself covertly to one woman at a time. Female exhibitionists, needing to be seen by as many male eyes as possible, go in the opposite direction. For these women, discos are nirvana. There are throngs of people to watch, and the behavior is not only tolerated but

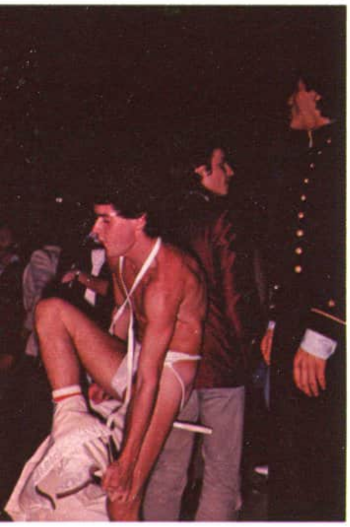


also encouraged by disco owners, because it heats up the atmosphere.

Juanita possesses one of those long, firm, tan bodies that God must have created solely for discos. When she shifts into high gear around three o'clock each morning, she moves her body with a sensuality approaching that of Donna Summer. Juanita has a doctorate in environmental psychology, but she gave up working at that because it interfered with her nightlife. If you ask her how she supports herself these days, she smiles and answers cryptically, "Oh, I do a little of this and a little of that." Juanita began hanging out in Sybil Burton's "Arthur" back in 1965, when she was fifteen, and she's been on the disco scene ever since. Juanita can still bring her scholarly mind to bear on a problem when she's not sticking funny white powder up her nose.

"You don't have to be a psychiatric basket case to rip off your clothes or go down on someone in a disco. The environment can turn on even the straightest person. The music—especially when the base speakers are mounted in the floor like they are in many places—grabs you below the waist and doesn't let go. I feel the beat coming up my thighs, and I get a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach when it reaches my cunt. I feel like I'm being pulled through the night by my genitals. The music is so loud it hurts. It can turn into a real S & M trip. The pain

In the heat of the night, when lithe young bodies are writhing and contorting to the pulse of the strobes and the insistent disco beat, the most minimal attire may be constricting for the dedicated discophile. And if your dancing partner feels the need to bare more than her soul, you'll be given your own space on the dance floor for as long as the passion lasts.

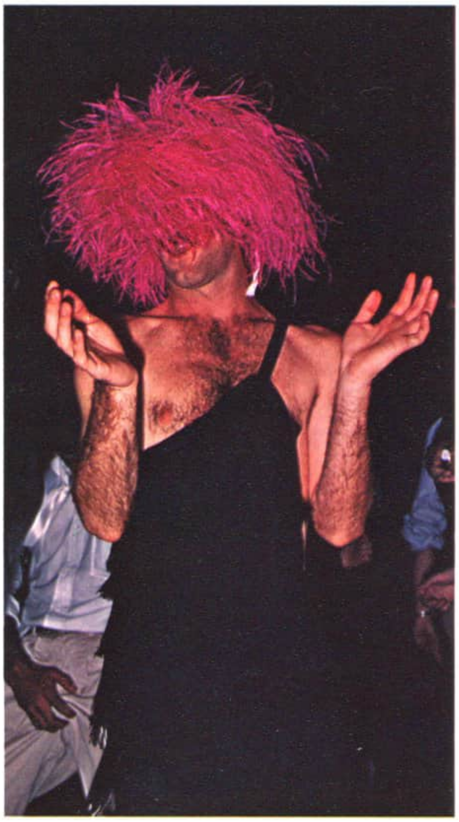


of the music pounding my brain and the lights piercing my eyes sometimes has the same effect on me as if someone put clamps on my nipples or was ramming his cock up my ass. When the sound washes over you and the lights flash like staccato thunderbolts, you turn into a nonperson. You're just fragments that are free to reassemble themselves in new ways. You feel like a bonged-out Cubist painting. You're free to do anything. You grab a guy's crotch. You don't know him and will never see him again. It's all very anonymous, and that makes it all the more erotic."

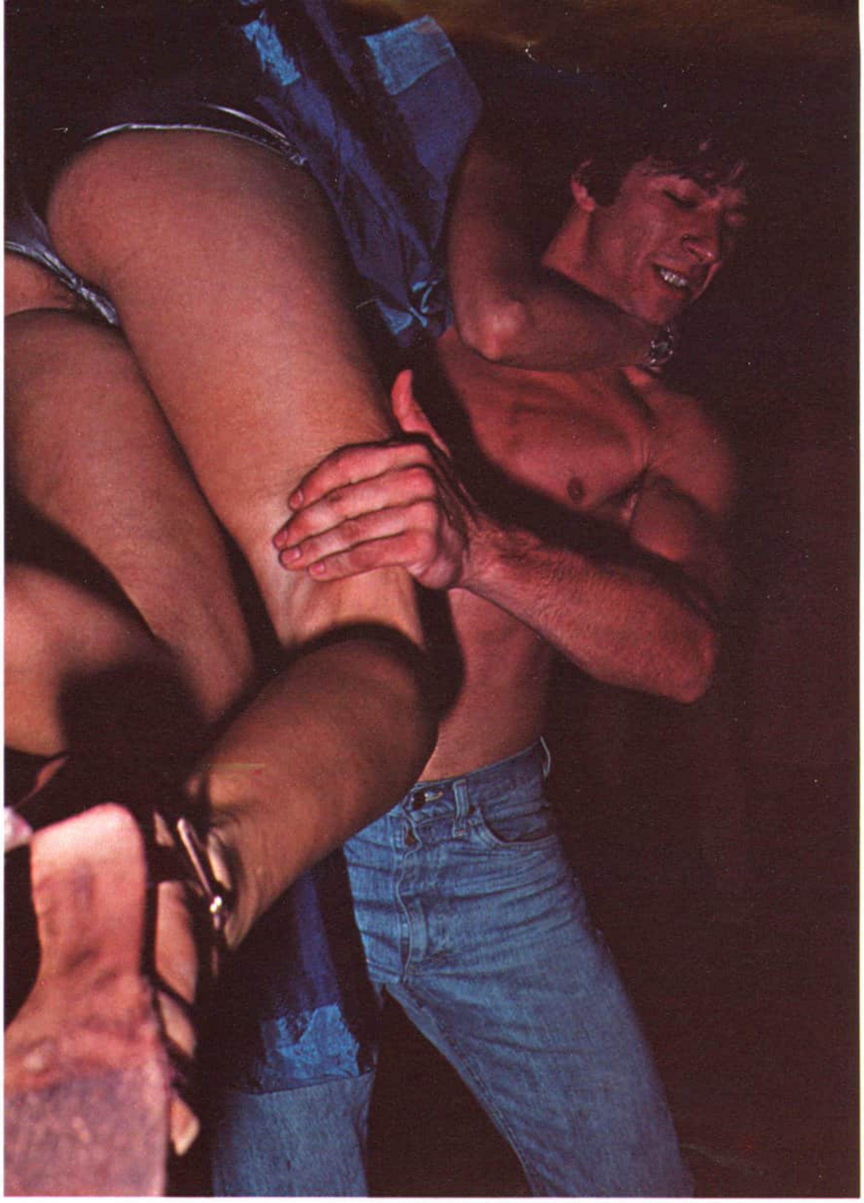
After she delivered herself of this analysis, Juanita had another bright idea: "Maybe it has something to do with technology. Western man has always gotten horny in the presence of hi tech. Guys used to get hard-ons when they saw a chopped and channeled '56 Ford. Look at how stereo systems have become sex/status symbols. And the exotic, extravagant sound systems in discos take your home stereo to its ultimate dimension. All those speakers with their black holes look sexy even before there's any music coming out of them. Add to that those pulsing, phallic pillars of light in a place like Studio 54, and you've got a technological fantasy that can really be a turn-on."

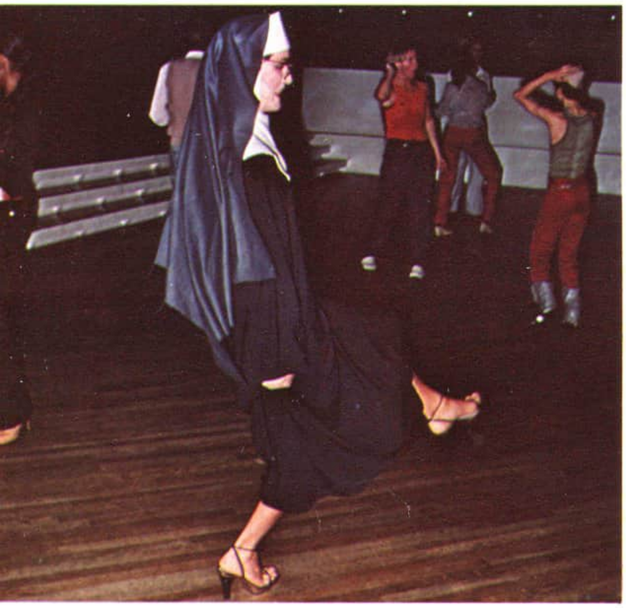
Albert Goldman votes for the environmental explanation. Goldman is the former Columbia University professor who has become America's foremost writer on pop culture.

When we talked with Goldman, he said, "Loud music, darkness which reduces inhibitions because you're not being totally seen, pulsing objects and lights, I mean, everything bounces in a disco. Finally, there's the stimulus of seeing a lot of good-looking people turned on, high, shaking their asses and getting off. If all that doesn't do something for you, then you belong in the boneyard. You get the feeling of loss of self-consciousness and



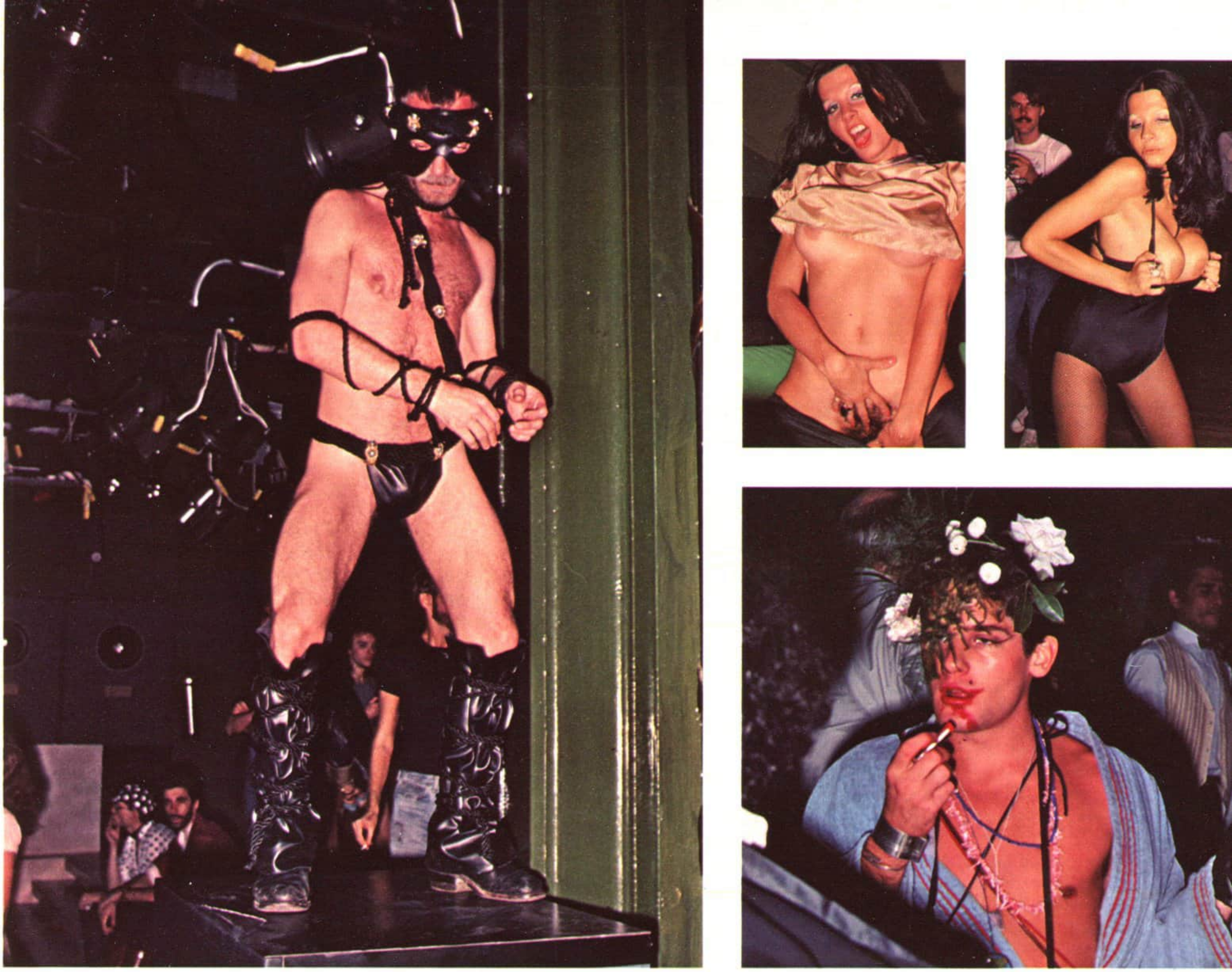
At the more debauched discos, choose your dancing partner with discretion. Does she or doesn't he?—and even their hairdresser might not know for sure. The languid blonde (top photo) is fair prey for a disco Don Juan, but you'd better look twice at the androgynous beauty (lower right) before you spend the night together.





self-awareness. That in turn leads to the capacity to do things you couldn't do in your normal state of mind, like participating in orgies or taking drugs to an immoderate degree or being aggressive beyond your wildest imaginings."

Goldman's current attitude toward the sexual ambience of Studio 54, by the way, will give you a hint of just how fickle the pop world can be. In his book *Disco* Goldman breathlessly described what his first encounter with "54" was like: "I felt wonderfully elated and composed. The spectacle was exhilarating and beautiful. . . . It was far and away the finest entertainment establishment that had opened in New York since Radio City Music Hall." Now Goldman says: "Disco is some hot little place in the slums or on Fire Island. One summer there was this hot little place at which you'd dance.



dance, dance until you were out of your gourd, and then you'd run over to the beach, and you'd roll down the dunes. And as you rolled, you'd go through a car wash of tongues and pricks and dicks and fingers and dildoes. So by the time you got to the bottom, you'd be depleted and ready to lay out." Whew.

There are more explanations of why people—especially celebrities—will do weird things in discos. Perhaps those folks who sniff at each other's sexiness in the trendy discos are just jaded sons of bitches. Or maybe these beautiful people are so utterly incapable of experiencing *anything* in depth that they settle for the quick, quirky, impersonal sexuality that courses through the disco depths. Maybe they're incapable of probing more deeply than their cock into another human being's life. Or they realize that everybody else in the damn place is as vapid as they are: okay for a quick blowjob but not worth a serious conversation. Whatever the reason, we are only too happy to watch them get it on.

Finally, after five o'clock, when all the tourists are safely tucked in bed, the deviant discophiliacs make their appearance. Where do they come from, these dark demons? Is there some great underground staging room hidden in the depths of New York that spawns such creatures as a man in high heels and a nun's habit, or a dancing dominant in a leather jockstrap, or a fey young thing who can't even put his lipstick on straight? We do know this: they come out only at dawn.

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

During its ten years of American publication, *Penthouse* has consistently reported on international and national affairs that affect our readers but that have been ignored or distorted by the mass media. Five and a half years ago, *Penthouse* Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione realized that the veterans of Vietnam were being made the scapegoats for a war that everyone wished had never happened. "Vietnam was an unpopular war," Guccione wrote. "Current opinion holds it to have been a wrong war. But we aren't going to expunge our feelings of communal guilt by punishing those who accepted their government's word then that it was right. They didn't start it. Or plan it. And none of them liked it. Their goal—the goal of all soldiers in all our wars—was to get the damn thing over with and get home. And we have no right to make them sorry they made it."

In order to make the American people realize and fully understand what Vietnam veterans were going through, and to make the American government act on this understanding, Guccione pledged that the pages of *Penthouse* "will serve as a continuing forum for veterans.... The series will be open-ended. It will run as long as it takes to get positive results on a broad front. A year. Two years. Whatever time and circumstances require."

To fulfill this commitment, *Penthouse* published a series of in-depth articles that explained the various problems facing the Vietnam veteran: unemployment; drug addiction; "bad" discharges; mistreatment by military courts, hospitals, and the VA itself; psychological disorders; and others. The articles made clear the necessity for a comprehensive public approach to solving these problems.

Consider, for example, the very basic problem each Vietnam veteran who "survived" the war faced in finding a job. Because most Vietnam veterans were discharged in the early 1970s, a time of high unemployment, many were unable to find a job. Lacking the skills to compete in a tight labor market, the poor and uneducated who were drafted to serve in Vietnam were caught in a trap not of their own making. A new GI Bill discriminated against most veterans and was inadequate for their needs. This, coupled with the Nixon-Ford administration's strategy of fighting inflation with increased unemployment, made a bad situation even worse.

Under President Carter, new federal job programs for Vietnam veterans were promised with typical political fanfare, but these were also inadequate, badly conceived, and ineptly managed. Carter's commitment to veterans' employment can be judged by his allowing the job of undersecretary for veterans' employment to be left vacant for eight months until the appointment of Roland Mora, who lasted another eight months, after which the position remained vacant again for another eight months.

As a result of this abandonment by government, those Vietnam veterans most needing assistance in finding employment have been left on their own. Administrations from Johnson's to Carter's have practiced a policy of benign neglect and statistical cover-up. The damaging effects of this pernicious policy on *all* Vietnam veterans have been incalculable.

In addition to having to cope with the inflated economy and governmental indifference, many of the 2.6 million who served in Vietnam faced additional obstacles, including disabilities of mind, spirit, and body. Estimates vary concerning the total number of Vietnam veterans afflicted with one or more of these disabilities, but today more than 500,000 Vietnam veterans are receiving compensation for a service-connected disability impeding them from getting a job. The disabled Vietnam veteran, though proven to be a good employee, has yet to receive much support from the government's program to "hire the handicapped."

The Vietnam veterans' desperate unemployment situation is further aggravated by "bad paper" discharges and the military's unconscionable use of derogatory SPN (Separation Program Numbers) to stigmatize Vietnam veterans. Here *Penthouse*, along with a few concerned individuals and Vietnam veterans' self-help organizations, has achieved some success in reducing inequities. By keeping these issues before the public and pressuring Congress, the military, and the White House, some changes for the good have been made. Without these pressures, the government clearly would not have acted on its own.

Today there are procedures providing for more equitable review of bad-paper discharges. There are also private, no-fee legal-assistance organizations in each of the fifty states, which exist to help the individual Vietnam veteran in preparing his appeal. Moreover, these organizations can assist the individual veteran in receiving an increase in disability benefits.

As Bob Guccione said at the beginning of the series, "We believe that the facts of the Vietnam veteran crisis can be made to speak for themselves and that the American public will, if we are persistent, do what is necessary to right the wrongs done to these young men." But carrying out this philosophy has not been easy. Because the Vietnam War was so long and painful, it has been difficult to get governmental officials or the public to focus on the needs of Vietnam veterans. For years the public ignored the Vietnam veteran, as if by so doing it could blot out the facts of the war itself.

Besides calling attention to such con-

Five and a half years ago, Bob Guccione dedicated a section of *Penthouse* each month to serve as a continuing forum for Vietnam veterans. Because of this commitment, many inequities have been resolved. But much remains to be done if the Vietnam veteran is to avoid becoming another of America's perennial problems.

crete problems as employment, a deficient GI Bill, inadequate disability benefits, and a poorly organized Veterans Administration medical system, *Penthouse* recognized that it was necessary to change the public's negative views of the Vietnam veteran. These views—like most bigoted stereotypes of minorities—were born out of the public's ignorance, fear, and hatred of the Vietnam veteran as a symbol of the war.

Because the Vietnam veteran went to war and returned to little recognition or concern about what he had personally encountered—or how he had been affected—the public failed to understand the ways in which he had been permanently changed. Moreover, these veterans, because they were widely dispersed around the country following their return, seemed to be the most silent of the minorities. Their silence was widely and wrongly perceived as an acknowledgment of personal guilt for participation in a grievous war.

Compounding the public's ignorance about what was happening to the returned Vietnam veterans were the negative stereotypes promoted and exploited by the media. The image of the Vietnam veteran as a heavy drug user, a "baby burner," or a person who was afflicted with a hair-trigger penchant for violence played on the public's fears. Scare stories, television shows, and news reporting that portrayed him as a walking time bomb made consideration of the veteran's real problems immensely more difficult.

To overcome the ignorance and fear, *Penthouse* directed its efforts toward promoting a positive image of the Vietnam veteran. The intent, then as now, was to focus on the veteran's efforts to help himself, on the obstacles—both public and private—he was encountering, and to call for the elimination of these obstacles. In accepting the NAVPA (National Association of Veterans Program Administrators) award in 1976 for work in behalf of the Vietnam veteran, publisher Guccione said, "Each of us in the media has an obligation to help the Vietnam veteran and prevent the unwarranted heaping of scorn on him during his time of greatest need."

Today the media treatment of Vietnam veterans is somewhat better. The "crazed" Vietnam veteran is no longer used by Hollywood and television to create stories about crimes of violence. Instead, many people have come to understand the importance and social significance of the Vietnam veteran's adjustment to postwar life. The movie *Coming Home* is one token of this new recognition.

We are hopeful about the future. The many Vietnam veterans' self-help organizations we have worked with have realized that in these days of Proposition 13 fever, energy crunches, and double-digit inflation, the plight of Vietnam veterans will require careful articulation if their needs are to be met. The political climate in America is changing in ways that suggest that government officials at all levels are beginning to be held accountable for what they do or fail to do. Many Vietnam veteran leaders believe there is an improved chance for corrective action. They understand the kinship between the Vietnam veterans who were exposed to Agent Orange (containing poisonous dioxin), used in Vietnam, and the citizens living near Three Mile Island and Niagara Falls, who were exposed to nuclear and chemical poisoning. They understand that government must be forced to assist those who have suffered harmful effects from both contaminant sources.

The Vietnam veteran is no longer an unwelcome stranger in our midst, but much remains to be done if he is to avoid becoming another of America's perennially unresolved "problems." The GI Bill must be revised to help the veteran achieve meaningful employment.

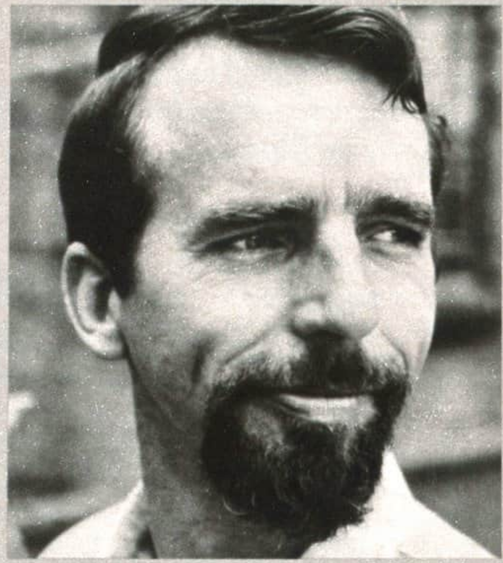
Similar opportunities and challenges exist on other fronts. The psychological adjustment of Vietnam veterans is a subject with immediate applications to our nation's overall mental health. We're not talking simply about the necessity to provide hospitalization for Vietnam veterans afflicted with "survivor's syndrome"—the delayed stress reaction that can become a traumatic neurosis—but rather about setting up a national network of counselors. Such counselors could provide assistance to those who do not have a definable mental illness (that requires hospitalization) but who have been damaged psychologically by the war.

Since 1971, four efforts to create a readjustment counseling program have failed to win passage in the House of Representatives. This year another attempt is under way. This attempt is being led by Rep. David Satterfield (Dem.-Calif.) in the Congress and by VA Administrator Max Cleland. *Penthouse* is heavily involved and deeply committed in this legislative effort and hopes that the modest program called for will not once again fall victim to congressional inaction. According to Max Cleland, as many as 1.7 million Vietnam veterans might need readjustment counseling. The inordinately high rates of insomnia, depression, anxiety, alcoholism, and suicide clearly confirm the validity of Cleland's concern.

The treatment of jailed Vietnam veterans and the urgent necessity for restructuring the VA's medical system to more effectively respond to the health needs of *all* veterans are additional areas of our concern. These and other problem areas of lesser visibility require attention and solution. *Penthouse* will continue to identify these problems and suggest solutions in its "Vietnam Veterans Adviser."—*William R. Corson*

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY EDWARD ABBEY

The author, a novelist and well-known writer on environmental affairs, has worked as a fire lookout in Utah. His most recent book is *Abbey's Road* (Dutton).

GROW AND DIE

Nine years after Earth Day, the industrial assault against the commonwealth—against our wilderness, the national forests, the public lands, the parks, the rivers, the seashores, the small towns and farmlands—continues unabated. Indeed, it continues on a scale larger, more determined, more ferocious than ever before. Against the American earth . . . and against humanity.

In New Hampshire the proposed Seabrook nuclear-power plant was approved by the Environmental Protection Agency, despite opposition to the plant by the people who live in the area and despite the fact that today, thirty-three years after the massacre of a quarter-million defenseless civilians at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the government and the nuclear-power industry still have not found a way to dispose of the deadly, long-lived radioactive wastes that have been the principal by-products of nuclear development. In Maine the Corps of Engineers and the power combine propose to dam the St. John River, one of the last free-flowing rivers in New England. In rural Minnesota farmers have been actively fighting the construction of an EHV (Extra High Voltage) power line across their privately owned lands, sometimes taking apart the high-tension towers after construction crews have erected them; the governor of the state, true to form, takes the side of the utility company and sends state police to guard the project. In Denver, Colo., the city with the second-worst air pollution problem in the nation (only that of Los Angeles is worse), the current mayor's one suggestion for easing the situation is the creation of more downtown parking lots, "so that commuters won't have to spend so much time driving around looking for a place to park." Denver, Salt Lake, Tucson, Phoenix, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, and other "Sun Belt" cities are overpolluted, overgrown, disorganized, and unsightly cement jungles, the ugliest metropoles in the Western world (north of Mexico), from which the inhabitants flee, in motorized masses, at every opportunity; but the business interests that own and rule these sprawling anthills are continually pressing for the damming and diversion of rivers, the appropriation of more agricultural water, the construction of more nuclear and coal-burning power plants. To what end? So that they can "grow" still farther, even faster, into the universal megalopolitan BLOB of the bankers' fondest dreams.

Stupidity is a powerful force in human affairs. The French philosopher Pascal said that in order to grasp the concept of the infinite, we need only consider human stupidity. But stupidity fueled by greed seems to be an irresistible force. We have a saying here in the West: "The one thing more dangerous than getting between a grizzly sow and her cubs is getting between the Chamber of Commerce and a dollar bill."

The examples I have cited above were chosen at random. One could easily fill pages and pages with similar examples of the commercial-growth mania in each and every state of the Union, including even wild, remote Alaska, itself in the grip of a frenzy of exploitation fever.

What is the rationale for this industrial preemption of the American earth—the damming of the last free rivers, the strip-mining of rangelands, the removal of mountains, the clear-cutting of our national forests, the darkening of our final reservoirs of clean air and clear light, the urbanizing of farms and open spaces, the conscription of human beings into the mass armies of technology and industry, the drowning of

> “The religion of Growth must be questioned. And opposed. And resisted. And subverted. And supplanted, before disaster overtakes us all.”

opposition under a tidal wave of corporation-financed, tax-deductible advertising? How does the power combine, the interlocking directorates of Big Government and Big Business, justify this rape of a nation and—beyond that—of an entire planet? All is justified, they say, by the need for Growth, the word properly deified, like God, by the capital *G*.

Even to question the religion of Growth is to risk, in many places, being called a subversive, an enemy of the State, an environmentalist or a conservationist (dirty words in the boardrooms of the powerful), or even a Communist. This last slander is committed in ignorance, perhaps, of the fact that the leaders of the Communist nations are at least as devoted to technological innovation and industrial growth as are their ruling counterparts in the capitalist societies of the West.

But the religion of Growth must be questioned. And opposed. And resisted. And subverted. And supplanted, before disaster overtakes us all, by something sane, healthy, and rational. Growth for the sake of Growth is the ideology of the cancer cell. A healthy organism grows to a certain normal, optimum level and then matures and steadies. A plant or animal that continues to grow beyond the optimum is diseased, a freak, a monster, doomed to an early death. The same principle applies to human society. An economy that must, in the words of Earl Butz, either "expand or expire," is sick, cancerous, a terminal case. The industrial economies of Europe and America, lurching always from boom to depression, salvaged over and over again only by war or by the threat of war, have grown so huge, so complex, as to be unmanageable, incomprehensible even to professional economists. Furthermore, as is obvious to any sensible child (if not to our institutional economists), the religion of Everlasting Economic Growth, like older dogmas, must adapt itself, sooner or later, to the ineluctable scientific fact that the carrying capacity of Planet Earth is finite, limited, exhaustible.

But we must "generate" more jobs, say the die-hard defenders of the Growth Mania. Wrong. We need *work*. Healthy men and whole women want useful work, not makeshift, temporary, dehumanizing jobs. Real people want to build, create, plant, and nurture things of beauty, durability, usefulness. No normal man or woman can long be satisfied by sitting at a console and pushing buttons, watching an assembly line, shuffling papers at a desk, all for the sake of an ever grosser Gross National Product consisting mostly of aluminum junk, plastic garbage, glass, paper, steel, and rubber trash. The basic and essential work of society—growing food, making tools—must be reclaimed by human beings, not surrendered to machines. One hundred years ago in America, 80 percent of the working people owned and controlled their means of livelihood—a farm, a shop, an indispensable skill or craft. Today that 80 percent has dropped to 10 percent; the rest of us, owning nothing but a mortgaged car, maybe a mortgaged house, maybe a motorboat, have been reduced to the level of serfs, interchangeable and expendable *employees*, dependent for our survival upon the fortunes of some remote corporation or governmental agency, the unpredictable behavior of a tottering, drunken, Rube Goldbergian economic machine. And there are far too many of us.

There are never enough "jobs" in our crackpot economy, because there are always more and more job seekers and job needers "generated" by the reckless, irresponsible breeding spree in which our race has been engaged for the last 200 years. Even as the American birthrate gradually levels off, more and more illegal immigrants swarm across our southern borders. Where eager hands are in overabundant supply, the unions are weakened, wages are depressed, labor becomes cheap. Where people are too many, the individual is devalued. When an excessively multiplying human population is trapped in a dog-eat-dog economy, we are all degraded, the rich as well as the poor, to a canine level.

Having raised the questions, one is expected to offer answers. Why not? The answers are simple and clear. We must cut off illegal immigration. We must penalize, through the tax system and other incentives, the heavy breeders and reward single people, childless couples, small families. Birth control and elective abortion must be freely available to all. By such means, without war or civil war, we could eventually lower the population of these United States to some moderate, rational level—in my opinion, 50 million would be about right.

Meanwhile the workingman must take over the workplace. We must find ways to save what's left of the family farm, break up agribusiness into many more family farms, restore genuine free enterprise, craftsmanship, and the small, family-owned business. The national and multinational corporations that tear up the landscape, poison the air, and dominate our lives must somehow be disassembled and their plants, installations, and offices locally controlled by the people who work in them. That done, Big Government itself must also be divided and subdivided, with all power returned to the city, the region, the community, the human family—where it belongs.

Utopian fantasies, of course. But what is the alternative? Only the disasters of economic depression, war, and social breakdown. Or, even worse, a continuation of the present drift toward the technological superstate, the planetary Beehive Society—densely populated, nuclear-powered, computer directed, centrally controlled, and *very firmly policed*—which is modern man's ultimate nightmare, the root cause of our unease and our malaise.

Carl Sagan in his book *The Dragons of Eden* writes of the reptilian mind, our heritage from the dinosaurs, that Limbic-R that still functions as a major component of the mammalian and human brain. The reptilian mind, Sagan says, is devoted to order, ritual, hierarchy, and domination. It is extremely resistant to change, for change is a threat to its power, wealth, and prestige. The reptilian mind, as we can plainly see, informs the outlook of those who own and operate America. Look at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Look at the faces on the financial pages of your newspaper and in the business sections of *Time* and *Newsweek* and in most of *U.S. News & World Report*. Look at the admirals and generals in the Pentagon. Look at the faces of the veteran power figures in the U.S. Congress. Look at those men with care, with Sagan's eyes and mine, and you will see, with few exceptions, a gallery of dinosaurs, bloated lizards, crocodiles, and toads.

What can a man do? a woman do? a freeborn citizen be told? I need not spell out in detail the requirements of our situation, which are difficult and dangerous. But four elementary steps may be suggested. One: open our eyes. Two: rise and stand. Three: speak up. Four: reach out, assert control, regain our humanity and our honor. Walt Whitman put it this way: Obey little. Resist much.

Part II:

Our legendary dope smuggler ventures forth into discoland and meets a lady even he can't handle.

THE KID

The Midnight Cowboy and the Snow Maiden

At Studio 54, they called him The Midnight Cowboy. He was this spectacularly tall, virile, good-looking, and wealthy young roughrider, who threw his money and his drugs around like a latter-day Jay Gatsby. To me, even when he was riding high as the latest discovery of the Beautiful People, he was still Woody, the Kid, my adopted son, if I can put it that way—my beautiful smuggler boy with whom I had enjoyed or suffered so many thrilling adventures in the Game and whom I had snatched from the disaster of a flaming plane crash in Colombia and carried back to the safety of a famous burn center in New York City.

It was not long after the Kid was discharged from the hospital, while he was still brooding over the damage the flames had done to his face and body, that I took him one night to the great space age dance hall to cheer him up. When the hour grew late, I left him there. The next morning he came back raving about the place. He had met Andy and Halston. It was they who dubbed him, after one look at his ten-gallon hat and long, bowed legs, The Midnight Cowboy.

The next few days passed without any word from the Kid. Then one morning he turned up again, looking completely wasted. Though he was physically depleted, his soul was

FICTION BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

Illustration by D. Kuhn

soaring. I think I'd never seen him so high on his own head. Holding up a clenched fist, he shouted he was "tight laike *that*!" with the "core," the glamorous celebs—Andy, Halston, Bianca, Margaret—who were the regulars at Studio 54. His triumph, however, had been preceded by a devastating defeat.

He had gone back to the club the night after his first visit—and had been turned away at the door! That humiliated him profoundly. He was too proud to come to me for help. He'd been walking through closed doors all his life. Why should this one be such a problem? Pondering the question, he decided that what he needed was some heavy props that would showcase him like a big star. So he went out and rented the longest, costliest, most lavish-looking limousine that he could find. It was a custom-built Lincoln Continental in a café-au-lait color, with a spray of radio, television, and phone antennas on the trunk, all looking like the communications gear on a spaceship. He told the driver to jockey the car right up to the door of the discotheque. Then he was to jump out and open the passenger door with a flourish, just as if he were ushering John Travolta onto the sidewalk.

The ploy worked perfectly. By the time this four-wheeled yacht had docked at the curb, all the gawks and losers standing out on the street were ogling the limousine. The rubbernecking of the crowd drew the attention of the doorman. When the smartly uniformed chauffeur bent over and swung wide the door, the Kid came out very slow and stood up to his full height. Instead of his usual rough-out clothes, he had togged to the limits. On his head was a brand-new puma-colored Pawnee sombrero made in San Antonio. His narrow, tubular body was encased in a tight-fitting black leather motorcycle jacket from Yves St. Laurent and a pair of skin-tight black leather jeans. Around his neck he had wrapped two costly silk scarves of brilliant hue. On his seared left hand he had fitted a very chic looking, finely crafted English racing driver's glove. As the final touch, he had pulled on his custom-made ostrich skin boots and wrapped around their heels a pair of Mexican silver spurs with spoked rowels as big and sparkling as pinwheels. Jingling across the sidewalk and elbowing his way through the crowd like a long, black, human bullwhip, he had come up to the red plush ropes and confronted the doorman with a big grin and a friendly pat on the shoulder. Without a moment's hesitation, the dude had reached down and unsnapped the little catch that was the key to paradise.

That night the Kid began to play a new part in the psychodrama that was his life. Instead of being *El Alto Malo Gringo*, the most audacious and death-defying dope smuggler in South America, he became now the son of an immensely wealthy and eccentric old dude in Oklahoma who owned cattle ranches, oil wells, gold mines—the whole shmeer. As the rich southern playboy, the Kid was prepared to snow everybody he met with yachts and planes and names until he had all these famous celebs eating out of his hand—which would always be opening on that fine mother o'pearl. It was a shrewd reading of the current fantasies, the brain spawn of a natural born actor. The oddest part of his success was that once he appeared upon the scene, he was received with open arms and never a question about who he was or how he got there.

At this point, I began to see less and less of the lad. I was glad that he had found some people to keep him busy because I was getting deeper and deeper into my work. When he would turn up and run his latest adventures by me, I was always amazed at the rapidity of his progress. Who wouldn't have been? Here was this cracker boy from Tallahassee, all scarred up from the crash of a dope-smuggling plane, a lad whose typical hangouts were redneck road houses and juke joints where you went to fuck or fight, reporting on evenings spent in the company of the chicest and most sophisticated people in New York. Evenings spent, mark you, not in public places that any practiced gate-crasher could crack, but in the carefully guarded, snobbishly exclusive homes of the Beautiful People!

> “Ahm leanin' in
> real close, an' ahm sayin',
> "You gonna let me
> walk you home an' walk you
> up to your bed, an'
> then ahm gonna fuck you
> good an' hard!"”

What most impressed the Kid about the Beautiful People was that they seemed to do nothing but party. The Kid often wondered how they got their work done. How could these models come home at dawn, whacked out of their gourds, and then turn out the same morning looking gorgeous in front of Scavullo's prying camera? How did these men find the time to design all those clothes and paint all those pictures and write all those books they were always inscribing to him when they didn't get to sleep till nine in the morning? He was a night person, himself, accustomed to going days without sleep. Still, he had to admit, these folks drove fast. "Sometimes," he told me wistfully, "ah'd jes like to put 'er on mow an' go slow."

Of all the celebrities who pranced across the stage of Studio 54 in its first and most spectacular season, none fascinated the public so much as Melissa MacKenzie. The lovely wife of the famous prime minister of Australia, Melissa was the heroine of a modern fairy tale, a women's lib version of Cinderella. Instead of fulfilling the dream of the traditional woman, which was to be plucked out of obscurity by Prince Charming and raised to the glory of his throne, Liberella fulfilled the fantasy of the modern woman, which is to tell Prince Charming—"Go fuck yourself with your dumb throne, I'm going back to the ball, *alone*!"

A sheep-rancher's daughter from the outback, who went to an offbeat art school in Sydney, where she fell in love with the myth of the "flower children," Melissa was discovered at the age of twenty by the recently elected leader of her country, Michael MacKenzie, a wealthy, striking-looking, ultrasophisticated man who was twice her age. After seven years of marriage and four children, Melissa began to exhibit symptoms of deep discontentment. She made awkward and embarrassing statements to the press, seized the limelight on state occasions with gauche acts of self-assertion, and finally scandalized the whole country by behaving like a silly little groupie with a famous British rock band. No sooner had the explosion of notoriety triggered off by this caper subsided than she announced publicly that she was fed up with her role as the consort of the great man and was going out into the world to seek fame as herself alone.

The next steps in the unfolding of Melissa's story were inevitable. Naturally, she had to flee her country and come to liberated New York. Naturally, when she arrived in the city, she was drawn to its seething epicenter at Studio 54. Naturally, when she joined the flash-lit pantheon of regulars, she met our hero, the Kid. As the only symbol of the really powerful, really profound rebelliousness which that effete palace of narcissism contained, he naturally impressed himself on her romantic imagination as the rough-out Prince Charming. If character is destiny, it was certainly Melissa MacKenzie's destiny to fall madly in love with the Kid.

As for the lad himself, he was not the type to be satisfied for long by his easy triumphs over the local belles. He, too, had his dreams and ideals. His greatest dream was always to transcend the "commonness" of the world into which he had been born and to join his life with the lives of those people who represented the finer things. That was why he had joined his fortunes with mine and fought his way up out of the muck of the dope game to sit proudly on the throne of Studio 54 with Andy and Halston. Now he longed to become the lover—why just stop with lover, why not husband?—of a real lady. Deep in the heart of every southern boy lies that image of exalted womanhood that has always been the chivalric ideal of the old patriarchal culture. Ridicule it, razz it, put it down, the fact remains that every cowboy longs for a lady. Now here was a lady long-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 250

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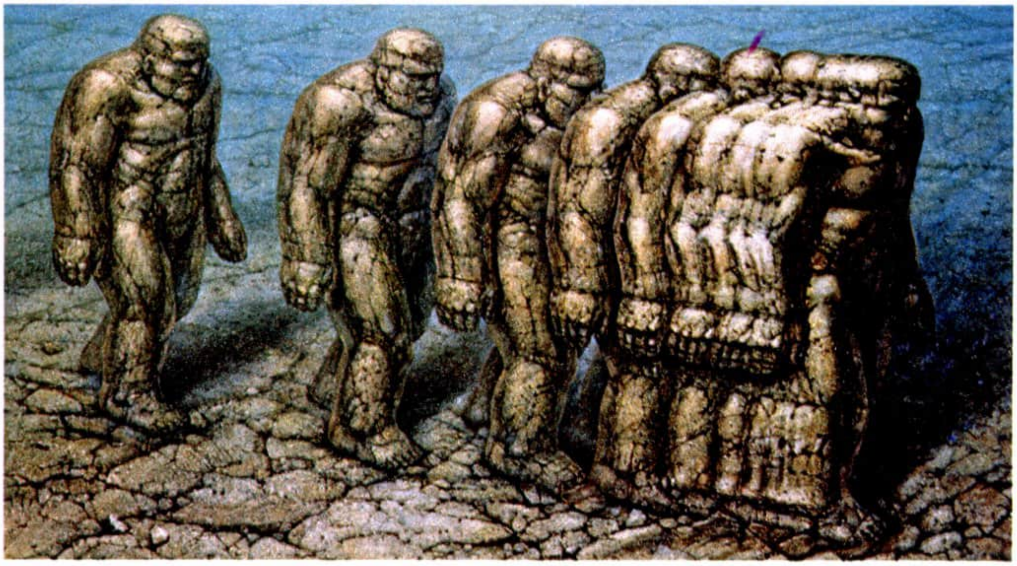
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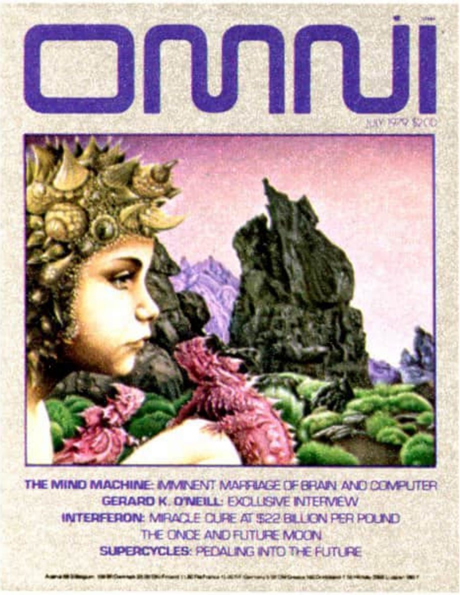
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BACK$TAGE AT WOOD$TOCK

For all its
vibes of love-and-peace
flower power
sure came up with a
lot of dough.

BY ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1969

If these are the kids that are going to inherit the world, I don't fear for it.—Max Yasgur, farmer, Woodstock

An unexpected cowl of fog had rolled in early that morning, bathing the Hudson Valley in a shadowy, ethereal film. Still, army helicopters, using sophisticated infrared equipment, had been able to deliver clear reconnaissance data to State Department observers in Albany, obtained while flying low over the restricted festival region.

The photographs must have resembled the aftereffect of an attack of deadly gas on a densely populated city. It looked like a civilization in suspended animation. Cars were stalled on every highway, road, and lane in a five-mile radius of the site. Open fields, parking lots, lawns, and even cemetery plots were dotted with cars and tents. Teenagers slept on the grass along highway median strips and on the roofs of cars. But the most awesome sight of all—an apparition so extraordinary that it must have jolted even the most acclimated eyewitness—had to be the spectacle of 175,000 apparently lifeless bodies draped across the wide open spaces of Max Yasgur's farm.

Promptly at 7:00 A.M., the governor's office phoned the command trailer on top of the hill for the purpose of officially

Photograph by E. Landy © Magnum Photos

declaring White Lake in a state of emergency.

"We've moved the National Guard into the area, and we're preparing to send troops onto the farm as soon as we've been given the word," a state aide to Nelson Rockefeller solemnly informed a volunteer phone operator. "If everything works out the way we hope it will, we should have the city cleared of young people by no later than noon."

Luckily, the young girl assigned to hold down the phones in the command trailer did not panic. "Hey, wait a second, man. I don't think you want to do anything like that. Everything's under control here, really in good shape, you know? Just do me a favor, huh, and don't send in the troops or anybody like that until you've spoken to Mel Lawrence; he's our director of operations."

The girl immediately called Mel Lawrence at the festival's holdup, a nearby Holiday Inn, and filled him in on the details. "Wonderful!" he said, trying to shake himself out of trancelike exhaustion. "Okay—look, I'll call the security guys and have them handle it. If any other politicos like that call, just tell 'em the same thing: 'It's groovy, man, we're havin' a great time, wish you were here.' "

Lawrence called the security office and got security assistant Lee Mackler. "But there's nothing to worry about, Mel. We've been taking calls like that all morning. I have been telling everybody the same thing: 'Peace and love, man. We're cool. No need to get up-tight about anything.' "

"You're all heart, Lee," Lawrence conceded. "All right. I guess we sit tight and take it all in stride. It looks like we're all in for a long, hot weekend."

Mel Lawrence checked in with security a few minutes past noon and informed Lee Mackler that everything at the site had passed inspection with flying colors and was just about ready to go.

"We're having a bit of a problem getting electricity into the pavilion," Lawrence conceded, "but that should be corrected within the hour. It doesn't matter right now, anyway. We're having a helluva time getting performers through the traffic."

"What about Sweetwater? You mean to tell me they're not there yet?" Lee asked.

"Not *here* yet? They're not even checked in at the Holiday Inn. Last thing we heard, a roadie called to say the band was en route upstate, but that was last night, and we haven't gotten another report since. Their equipment hasn't arrived either."

"For Chrissake, Mel, the show's only three hours off!"

From the forthcoming book, *Barefoot in Babylon*, by Robert Stephen Spitz, to be published by The Viking Press.

"Relax, babe," he replied. "Don't worry, man—we've got it covered."

At 4:35 Sweetwater's equipment truck was spotted from the air. A helicopter pilot, accompanied by two production assistants, had made a number of sweeps over the immediate area before making a positive identification of it. It was wedged in on all sides by invulnerable columns of traffic, three miles from the West Shore Road intersection to Max Yasgur's farm. A team of state troopers was dispatched to free the truck and clear a narrow path leading to the service entrance behind the stage. However, they radioed back to security, "It could take hours."

The festival executive staff had made a career out of buying time at a premium. Lee Mackler resourcefully located four helicopters in an upstate aviation-school hangar and added them on to the payroll, at a cost of eighty dollars an hour for each one. The Federal Aviation Agency, to provide the helicopters with unobstructed and safe access for emergencies, prohibited all scheduled planes from flying less than 2,500 feet over the festival site. Within twenty minutes, the new reserves hovered over Sweetwater's van while three roadies lugged equipment to a grassy plain on the other side of the highway, preparing for the airlift.

In any event, Sweetwater wouldn't be ready to go on until seven o'clock that evening, and production coordinator, John Morris, wrapped in his third white bush jacket (the first two had wilted), began to articulate his panic.

"We've gotta get somebody on stage quickly," he rumbled. "Otherwise we're going to have a mutiny on our hands. We've gotta make a move while we still can."

Michael Lang agreed.

Together, the two production coordinators combed the performer's pavilion until they came across Richie Havens, who was in the process of tuning his guitar.

"Richie—look, man, we got a problem," Lang told him, pulling up a chair and straddling it. "Sweetwater hasn't made the scene yet. We got 'em comin' in by copter, but it's gonna take too long. How about openin' the show for us?"

"C'mon, man, don't do that to me," Havens said. "I just don't think I can get ready in time."

"You're the only guy who can save us, Richie," Morris said. "We don't have all the amplifiers ready to go yet, but that shouldn't interfere with your performance anyway. It'll give us time, man."

"Well, wait a minute now. What do you mean? Tim Hardin's here, too, y'know." He pointed to the entertainer sitting across the way from them. "He's got an acoustic guitar."

"He won't do it, man. He's scared shitless."

Havens laughed. "What can I say? Okay—give me a couple minutes to get ready and to round up the rest of the group. I'll do it."

Not waiting around to hear another word, Lang and Morris rushed off to alert the stage crew. It was 5:01 P.M.

More than 150 people jammed the back lip of the stage as John Morris escorted Richie Havens and his accompanists across the bridge from the performers' area to where they waited for the elevator to be sent down to them. All on stage—the electricians, construction crew, sound men, stagehands, Steve Cohen, Jay Drevers, Ticia Bernuth, one of Michael's armed security heavies, and a sizable gang of invited friends—anxiously held their breath in anticipation of the climactic moment of truth. No one was really sure how, or even *if*, all the elements they had labored over for the past few months would jive together. But they'd find out in just a few short seconds.

Richie Havens stood behind the production crew as John Morris strode to the stage-front microphone.

"Well, it's time for the music to begin," Morris's voice surged over the marvelously accurate sound system. This time, he did not wait for the applause to die down. "Let's welcome Mr. Richie Havens!"

> "You heard me,"
> the Grateful Dead's manager
> said. "You guys
> are in some kind of trouble.
> We're not going
> on stage without our money."

Morris skipped off to the side of the stage, next to Michael, as the applause burst into 250,000 cheers of welcome. Havens, wearing a majestic ocher caftan and white bell-bottom pants, very calmly stalked forward, carrying his nicked, oversized Guild guitar. He propped his foot on the ribbing of a wooden stool and began strumming in his patented, disjointed rhythm. "Thank you very much," he nodded to the crowd. "I hope it was worth the wait."

Morris checked his watch. It was 5:07—just over an hour late. "It's outta sight!" he exclaimed.

Lang nodded. "How're you intendin' to keep the show rolling?"

Morris turned pale. "Holy shit! You're right. I gotta find someone else to follow Havens!" he sputtered and darted down the steps leading to the production trailers.

The phone on his desk was ringing when John reached the trailer. The call was from Iron Butterfly's manager. The group had just landed at Kennedy Airport and wanted to know how they were supposed to get from the airport in New York City all the way to the Holiday Inn in Newburgh.

"C'mon, man," Morris said restively, "don't hang this on me now. You guys were supposed to have this all figured out ahead of time."

They had, indeed, the manager pointed out, *until* they got to New York and were bombarded with news bulletins about the state of extreme crisis in White Lake.

"What's wrong with the limousines we have waiting for your group in front of the terminal?" Morris asked. "They have a direct hook-up with our security command center and know which back roads to take to shoot you directly in here. We've been having nothing but success with the other performers on the bill."

The manager couldn't rely on just *anybody* to insure his artists' safety. No, they had another plan worked out, and they wanted Morris to put it into effect immediately. They would walk over to the airport's heliport and wait for a festival helicopter to pick them up. They expected to be shuttled directly to the site, where the band would perform upon arrival and, upon completing their set, board the same helicopter for a return trip to Kennedy.

"But your band isn't scheduled to appear until Sunday afternoon, man. We've got to take care of a lot of acts who have been here for the last two or three days and are willing to wait their turn. Now, how about being reasonable and hopping one of our limos?"

The manager repeated that he wouldn't hear of it. It was the helicopters or nothing.

"Well, then, you're gonna have to give me some time to make the proper arrangements and to clear the flight with the FAA. Why don't you give me the number of the phone you're using, and I'll get back to you as soon as I know more of the details?" John took down the ten-digit number on a slip of paper. "Okay, man—keep your guys cool until I can work things out." He hung up the phone and sat perfectly still while he contemplated the situation. What a crock of shit, he thought. Who the hell did they think they were, anyway? John held up the tiny piece of paper with their phone number written across it, smiled to himself, and then crumpled it into a ball. Fuck 'em, he decided, and tossed it into the wastepaper basket.

Morris still needed someone to follow Richie Havens on stage. He scanned the list of Friday's acts to see who was available and found his options were relatively bleak. Ravi Shankar was back at the hotel, and the Incredible String Band needed too much time to set up, and he had only about ten minutes in which to get them on. No one had seen Bert Sommer yet. Arlo Guthrie and Joan Baez were headliners, and they'd have to be saved until last if he wanted to build the show's momentum properly. Tim Hardin was going to have to swallow his fear and go on next. There was no other way out.

Morris jogged around to the back of the stage, across the service road, and into the performers' pavilion. The tent was compari-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

ARCTIC LIGHTS
MENTHOL·LOW TAR

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Full menthol refreshment. That's what ARCTIC LIGHTS delivers.

A very special kind of menthol refreshment you just won't find in any other low 'tar' menthol cigarette.

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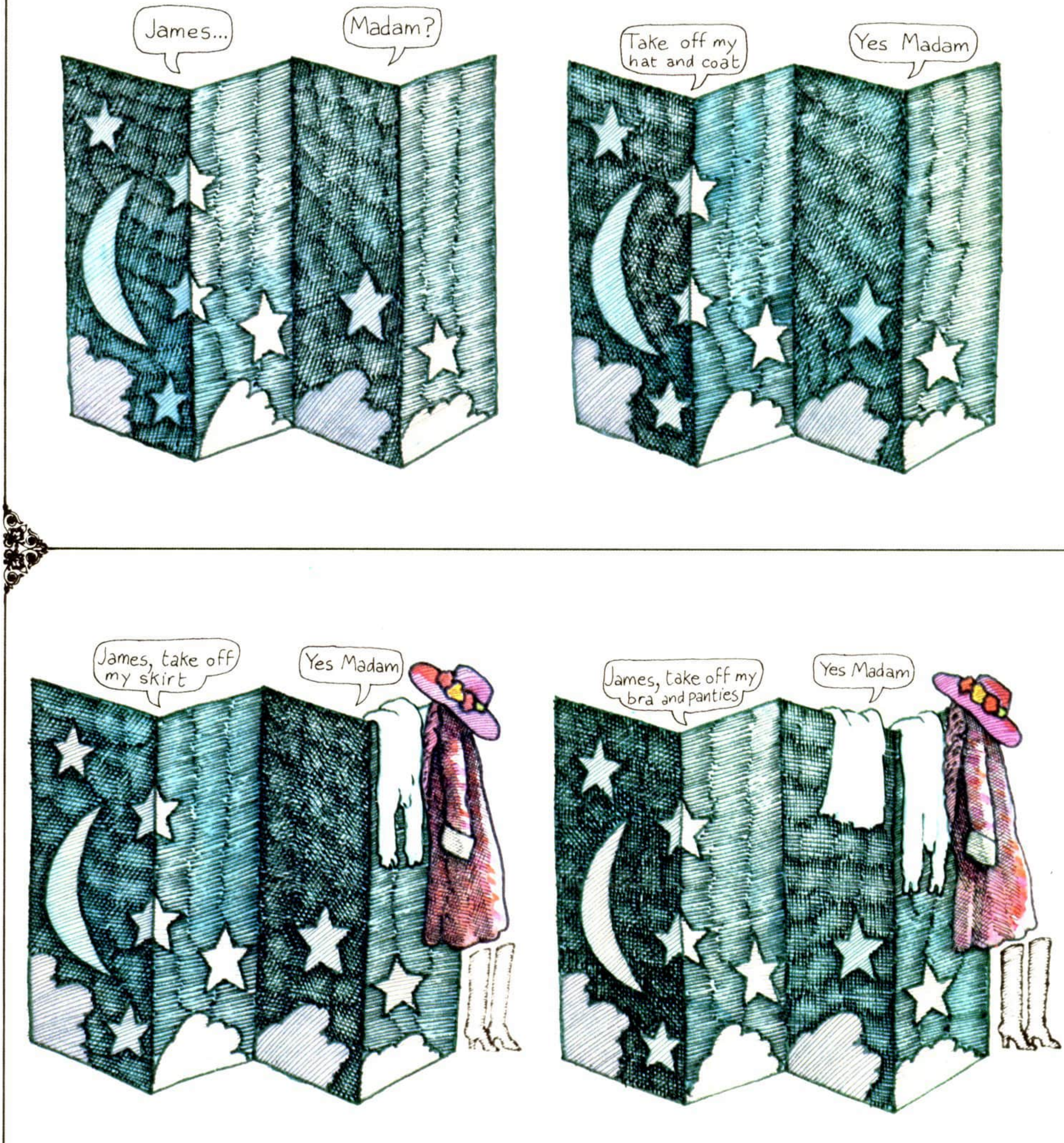
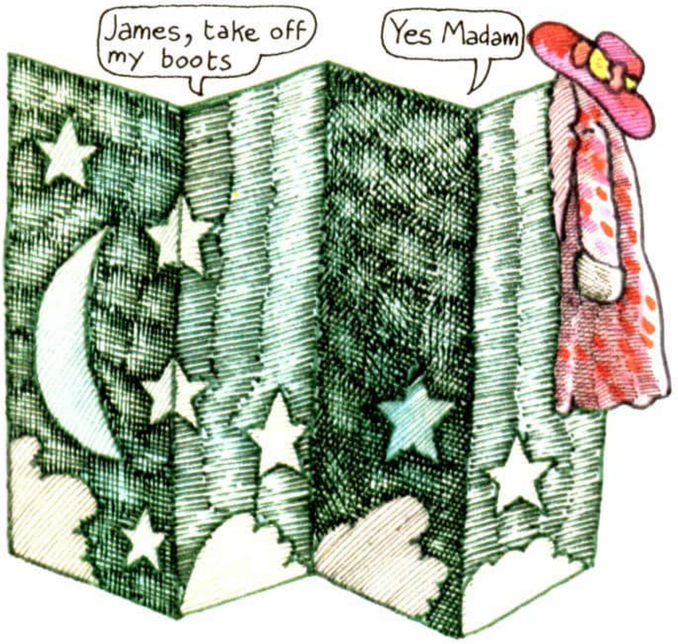
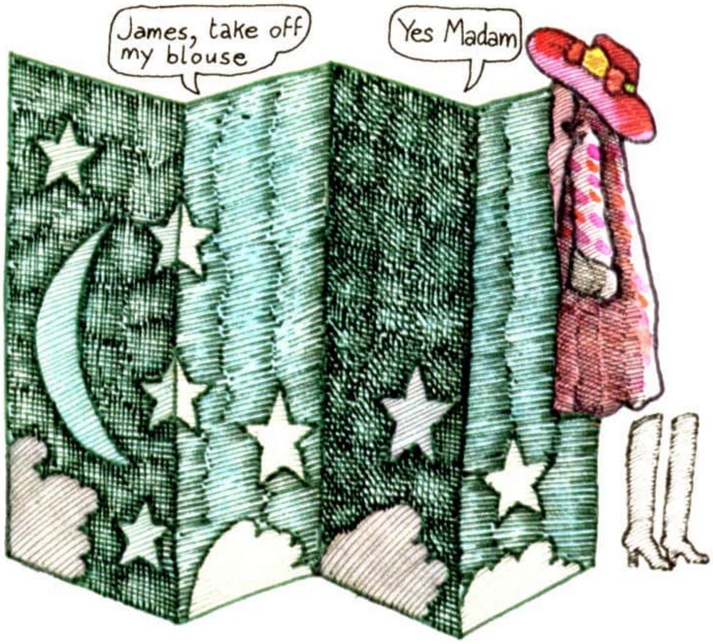
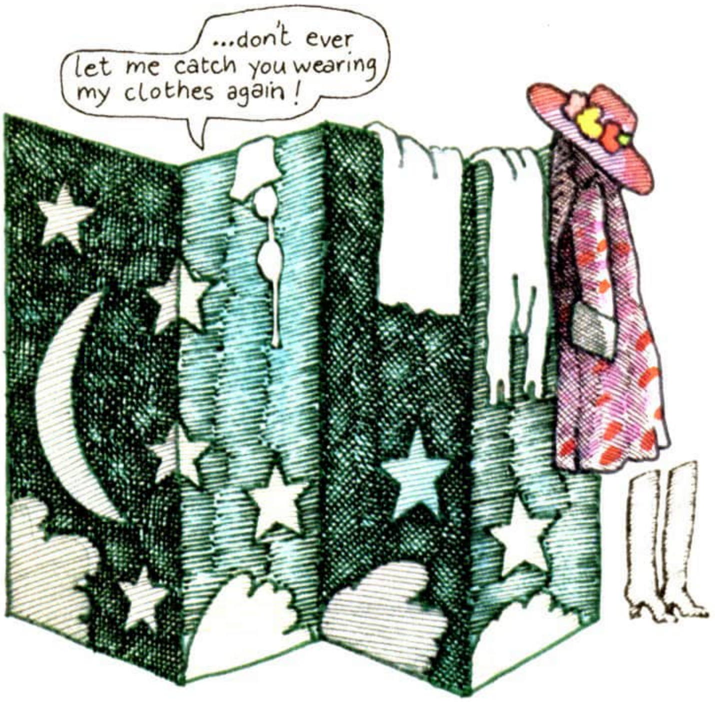
Veiled Illusions


James...
Madam?
Take off my hat and coat
Yes Madam
James, take off my skirt
Yes Madam
James, take off my bra and panties
Yes Madam

BY MICHAEL FOREMAN


James, take off my boots
Yes Madam


James, take off my blouse
Yes Madam


...don't ever let me catch you wearing my clothes again!

PENTHOUSE

the nature of every contest, even among creatures too appealing to merit such a rebuff.

So, with hardened hearts we counted, and the choice was made. Though early indications pointed to Samantha Storey, who stood marginally in front at the playoff, a surge of support in the final stage swung the decision to exquisite Evelyn Treacher, whom we now proclaim Pet of the Year. The third to hold this honour—in succession to Amber Dean-Smith (vol 1) and Brandy Lee (vol 2)—our reigning beauty is the first brunette to ascend to this eminence, demonstrating that gentlemen don't always prefer blondes after all.

An expatriate Londoner now ensconced in the United States, Evelyn is an animated 22-year-old with statistics guaranteed to spark similar animation in onlookers: 38-23-36. She is 5ft 7in tall, and tanned in witness of her devotion to the sun. It was, incidentally, her sun worship that attracted her to the Bahamas, the gilded Caribbean isles where the Penthouse

PENTHOUSE

cameras recorded her charms for world-wide admiration. Indeed the Pet of the Month pictures (vol 3 no 11) that have brought her this latest honour were reprinted in the first American issue of Penthouse, bringing her fabulous features before a new audience of some 350,000.

Following her initial appearance in Penthouse, the aesthetic Evelyn has already been beckoned into films, transferring herself to the U.S. to pursue this opportunity. We are confident that a further acceleration in the pace of her career can be expected from her present preferment as 1968's Pet of Pets. Be that as it may, there can be no uncertainties at all concerning the admirably regal figure with which Evelyn matches the distinction of her new office as Pet of the Year.

Pet of the Year

1971
STEPHANIE McLEAN

Stephanie McLean, our very first U.S. Pet of the Year, was a golden dream-girl come to life, a bona fide knockout with a symphonic structure that put a song in our hearts and bowled us over at the same time. Small wonder: Stephanie's 40-25-36 configuration made the promise of the New World look more promising than ever! She was an aspiring model when she was spotted by Bob Guccione, who acted as a modern-day Henry Higgins, recruiting this comely Eliza Doolittle for his transatlantic invasion. Breathtaking Stephanie thrived on doing promotions for *Penthouse* and was launched on a highly successful modeling career, both here and in London. Traveling the length and breadth of the U.S., she was seen by thousands of Americans on television in her role as ambassadress for *Penthouse*'s premiere issue. This pretty pilgrim's progress was the kind all red-blooded Americans loved to follow—closely!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

As the time comes round for British ***readers to start nominating their fifth annual premier Pet, Penthouse presents a pictorial report on the first-ever award by readers of our two-year-old U.S. edition.***

FIRST U.S.

Pet of the Year

Now celebrating its second anniversary, the American edition of Penthouse is for the first time conducting a ceremony familiar to readers in Britain: election of a Pet of the Year. Because of the different span of the publishing year of our U.S. counterpart, and because early issues of that edition republished certain Pets already seen by British readers, the contenders for the first-ever Pet of the Year title awarded in the U.S. comprised a different dozen from those judged in previous British contests. So it was only to be expected that U.S. readers would come up with an original choice for their pinnacle of Petdom. Their stirring selection, presented in

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the glamorous group of uniformed Pets tending the needs of members and visitors at London's celebrated Penthouse Club. She was there for the star-studded opening, and quickly became a favorite with members and celebrities alike. She has since discarded her earlier ambitions of acting in favor of more mature and serious pursuits, notably involvement with a well-known charity. "Acting is fine," she insists, "as long as you're a genius. But I'm frank enough to admit that I'll never be a Sarah Bernhardt or a Greta Garbo. I don't even know if I'll be an Annette Funicello. And since my motto is never do anything unless you're the best at it, I'm not going to do it any more." Stephanie's self-deprecation belies a natural talent for catching and holding the attention, and her crowning as Pet of the Year

is irrefutable evidence that in her own particular field, she is unrivaled, and a million American men are unlikely to be wrong. "I'm thrilled to bits," said Stephanie engagingly when we announced the news of her enthronement. "I only wish there was some way to say 'thank you' to everyone." This peerless pictorial of our First Lady should be, for her enthusiasts, thanks enough.

Pet of the Year

1972
TINA McDOWALL

When lovely Tina McDowall was presented with the singular honor of being chosen as our first International Pet of the Year, she was forced to overcome a quality she considered her most bothersome: shyness. Our sandy-haired Glasgow-born lass admitted that though she could smile on cue, deep inside she was "a little frightened." Time—and the work she did for *Penthouse* — seemed to help her to overcome her charming reticence. Tina went on to serve as the first pet promotions manager in New York and to work as a personal assistant to Bob Guccione. "I guess women's liberationists would say that being named Pet of the Year is the height of female submissiveness," she told us that year when more women *burned* bras than wore them. "But anyone who knows about *Penthouse* knows and appreciates the tremendous freedom it represents, both for men and for women." With rather outspoken sentiments like those, it was clear Tina had left her cocoon and become a beautiful butterfly, conquering two continents with a single smile.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Pet of the Year

issues ago, Vida Farthing and Cassandra Harrington, both attracted substantial enthusiasm. But in the final analysis it was the memorable Miss McDowall who had what it takes to be top Pet of two continents. Tina, 22, was first seen as Pet of the Month two years ago—September 1970 in the U.S. edition and U.K. vol 5 no. 6. She is a career Pet who was reception Pet at the Penthouse Club in London from its inception. First of the Pet executives, she will shortly be leaving England to take up new duties as Pet Promotions Manager in New York. Glasgow-born, she has become a constant traveler since joining Penthouse, acting as Penthouse envoy in France, Italy, Germany, the Middle East and north America, and making several promotional trips to the Penthouse Adriatic resort in Yugoslavia, during one of which her first Pet portfolio was photographed. Now a seasoned publicist and executive, our comely titleholder (36-23-36) treats calmly the bright lights and ballyhoo that inevitably accompany Penthouse tours, and she retains a genuine concern for the personal contentment and welfare of fellow Club Pets. It was she

who officiated at the staff negotiations at the Penthouse Adriatic and succeeded in establishing optimum salaries, accommodation and working conditions for her Yugoslav sister Pets. Among other duties, Tina acts as personal assistant to Editor/Publisher Bob Guccione, yet her selection as Pet of the Year came as a surprise to her. "You'd think I'd be the first to know, being at the hub of things at Penthouse," Tina said. "I knew I was in the final three but nobody gave me an inkling how the votes were going and it was all settled before I was told anything about it. I couldn't believe it at first. Then it dawned on me that I was really the Pet of the Year for both America and England, and when I realized that, I was so pleased I hardly knew what to say. In fact, all I can say is 'thank you'." Tina, ever the hardworking executive, sees her election as a practical appointment, and promises to devote even more of her energies to promoting the Penthouse organization. "I guess a women's liberationist would say that being Pet of the Year is the height of female submissiveness," she laughed. "But anyone who knows anything about Penthouse appreciates the tremendous freedom that it represents, both for men and women." All we can add to that succinct summation is: long may she reign!

Pet of the Year

1973
PATRICIA "CHEROKEE" BARRETT

When our Dallas-born Pet ascended to the throne of Pet of Pets, she was a member of the conservative Daughters of the American Revolution, not to mention being the real-life daughter of a conservative stockbroker. Luckily for us, her sensual leanings were far more progressive than her political ones. Yoga, meditation, and the "power of positive thinking" accounted for her success, she claimed, but her statuesque 36-22-35 form and sensual, come-hither face just might have been a factor as well. In a year when Watergate cover-ups were in the news, Cherokee bared her body to the world, proving that some comely conservatives had nothing at all to hide. When she was named Pet of the Year for 1973, Cherokee pointed out that "God didn't make clothes, and he didn't anticipate shame. I believe it's *natural* to have your body admired." Considering this Indian princess's super body, you could even say our interest was *super*natural!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Pet of the Year

Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett, née Cathryn Louise Lacey, Dallas-born and bred.... Daughter of the American Revolution.... Daughter of the Confederacy, neo-daughter of the New Society, karma traveler in the inner consciousness.... Kundalini rising....

Seventh annual ascender to the pinnacle of Petdom.... Pet of Pets. Cherokee, whose nickname derives from a modicum of Indian blood—acquired, legend has it, by a peripatetic forebear who fled his native England to join the California Gold Rush over a century ago—picked up her ancestral threads and went to London in September 1971. "I was on my way to India. I wanted to see London and Paris and work my way south through Europe. It was a kind of sacred pilgrimage with no fixed schedule. I had lots of time and wanted to see as much of Europe as possible. Meeting the people from *Penthouse* was great. It's the sort of luck you never count on."

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Cherokee with the Pet of the Year's premium prize, BRITISH LEYLAND's super JAGUAR V-12: complete with automatic transmission, air conditioning, solid-state AM-FM radio, whitewall radial-ply tires, chrome wire wheels, tinted glass, electrically heated rear window, and removable hardtop. Cherokee's comment, "Wow"

natural predilection for art, mysticism, and meditation, and with *Penthouse* gift and cash awards totaling approximately $30,000 and her own highly promotable status as Pet of Pets sweeping her into travel, modeling, and entertainment, the call of the stock exchange may be less than seductive.

"I can't tell you how thrilled I am," she says. "It's such a great opportunity…like opening the door to the future. And I'm mad about the gifts. The white Jag is fantastic…I can't believe it! It's always been my favorite car and now…it's actually mine! I always wanted to win but I never really believed I would. All my friends voted for me, or at least they said they did. I'm really happy….I really am!"

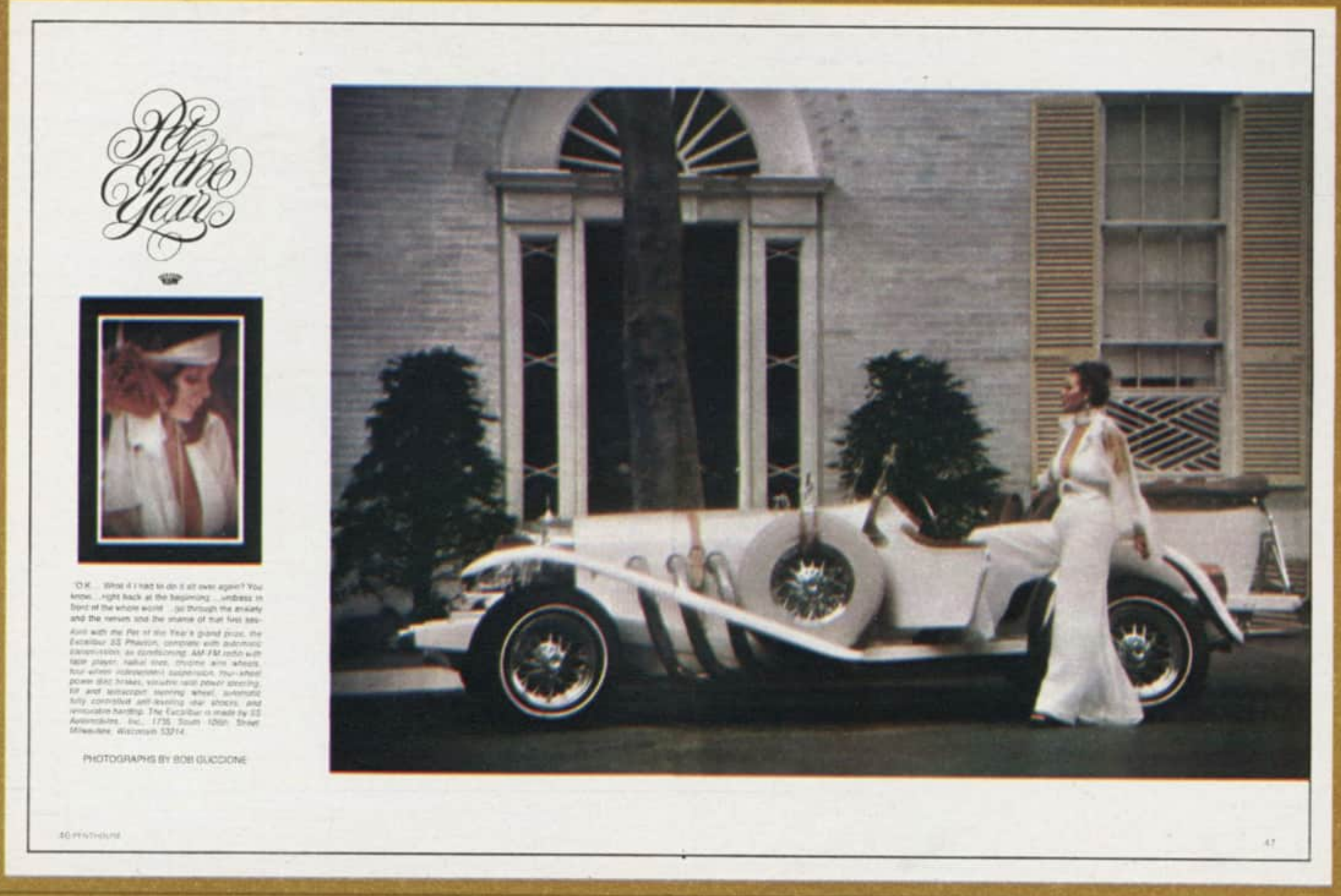
Privately, Cherokee believes that much of her success is attributable to yoga, meditation, and the power of positive thinking. "I was worried about posing for *Penthouse* in the first place…more for my family and friends than myself. I try to look at things positively. We come into the world naked. God didn't make clothes and he didn't anticipate shame. Shame is a human failing and I believe it's natural and good to have your body admired. I know what the women's libbers are going to say, but they're really quite wrong. You don't have to be a libber to believe that everyone should have equal rights. Sex shouldn't be a barrier, but I'm still in favor of male supremacy in other ways. I love chivalry and good manners in men, and I like the feeling of belonging to someone and depending on him. I feel like the kind of person who should be protected. Perhaps I'm naive, but I seem to trust everyone. You learn a lot of things in India about people and—please don't

we reached the Hungarian border we were refused entry. We must have looked like something else! The truck driver was smuggling goods into Rumania for his family and he got through. We went down to Yugoslavia and smartened ourselves up a bit at the frontier. My friend had to shave off his beard and cut his hair. We hitchhiked through Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to Istanbul and took the train to Teheran. It was a four-day trip. Then we took different buses to Afghanistan, Pakistan, and finally India. We spent five months crossing most of the country on foot. My shoes had given out and I made most of the trek barefooted. We visited all of the

1974
AVRIL LUND

Green-eyed, black-haired women may once have had reputations as hardhearted temptresses, but when Dublin-born Avril Lund appeared as our 1974 Pet of the Year, she helped to change that image. Not only had she worked as a psychiatric nurse, but Avril had even spent several summers working as a Sunday school teacher— the mark of a good Samaritan, if there ever was one! Her election as Pet of the Year enabled her to spread joy in an even more important way: visiting veterans' hospitals around the country—a tradition since followed by all our subsequent Pets of the Year. Another goal of Avril's was more intimate in nature: "I think it would be ideal to live with a man and a woman, provided I dug them both— and they didn't dig each other." Explained our honest Pet: "I like to be the center of interest." Avril also shared her philosophy of life with us: "The essence of living is discovery. Not just what you find out there, but also what you learn about yourself." Our readers cheerfully agreed. But then, looking at Avril was an education in itself. . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Avril Lund. Sensitive, green-eyed, 22-year-old ex-Dubliner. Stands 5'7" in her bare feet and measures a disquieting 40-24-35½. Loves people. Especially men. Complains bitterly about the natural inadequacies of social relationships. "People are islands after all." Her logic is simplistic, almost ruthless. Intellectually reminiscent of other dissident generations. The Lost and the Beat. "We are all self-contained beings. Little islands. Pokey, little human islands surrounded on four sides by indifference. The fact that we need each other doesn't make us any closer. It simply proves how very insular we really are!"

Avril Lares. "Being yourself is a state of mind. My life style is the vision I have of myself. Not what I do! I develop my own friends for my own reasons. Social values ... I mean traditional social values are mostly nonsense. I go where I want; I do what I want; I have my own ethic for living and it's very agreeable, doesn't hurt anybody and it works for me."

"I love men. I mean I really love men and I can't live without them. The more insular you are the more you need the closeness and interdependency that love and sex provide. The right man could make the jump through

Pet of the Year

1975
ANNEKA De LORENZO

Anneka de Lorenzo, an auburn-haired, vixen-eyed beauty born and raised in St. Paul, Minn., proved far too free-spirited for her conventional midwestern surroundings. She is a perennial traveler, and it was one of Anneka's many journeys that brought her to the pages of *Penthouse*, culminating in her glorious reign as our 1975 Pet of the Year. Her daring philosophy: "The best way to handle your fantasies, sexual or otherwise, is to live them to the hilt." Her pet fantasy—acting professionally—has become reality several times over. In fact, she is presently studying with the famed Lee Strasberg in New York. She has appeared in *Penthouse*'s production of *Caligula*, an Italian film called *Messalina, Messalina*, and will grace this summer's shooting of Dino De Laurentiis's new film, *Flash Gordon*. Anneka has other fantasies as well, including making love with a woman someday. But, she added, she would have to be the one in control. "I can be submissive to a man," she proclaimed, "but never to a woman." Around the world men with dominant genes applauded.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Anneka with the Pet of the Year's grand prize, the stunning Jensen-Interceptor, manufactured in limited numbers by Jensen Motors of England. A completely hand-built automobile, over 750 hours of painstaking craftsmanship go into every Jensen. Its hand-rubbed finish, like many other appointments, is in the same great tradition as the Rolls-Royce. The Jensen's price of $24,000 includes such standard luxuries as air conditioning, all-electric windows, eight-track stereo, AM/FM radio, automatic transmission, and an interior done in leather and lambswool. The Jensen-Interceptor is distributed by Jensen Motors, Inc., West 19200 Susana Road, Compton, California 90021

Pet of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

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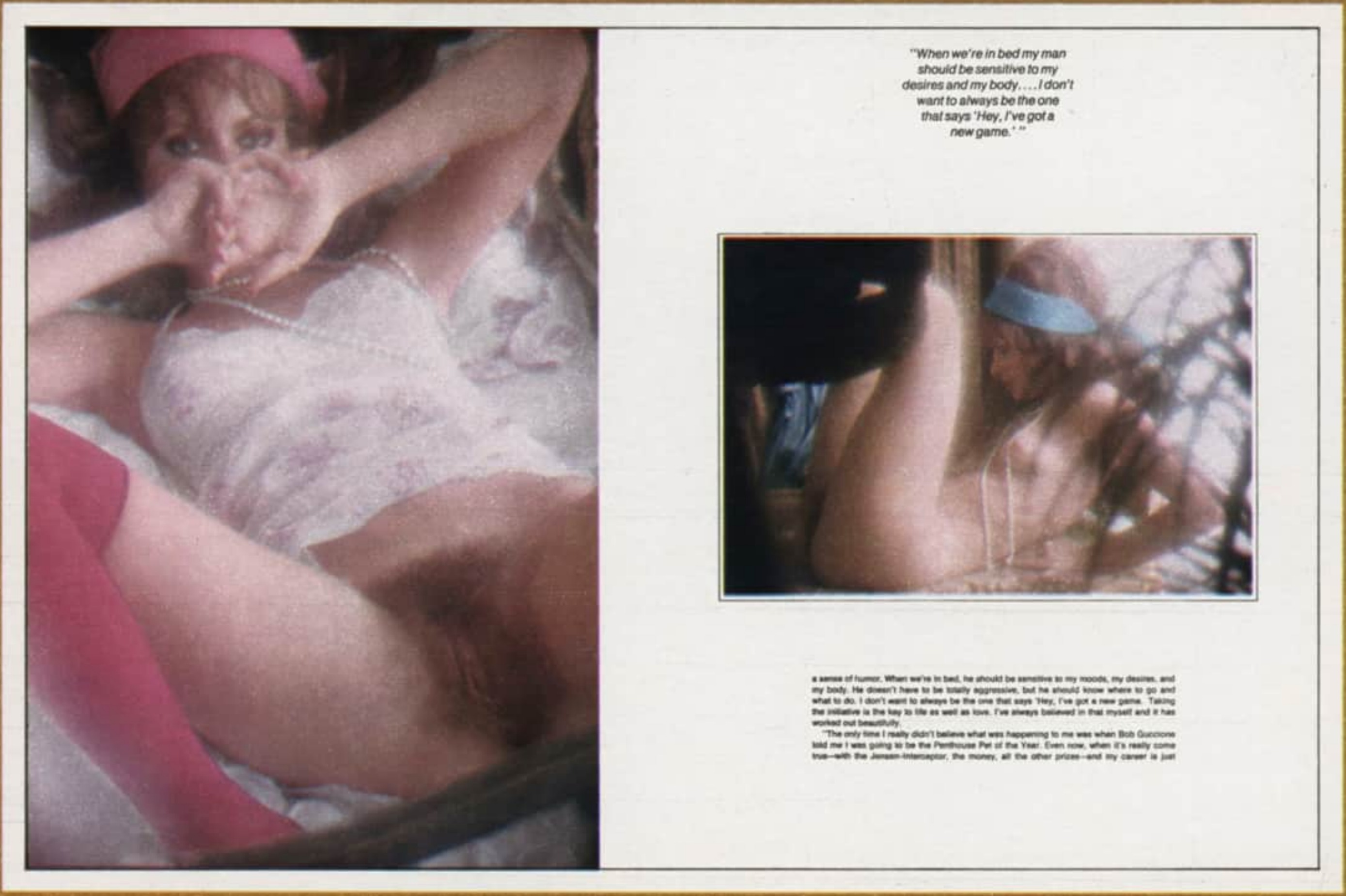

"When we're in bed my man should be sensitive to my desires and my body. . . . I don't want to always be the one that says 'Hey, I've got a new game.' "

a sense of humor. When we're in bed, he should be sensitive to my moods, my desires, and my body. He doesn't have to be totally aggressive, but he should know where to go and what to do. I don't want to always be the one that says 'Hey, I've got a new game.' Taking the initiative is the key to life as well as love. I've always believed in that myself and it has worked out beautifully.

"The only time I really didn't believe what was happening to me was when Bob Guccione told me I was going to be the Penthouse Pet of the Year. Even now, when it's really come true—with the Jensen-Interceptor, the money, all the other prizes—and my career is just

not sure what I'm really into these days but I'm aware that there are changes going on. It's a kind of slow evolution, like a restless, aching sensation deep in your stomach. You know you want something but you can't quite identify it. I have lots of normal woman-type fantasies, of course, like the thought of being raped. Eventually, I'm sure to become more and more masochistic sexually. The thought of being raped by two men, even more than one, really thrills me. I suppose that's why men like Kirk Douglas and George C. Scott turn me on. They have a strong, masculine charisma. The kind of facial character I really dig. Young boys are a turn-off. Especially the ones with pretty faces. Can't stand them. Girls are interesting. Haven't really made up my mind about them yet, but I think if I found the right girl, I could get into her sexually. I would have to be the one that controls and dominates the relationship, though. I can be submissive to the man but never to the woman. "Oh, well, as the poet once said, "is all that we think or seem but a dream within a dream . . . ?"

Pet of the Year

1976
LAURA DOONE

By the time *Penthouse* discovered Laura Doone, she'd traveled a long way from her New Orleans birthplace, but our darkly sensuous beauty still combined the sexy look of a gypsy with the mysterious élan of a Cajun queen. Also appropriate to her southern heritage, Laura boasted a 36½-18-35½ hourglass figure that even a Scarlett O'Hara would envy. And, like most Dixie beauties, Laura proclaimed herself a true romantic. "I must have a man I can depend on, someone who makes me feel secure . . ." Laura seemed to savor her past affairs in the same way our readers savored her sumptuous beauty. "I can remember in great detail every man I've ever been to bed with," she volunteered, exhibiting a nostalgic streak rampant in that Bicentennial year. Laura's other remarkable assets included her talent as a professional photographer, which she pledged to pursue. "I have a real competitive streak," she told us. "I like to win—whether it's in my career, on the tennis court, or behind the wheel of my prize Porsche 924, driving as fast as the track will allow." Regardless of that, she was definitely on the right track with our readers!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Pet of the Year

"I'm strictly a one-man girl," proclaims Laura Doone, our raven-tressed, twenty-two-year-old 1976 Pet of the Year. And as the votes for Laura came pouring in from the 50 million *Penthouse* readers throughout the world, it became crystal-clear that a lot of men would like to snuggle up in Miss Doone's singular company. Not surprising, since, besides being one of the most beautiful women in the world, our tenth Pet has won a queen's ransom of cash and gifts valued at well over $50,000. Moreover, Laura is nothing if

I like my man to b
aggressive in bed, an
I like to fee
soft and feminine
beside him.

Laura is quite ready to put her considerable expertise as a model to work when she's snapping the shutter. "One thing I'd love to do is a nude session with another woman," she explains. "Women understand each other instinctively; we have a kind of instant rapport. I'm sure I would be able to capture on film the special feminine sensuality of a woman's body. It's a very beautiful thing to behold, and I would love to present such pictures to the world."

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77

I think the sexiest thing in the world is to make love with a bit of clothing on.

Perhaps it's because I give so much of myself, physically and otherwise, when I'm with a man that I could never dream of cheating on someone I love," sighs Laura in a voice that retains just a trace of her native New Orleans. "Or perhaps it's because I can remember every man I've ever been to bed with, in great detail. There aren't any regrets, and I don't want there ever to be any in the future. I'm a true romantic. I must have a man I can depend on, someone who makes me feel secure. In the winter I like to make love by the fire and then share a bottle of wine. In summer the best place for sex is in the water or on the beach. The idea that someone might come along and catch us does add to the excitement, I must admit."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

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Pet of the Year

1977

VICTORIA JOHNSON

Vicki Johnson, our vivacious redheaded peach of a Georgia girl, had to be coaxed into becoming a centerfold and, later, the 1977 Pet of the Year for *Penthouse*. Her explanation was simply that, for a very private person, going public with one's stunning assets was hardly second nature. Since then, Vicki has come to embody the spirit of Petdom, and she feels glad that "there's anything my body can do to help the sexually hung-up world." Once Vicki was happily ensconced in the Atlanta cedar-and-glass dream house she built with part of her Pet of the Year prize money, she was even more reluctant to venture out. Luckily, though, she did—with amazing results. She has appeared in three films (*Racket*, *Smokey and the Bandit*, and *Starship Invasion*) and will also have a role in an upcoming *Penthouse* production of Fellini's *City of Women*. We have a feeling a city of women like Vicki would almost be too much of a good thing!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Right: Vicki shows off her Pet of the Year Grand Prize—a sleek Lotus Esprit, photographed at New York's famous Tavern on the Green. She's wearing a futuristic dress by Larry LeGaspi for Moonstone Company, and a full-length Jasmine Emba White Mink coat with fox trim by Jan Originals, Inc. The rest of Vicki's bounty appears on pages [illegible]

Pet of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

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"I see being the Pet of the Year as a huge responsibility as well as an honor," says Vicki with all her southern softness and determination. "Sometimes it's difficult to see myself as beautiful, but I am deeply moved that others see me that way. I am an intensely private person, and when Penthouse first asked me to pose, I refused—I was too young and just not ready yet. But I've come to understand that if there's anything my body can do to help the sexually hung-up world, then I can really accomplish something. That way I feel very fulfilled. If I can use the beauty that others see in me to release the sense of wonder and adventure of life, then the pleasure is all mine." All Vicki's and 35 million of her adoring admirers, that is.

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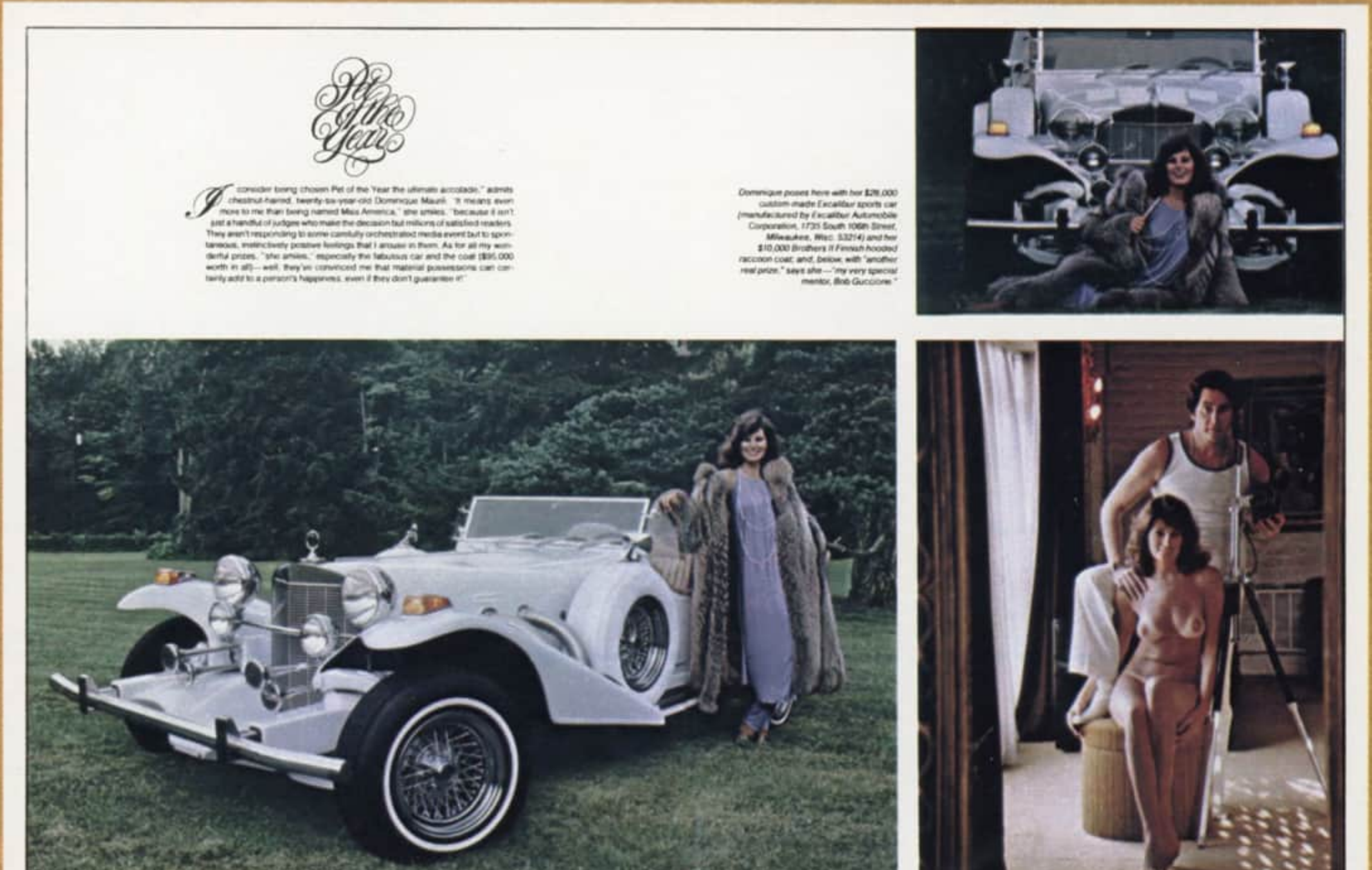
Pet of the Year

1978

DOMINIQUE MAURÉ

Chestnut-haired Dominique Mauré was our tallest Pet ever at a breathtaking five feet, eleven inches, sculpted into a 38-26-37 ultrafeminine form that made her the last—but certainly not the least—of a long, luscious line of prize-winning beauties. Being gregarious by nature, Dominique was a seasoned public-relations pro even before her appearance in *Penthouse*. "Interacting with people is as natural to me as breathing," we learned, though she did admit that men were definitely her biggest fans, and vice versa. Uninhibited Dominique was an outspoken advocate of loving more than one man at once, breathing hope into thousands of adoring readers. She also admitted that she'd been enjoying the earth-moving thrill of orgasms since the age of fifteen and never intended to stop. "Sex," she philosophized, "is a movable feast. How can availing ourselves of that God-given pleasure be called gluttony?" The answer is uncertain, but many of our readers seemed to feel that feasting their eyes on Dominique would make a glutton of anyone.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



Pet of the Year

"I consider being chosen Pet of the Year the ultimate accolade," admits chestnut-haired, twenty-six-year-old Dominique Mauré. "It means even more to me than being named Miss America," she smiles, "because it isn't just a handful of judges who make the decision but millions of satisfied readers. They aren't responding to some carefully orchestrated media event but to spontaneous, instinctively positive feelings that I arouse in them. As for all my wonderful prizes," she smiles, "especially the fabulous car and the coat ($95,000 worth in all)—well, they've convinced me that material possessions can certainly add to a person's happiness, even if they don't guarantee it."

Dominique poses here with her $26,000 custom-made Excalibur sports car (manufactured by Excalibur Automobile Corporation, 1735 South 106th Street, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53214) and her $10,000 Brothers II Finnish hooded raccoon coat; and, below, with "another real prize," says she—"my very special mentor, Bob Guccione."

Her favorite sexual experience took place in her lover's sports car, in broad daylight. "I'll never get over how passionately insistent he was," she smiles. "He couldn't even wait to get me to a rest stop!" Dominique prefers very intelligent men who are also "sensitive but dominating" in bed. "I don't care about any special physical type—I'm concerned most about what's going on inside." Her sentiments are admirable, of course. But with a spectacular exterior like hers, Dominique's inner beauty faces pretty stiff competition . . .

92 PENTHOUSE

Our comely ambassadress will travel the length and breadth of the United States, representing *Penthouse* before the press and meeting thousands of fans. "I'm particularly interested in public relations, because interreacting with people is as natural to me as breathing," says our appropriately breath-taking Pet of Pets. Dominique has also modeled professionally—not only television and print but also live-runway modeling. "Nude modeling is a traditional art form," our Pet believes. "And because *Penthouse* appeals to discriminating, educated readers, it has helped bring a new respectability to nudity. Being photographed by Bob Guccione was especially fulfilling," Dominique explains, "because he knew exactly how to bring out the most in me."

19
THE PET OF THE

Stan Malinowski

While we're on the endlessly fascinating subject of year-in-year-out *Penthouse* stunners, here is a splendid second chance for you, as a loyal and interested reader, to enjoy an encore appearance of the fabulous four 1979 Pet of the Year contenders presented in our June issue. We hope that this unexpected double exposure to their supple and sensual charms will help you decide, once and for all, which of these peerless Pets represents the

CHERYL RIXON

Cheryl, whose 37-23-35 inches adorned our December 1977 issue, has since been involved with film appearances (*Racket* and *Swapmeet*) and only has time to think about the election "every other minute." It makes us wish we were the hands of time . . .

DEBORA ZULLO

Debora, our 36-22-35 November Pet of the Month knockout, is a lovely Los Angeles fashion model whose bedtime story is simply, "In bed, I believe anything is possible; I have no taboos with someone I love." A sweet thought to dream on . . .

Earl Miller

79
YEAR PLAY-OFF

pinnacle of feminine beauty to you. Once you've made your difficult bittersweet choice, send in the name of your favorite to either our New York or London office, marking the envelope Pet of the Year Competition. The lovely winner will enjoy a ravishing reign, along with the most valuable, luxurious collection of gifts and cash awards in the history of beauty competitions. May the winsome-est woman win!

Bob Guccione

Stan Malinowski

CARMEN POPE

Astral-bodied Carmen Pope, whose 38-22-36 inches graced our March 1978 issue, is busily studying acting in Los Angeles. "I'm a fiery Spaniard, highly passionate," she admits—a confession that guarantees her a constellation of charmed constituents . . .

CORINNE ALPHEN

Since Corinne appeared in our June 1978 issue, her life seems set on fast forward. She loves to speed around on her Harley Davidson bike, is hooked on Vegas nightlife, and has done television modeling. It's enough to make us race to the polling booth!

WOODSTOCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

tively empty, except for a few stragglers huddled in conversation and a disgruntled crew of electricians fighting nature to connect the power for the refrigeration. John pulled up in front of the serving table. He was distracted by a familiar face in the process of pouring itself a cup of coffee.

Bill Belmont juggled a second steaming cup in his hand as he walked toward his friend. "I thought that was you streaking past. How's the show progressing?"

"Sensational," Morris said sarcastically. "It's about to come to a deathly halt if I don't produce another act out of thin air in the next five minutes. Have you seen Tim Hardin around?"

"He cut outta here right after you hit him with going on first," Belmont snickered.

"Organize a posse to bring Hardin in—dead or alive. Better make that *alive*. He's gotta be able to do about twenty minutes; after that, he's on his own."

"All right. Just let me take this over to Joe," Belmont nodded to one of the cups, "and I'll be on my way."

"Joe?"

"You know, man—McDonald."

"Country Joe's here—*in the performers' pavilion*?" Morris asked, doing a quick pan of the premises.

"He's right over there." Belmont motioned to the back of a curly red head partially obscured by the master electrician. "Want to say hello before you split?"

"Hold it! Just hang on a second. Look, is Joe still considering a solo career?"

"It's way off, man. I don't know."

"Well, we just might push the calendar ahead a few years." Morris said.

Belmont grinned his approval. "It's a hell of an idea. Let's go ask him."

Country Joe McDonald was a spidery, modishly daft man who looked more like a high-school misfit than an extremely clever and perceptive political satirist. Along with the Fish, whom he had toured with since 1963, McDonald was a mainstay of the Berkeley anti-Establishment movement, showing up for every rally and sit-in, prepared to sing. That Country Joe and the Fish were even invited to play at Woodstock seemed more of a tribute to their past than an acquiescence to current demand.

"Hey, guys—what's happenin'?" McDonald flashed the peace sign as Morris and Belmont sallied over to his table.

Morris placed a hand on the entertainer's shoulder. "I need a favor, Joe. I've got no one to follow Richie, and I wondered if you'd go on and do something."

"Whoa, man! Like, I'd be glad to help you out, but I don't have a guitar with me. Can't sing without a guitar," he said, grinning.

"We'll get you one!" Morris pulled McDonald to his feet. "C'mon, man, let's get over to the stage. "Bill," he turned to Belmont, who was still balancing the coffee cups in one hand, "you work on getting a guitar. I've gotta get Joe on stage. And please be quick about it."

Richie Havens could be heard finishing the stanza of a song as Morris dragged Joe McDonald into the backstage elevator and hit the "start" button.

"We don't have much time," Morris fussed as he and McDonald stepped out onto the back side of the stage. "If there is a God, will you please see that little Billy Belmont gets a guitar for Christmas six months early?" he joked, looking up into a slowly fading sky.

"How's this?" a voice asked from behind him. Morris spun around in time to see Bill Belmont lift his trophy into the air. It was a wooden Yamaha guitar whose condition suggested it had seen better days.

McDonald snatched it out of his hands and lightly ran his fingers across the strings. "Yeah, yeah, that'll do," he approved. "But I can't play without a strap."

Morris threw up his hands in frustration, but Belmont saved him from further panic by ripping a piece of rope off the stage railing and lacing it to either end of the guitar. "Witness: a strap!" he exclaimed, impressed by his own ingenuity.

> "If you fuckin' don't get Michael Lang to pay me," John Wolf, The Who's manager, screamed, "I'm not going to let my group go on!"

"Very neat, Belmont," McDonald applauded. "Just get me a capo, and everything'll be cool."

Belmont put two fingers on his forehead. A capo was a piece of elastic which wrapped around the neck of a guitar and allowed the artist to transpose a song into his proper vocal key. He knew that it was impossible for Country Joe to go on without it. "I'll be right back," he said. He tapped Morris reassuringly on the shoulder. "Don't worry, man, I'll find a capo. Stall Havens for a few minutes." And he disappeared down the steps.

On stage, Richie Havens was whipping the crowd into a mushrooming frenzy.

"Oh shit! He's on his way off!" Morris checked over his shoulder, but there was no sign of Belmont. Havens took two steps back, and then launched into another improvised chorus of the song which had begun four minutes earlier as a freedom chant. Morris knew he had no longer than another minute or so before he had to go out on that stage and announce the next act. "Doesn't Richie have a capo?" Morris asked McDonald.

"No, man. He plays in an open tuning and uses his thumb to bar across the frets."

Havens had now stepped off to the side of his two musicians and was slowly backing off the stage. Still beating his guitar in time to the congas, Richie stepped behind a group of stagehands in front of the communications console. Morris wrapped an arm around the singer's perspiration-drenched robe and moved his mouth towards Havens's bobbing head. "You gotta go back!" he pleaded, not sure whether Richie even heard him.

"Can't go back," Havens said breathlessly.

Without further debate, Morris put a hand in the small of Richie Havens's back and gently shoved him back out on stage. Havens reemerged to an overwhelming ovation from the crowd, but it was clear that he did not intend to do an encore. He finished out the song, waved his thanks, and marched triumphantly off the stage. At that precise moment, Morris caught sight of Bill Belmont waving a capo over his head as he hustled up the flight of steps. John caught Havens by the arm and hugged him. "You were sensational, man," he said, nearly in tears. Before he could release Richie from his grasp, Joe McDonald wandered out onto stage, wrestling the capo onto the neck of his guitar, and saluted the audience.

"Gimme an *F!*" he screamed. A quarter-million voices responded obediently. "Gimme a *U!* Gimme a *C!* Gimme a *K!*" The bowl had erupted in jubilation. "What's that spell?"

"Fuck!" the audience shouted.

"Fuck!"

McDonald reared back his head and laughed while he introduced the opening bars of a song on his hand-me-down guitar. Morris and Belmont slapped each other on the back and yelled their support to McDonald, who was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"I'll want to get Bert Sommer, Sweetwater, and the Incredible String Band over here as soon as possible," Morris said. "How long is Joe good for?"

"The way he's going—about a half-hour, forty-five minutes, depending on the crowd."

"That'd be terrific," Morris said hopefully. "I'll hook Tim Hardin for the next spot, and that should give us about an hour and a half to put our shuttle into effect."

Morris called the security office to make sure he had a helicopter at his disposal to fly in Sweetwater and the others from the Holiday Inn and then walked Belmont over to the launching pad. Afterward, he made his way back to the performer's pavilion to see who, if anyone, was around and available to play.

A young man with sandy hair, wire-rimmed glasses, and dressed from head to toe in tie-dyed clothing walked into the tent just ahead of him, carrying a guitar. It didn't take Morris more than a flickering glance to recognize John Sebastian.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 280

VANTAGE
MENTHOL
VANTAGE

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Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

SMOKEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

completed, he continued patrolling the Century Road, tagging speeders with a vengeance. Since he was off-duty and his cruiser had been reassigned to another officer, he modified his own automobile for the job. He had the engine of his 1979 Chevy Caprice bored and installed headers, a blower, and a four-speed straight stick. He purchased his own Kustom Signals moving radar and mounted its sending cone on his window, giving him the capability of clocking cars one mile ahead. Since he was not authorized to wear the Highway Patrol's uniform, he designed his own in black leather, complete with black-leather aiguillette, black-leather leggings, and a black-leather trooper's hat. He bought his own Speedgun, had it customized with nickel plating and mother-of-pearl grips, and wore it slung below his waist in a hand-tooled black-leather holster with a tie-down. One of his victims wrote the PAC that dressed this way, Smokey the Pig made an S.S. *Obersturmführer* look like a cub scout.

Smokey the Pig did not make any pretense of being an on-duty highway patrolman. When he pulled drivers over now, he explained that they were under citizen's arrest for violating the speed limit. He wrote out summonses on tickets of his own design, featuring indicia portraying a duroc hog wearing a ranger hat. He informed all persons whom he stopped that they had the right to remain silent, which he would enforce by bashing their teeth down their throat if they said one word. Every morning before he reported to his job of ordering label stock for electrostatic copiers, he dropped by the courthouses of the counties along the Century Road and swore out complaints against the drivers he had bagged, requiring them to appear in court to answer his allegation, as a private citizen, that they had violated the law. And since Rauch was not acting in an official capacity, there was nothing to stop him from setting up speed traps not only in his home state but also in Ohio and Pennsylvania. On occasion, when he was in a snit from having been outdriven by the Roadrunner, he was known to follow speeders from Pennsylvania all the way through to Ohio, where he would pull them over and give them three tickets—one for each state.

At first the judges threw out all of Rauch's cases on motions to dismiss. That was until it became known around the courthouses that one night he had tailed the administrative justice of the Fessenden County Court of Common Pleas to Laraine's Kitty Kat Lounge, where, through the window of a trailer located next door, he had observed that jurist in the act of lounging with two of Laraine's Kitty Kats. From then on, every driver dragged into court by Smokey the Pig was hit with a $100 fine and mandatory attendance at the state's traffic-safety education course.

"Now you know why I named him Pimp!"

It was at this point that the sheriff of Fessenden County, through which I-100 passes for six miles, retired for reasons of health. Ferkel D. Rauch decided to run for the post, campaigning before local Kiwanis, Rotary, and Odd Fellow luncheons on a platform he called Proposition 55. If every last speeder on the Century Road could be caught and fined $100, he maintained, property taxes could be abolished in the county. Moreover, he said, unemployment could be eliminated by deputizing all unemployed men and women in the county and turning them into what he called "Bounty County Mounties," giving them a 50 percent personal cut of all the speeding fines they generated. Rauch won the election handily, quit the state police, and donned the silver whistle and golden lanyard of the sheriff of Fessenden County.

Over the protests of the Department of Public Safety, Rauch led his BCMs in wolf pack forays onto I-100, where the county technically had joint jurisdiction with the Highway Patrol. Within six months Fessenden's speeding-fine take had produced a budgetary surplus, and not only were property taxes eliminated, but also homeowners were given a hefty rebate. Smokey the Pig quickly became the toast not only of his home county but also of the entire state. People began to drive to Fessenden County from miles around to speed on I-100 in the hope of getting a ticket from Ferkel D. Rauch himself, because a ticket that cost $100, laminated onto a wastebasket or photoengraved into an ashtray, was worth $200. Fessenden merchants began to sell speeding-ticket placemats bearing a facsimile of the sheriff's signature, speeding-ticket highball glasses, speeding-ticket toaster covers, even speeding-ticket toilet paper signed "F. D. Rauch, Sheriff."

With the gubernatorial election only months away, taxpayers' associations around the state banded together to run Rauch for governor. The pollsters agreed that the sheriff was gaining on the incumbent and that Prop. 55 would soon be in effect statewide. It was my job to meet with Rauch and attempt to head off this trend toward obedience to law, safety, conservation, and fiscal responsibility that was threatening to eat away at the fiber of American society.

I rented a car at the Wheeling airport and set out to confront Ferkel D. Rauch. There was no need for me to find him. All that was necessary was for me to get onto I-100, do what came naturally, and he would find me.

Within minutes after I left rubber at the Wheeling South on-ramp of the Century Road, I saw flashing blue lights in my rearview mirror. I pulled onto the shoulder and waited as the officer swaggered over. His name tag read: "Ferkel D. Rauch, Sheriff." He shined his flashlight into my car, which I thought was an interesting touch, since it was 1:00 in the afternoon. I gave him my license and the rental agreement.

"You know why I pulled you over, Craig?"

My policy is that whenever a highway patrolman calls me by my first name, I show my appreciation for his friendliness by returning the favor.

"Let me guess, Ferkel. You want to sell me a ticket to the police ball."

Rauch turned red as the rig of the Roadrunner. "You have any idea how fast you were going?" he fumed.

"I thought I was only going ninety-five," I replied. "What seems to be the problem, officer?"

"Ain't you never heard of fifty-five?" he bellowed.

"Let me see, wasn't that the year Wladyslaw Gomulka was elected first secretary of the Polish Communist party?"

"What the hell you talkin' about?" he said.

"Oh fudge," I said. "You're right. That was fifty-six."

"I hope you got a whole lot of cash on you, Karpel," he said, "or you're gonna get well acquainted with the water bugs over at the Fessenden County Correctional Facility."

"Officer, perhaps I can explain," I said, and showed him my *Penthouse* press card, which was clipped to the centerfold of the current issue of the magazine. Having thus gained the sheriff's attention, I told him I was here to find out what makes Ferkel D. Rauch tick and asked whether he could spare a few moments to answer a few questions. He agreed and told me to follow his car behind a large clump of bushes a few hundred yards ahead. When I got there, I found Rauch kneeling in the foliage by the side of the road. He drew his Speedgun from its holster and pointed it up the highway.

"You don't mind if I apprehend a few perpetrators while we talk," he said. "This way they can't see my beat car. When I clock a violator, I jump in my car and peel out after him. Boy, do they fall off their stools when they see those Christmas lights! That's how I caught the governor."

"The governor!" I exclaimed.

"You better believe it, buddyrolls. He's got a country retreat near here. I sat in the bushes by the road leading to it for six consecutive days and nights before I dinged him. Sixty in a forty, and his Fuzzbuster didn't make a peep. But that ain't all. You know what he had under a dash? A jammer!"

"A who?"

"A doohickey that sends out a radar signal to screw up a police officer's Speedgun. They're illegal, immoral, and fattening, and it's gonna cost his governorship the election."

"Will you be able to get a conviction?" I asked.

"Already got a conviction over at the Fessenden County court, only he was able to keep it out of the papers. Governor sat there, with his dyed-gray sideburns and his sunlamp tan and his Norman of Savile Row suit, harrumphing about how commendable my activities had been, suggesting that perhaps I'd been somewhat overzeal-

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ous in my enforcement efforts, but asking the court not to judge me too harshly. I mean, who the heck was on trial, him or me?

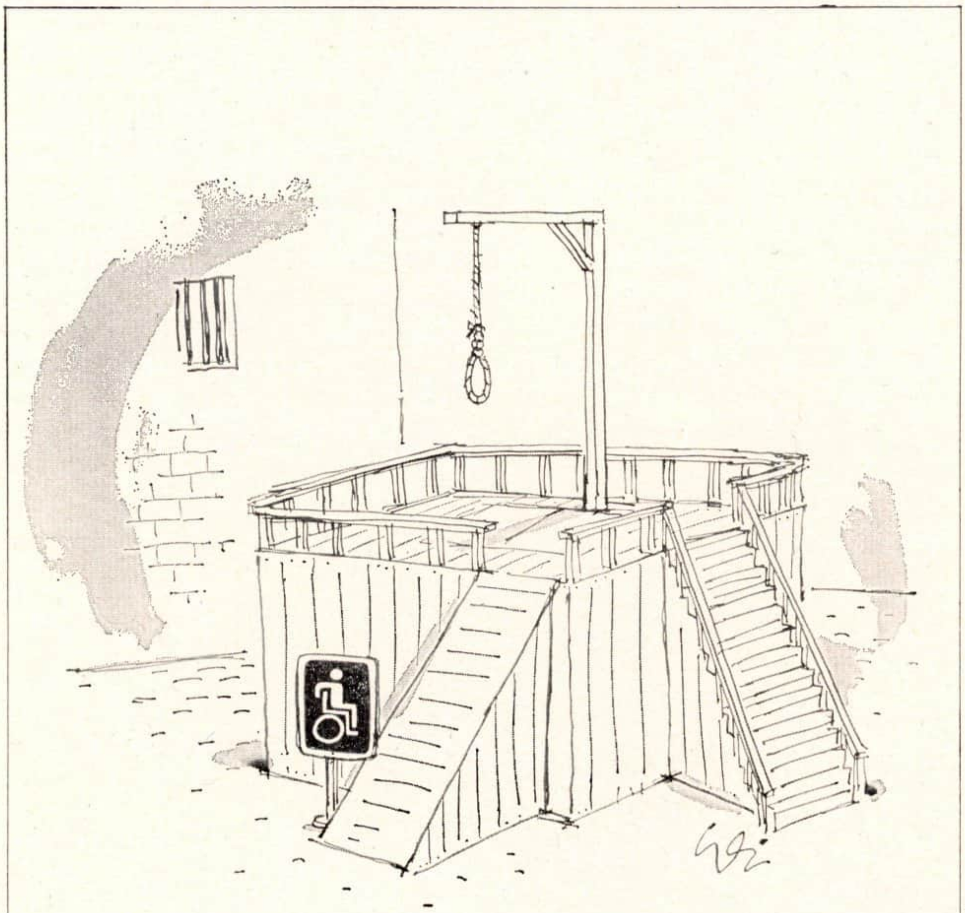
"So I just got up on the witness stand, gave my radar clock testimony by the book, and threw in all the precedents just to make sure he couldn't flash his mouth full of capped teeth to smile his way out of this one: State of New Jersey versus Dantonio! Everight versus City of Little Rock! State of Missouri versus Graham! State of Connecticut versus Tomanelli! And in conclusion, Your Honor, leave us not forget Honeycutt versus Commonwealth of Kentucky! While I was citing the landmark radar cases, the judge looked like he was having multiple orgasms, him and the gov being from two different parties—conservative Republican and liberal Republican. When it was all over, he found for the state and fined the big cheese $250 for the speed and $500 for the jammer. Everybody in the courtroom cheered—even people I'd ticketed in the past. 'Five-five!' they were shouting. 'Five-five!' I felt like I'd died and gone to heaven.

"As I was floating out of the courtroom on cloud five-five, Mr. Upstairs came up to me. He made a big show of shaking my hand like a good loser and putting his arm around my shoulder for the television cameras. While the photographers were snapping away, he said through his clenched capped smiling teeth so only I could hear, 'Rauch, from this time forward, your ass is grass and I'm the lawn mower.'

"Well, I'm going down to the capital tonight to debate his governorhood on a statewide television-radio hookup, and I'm bringing the transcript of the trial, and I'm gonna give a dramatic reading. Say, how'd you like to be commissioner of some damn old thing when I'm elected?"

I told him that I'd have to think about it, but in the meantime I was wondering why he had to be so hard on speeders, even when they were standing still.

"Listen," he said, his face suddenly darkening. "That's one point on which I don't compromise. The property damage, injury, and loss of life wreaked on the public by the speed violator is indisputably the most serious and least-recognized problem facing the country today. In depth and scope it surpasses every other facet of crime, accounting for more than 50,000 needless fatalities annually. What's more, not only are all speeders criminals, but all criminals are speeders. You take a bank robber, a burglar, a rapist—they all speed. How do you think most of the violent offenders on the ten-most-wanted list are usually caught? Guy shotguns ten people, gets clean away, is picked up for running a stop sign. I tell you, if we could catch every speeder, we could totally eliminate crime in America! When I'm governor of this state, I'm gonna push for a nationwide referendum on Proposition 55. Get the criminals off the streets and eliminate the income tax. Tell me a president couldn't be elected on a platform like that!"



I realized that for me to try to persuade Ferkel D. Rauch to let up on speeders would be like trying to convince Anita Bryant to get Paul Lynde the job as spokesman for the Florida Citrus Board. I bid my adieus, got into my rented Cougar, drove back to the airport, and winged my way home.

Smokey the Pig never did arrive at the television studio to expose the governor as a radar jammer and announce his intention to go national with Prop. 55. His car was found early the next morning, overturned in a ditch by the side of the interstate. One side had been swiped so hard it was scraped with bright red paint. In the days that followed, when fellow truckers asked the Roadrunner why he had suddenly gotten rid of his old rig and replaced it with a new one painted bright yellow, he would always give the same reply. "Ah-oo-gah," he would say and blow on his coffee.

Members of five-five teams from all over the country attended the funeral of Ferkel D. Rauch, forming a cortege of police cars three miles long. The Bounty County Mounties, red-eyed with grief, set up a roadblock at the exit from the cemetery and gave every vehicle in the cortege a ticket for having gone sixty-eight in a fifty-five-mile zone on the way to the grave site.

The Penthouse Action Center, oddly enough, still gets occasional letters about Smokey the Pig. They say that people who get tickets for speeding on I-100 late at night sometimes have an odd experience when they go to pay the fine. They are told that the citations are invalid, because they bear the signature of Ferkel D. Rauch, who went to the great speed trap in the sky months ago. Some say the summonses are the work of pranksters. But others whisper that on moonless nights when the coal-black darkness of uttermost West Virginia envelops the Century Road, the restless shade of Smokey the Pig lies in wait for unwary motorists, a phantasmal CMI Speedgun in its skeletal hand . . .

And around the jukeboxes of roadside rests in three states truckers gather silently with tears in their eyes as a group called the BCMs harmonizes in mountain minor over a line of pedal steel guitar:

Smokey the Pig of the highway patrol,
Keepin' his brother from goin' over
five-five,
Till a permissive society drove him out of
control.
Now he is gone, but his spirit's alive.

Helpin' the public to conserve gasoline,
Keepin' the casualty record clean,
Goin' out of his way to aid motorists in
distress,
He loved them more, when they loved him
less.

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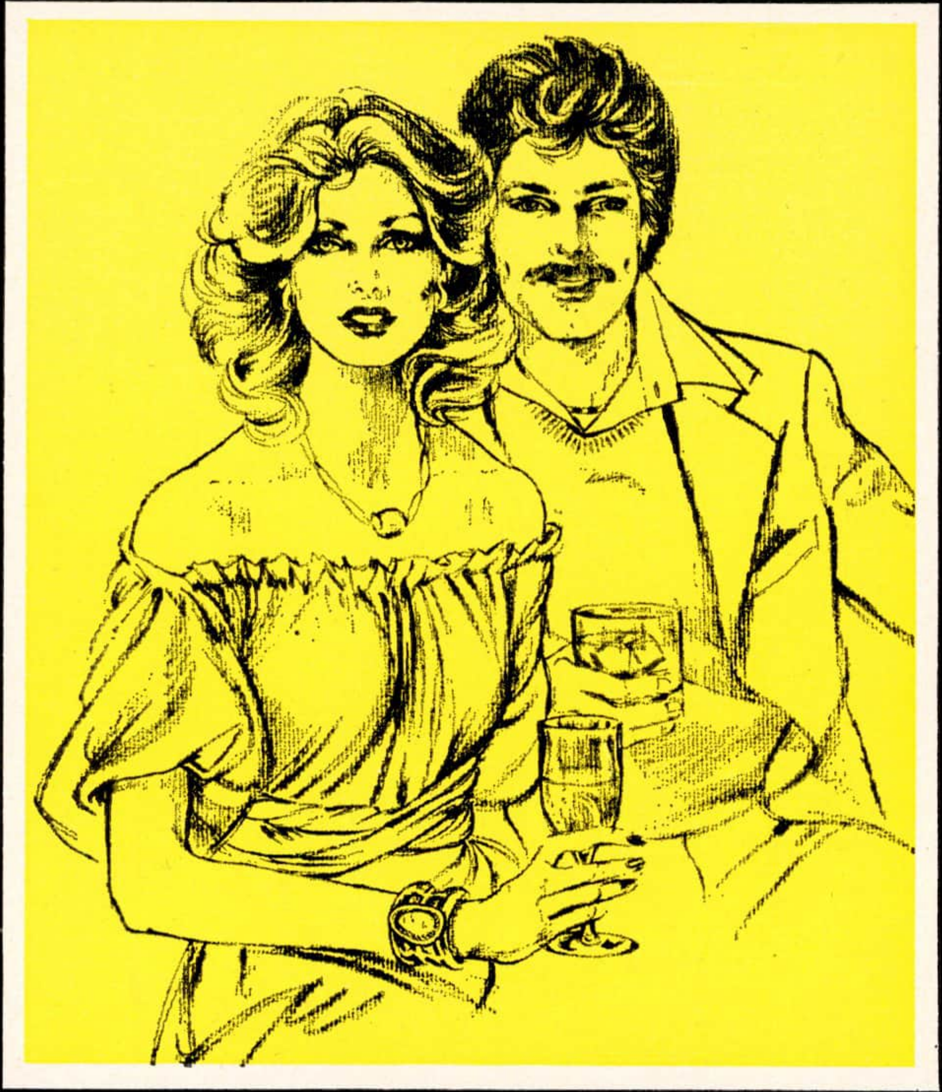

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

WILLIE NELSON

> ‘I never want to lose contact
> with my real fans. That's why I do so much touring.
> It's nice to know what the moguls are
> thinking, but it's just as important to keep listening
> to the waitresses in honky-tonks.’

Through thousands of hard, dusty miles and years of frustrations, Willie Nelson hit the roads of Texas in old station wagons and rumpled sleeping bags. Now Nelson and his "family" of pickers and pranksters travel on luxury buses and Learjets. Willie knows all about being broke and lonely, and many of his best songs take the form of anguished autobiography: "The night life ain't no good life, but it's my life." But he seldom writes these days. He is too busy drinking in the cheers of huge audiences and accepting the accolades and embraces of Hollywood moguls. "It's been rough and rocky traveling," Willie sings in his well-known "Me and Paul." But the road has at last taken him all the way from honky-tonks, where stages were fenced with chicken wire to ward off flying beer bottles, to—among other places—the lawn of the Jimmy Carter White House.

At forty-five, the little guy with the red beard, ponytail, and single earring has emerged as a very hot show business property. He is a dominant figure in country music, a budding movie personality, and a kind of cult hero to an unlikely following of beer-swilling rednecks, pot-smoking hippies, and millions in between. But even as he savors the hit records and screen roles and hard-earned fame, it sometimes seems easier to explain how he came this far than it is to figure out why.

Nelson himself offers no simple answer. "I've been writing and singing pretty much the same kinds of things for twenty-five years," he says. "It seems like a lot of folks have just gotten around to listening." Actually, people in the music business listened and liked Nelson's songs from the beginning of his career. They just didn't want him to sing them. Early classics like "The Night Life," "Crazy," and "Hello, Walls" became solid hits in the popular and country fields—but they were hits for other artists. Nashville executives never could see a place for Willie's own husky, plaintive voice, and so his own records tended to be overproduced, underpromoted, and seldom sold.

The breakthrough began in the early 1970s, after Nelson gave up pounding studio doors in Nashville and returned to his native Texas. In 1972 he threw the first of his annual Fourth of July picnics—and some 50,000 fans showed up in Dripping Springs, near his Austin home. More important, visitors to the picnics cheered rock groups as well as country stars, and the media noticed that Willie's fans and friends came in all age groups and hairstyles. Soon he was being hailed as a great synthesizer and a leader of a broad new movement, known variously as "progressive rock," "country rock," and "redneck rock."

During the same period, Nelson turned his musical talents to a series of theme or "concept" albums. The first, and the one Nelson still considers among his best, was *Yesterday's Wine*. With strong overtones from the tabernacle choir in Nelson's tiny hometown of Abbott, the album told the life story of a man from his birth—"What would you have me to do, Lord?"—to his death, when he looks at his own funeral with brilliant irony. As his neighbors surround the casket and talk of his fast nightlife, Nelson sings ruefully, "If I'd listened to them, I wouldn't be here." This all proved too deep for most record executives and country music fans, but it offered one important clue to understanding Nelson. "I've sort of written my autobiography," he says. "I've just disguised it as a bunch of songs."

Drawing on the rich experiences of his own two stormy divorces, Nelson then created the album *Phases and Stages*, an evocative look at a broken marriage from both the man's and woman's point of view. Along with another rock-oriented album, *Shotgun Willie*, that work paved the way for the fulfillment of a dream. Columbia offered Nelson a contract giving him full artistic control of his albums.

Given that chance, Willie promptly broke all the rules. Stringing together some old songs that he had once sung to his three kids at bedtime, he created an Old West tale of love and murder called *Redheaded Stranger*. Columbia executives winced when they heard the spare, starkly produced sound. But the album went platinum, the old Fred Rose ballad "Blue Eyes Cryin' in the Rain" became a crossover single hit, and Universal bought the rights to make *Redheaded Stranger* into a movie. Now Nelson had still another image: he was the musical outlaw who had shown that he could beat the system.

Then, with the fierce innocence and vaguely contrary spirit that have always confused those who would give him a narrow label, Willie took another sharp turn. His *Stardust* album was a country-blues adaptation of ten of the standards he had enjoyed in his youth. Last year it became his biggest hit of all.

Now Nelson is deep into another phase of his career. He has completed his first film role, as a supporting actor to Robert Redford and Jane Fonda in *The Electric Horseman*. Director Sidney Pollack was so impressed with that effort that he signed Willie to star in another movie, *Honeysuckle Rose*. And Universal executive Thom Mount, the first to call Hollywood's attention to the Nelson phenomenon, will soon begin *Redheaded Stranger*. The old outlaw who once trudged the streets of Nashville in despair is suddenly standing astride the most fashionable hills of Beverly.

Photograph by Michael Putland/Retna

That's how Willie got here. But the question remains, Why Willie Nelson? People who view him as the synthesizer with the grand design for society tend to be surprised when they encounter a quiet man whose driving ambition seems to be picking and singing the songs he has always loved best. Seekers of a dangerous outlaw may be disappointed to learn that Willie's wildest crimes run to smoking marijuana and occasionally submerging himself in a bottle of tequila. For a man who is supposed to be a cult hero with a message, Nelson does a lot more listening than talking; and in trying to understand his vast appeal and understated wisdom, it helps to go back to his songs:

> *My front tracks are headed for a cold water well,*
> *And my back tracks are covered with snow.*
> *And sometimes it's heaven,*
> *And sometimes it's hell,*
> *And sometimes I don't even know.**

The highs and lows began early for Nelson, soon after he and his older sister, Bobbie, learned music from their grandmother and began playing as kids in tiny clubs near Abbott. When he was eighteen, Willie married Martha Mathews, a sixteen-year-old carhop in a hamburger joint in nearby Waco. Then he went on the road to seek his fortune in music—and try to keep eating at the same time. His travels took him around Texas, then west to California and Oregon. When he wasn't grabbing disc jockey jobs or hustling his songs, he sold encyclopedias door to door or trimmed trees. But within a few years, inevitably, he had to try his luck in Nashville.

If, like a Greek dramatist, Willie had to seek wisdom through suffering, Nashville was the right place to be. He had sold his first hit, "Family Bible," for just fifty dollars to some friends in Texas. On Music Row he did better, making some decent profits with his writing. But he had a knack for pouring the cash over the bar slightly faster than he could earn it, and he remained bitter about his failure to become a recording star. Once he became so despondent that—in what must surely be one of the world's more bizarre suicide attempts—he lay down in the street outside Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, waiting to be run over. His wife, Martha, and some friends dragged him to safety. And that was a surprise in itself—there were many nights when Martha might not have bothered.

"Martha was a full-blooded Cherokee," says Willie, "and we replayed Custer's Last Stand almost every night." Once Martha threw a fork at him, and it stuck in his rib cage, humming like a tuning fork. At a genteel dinner party, she poured a plate of potatoes and gravy over his head; he went on eating as if nothing had happened. One night, when he stumbled home drunk and passed out in bed, she sewed the sheet tightly over his head and then beat him with a broomstick when he awoke. The marriage provided ten years of bruises and material for sad songs.

With his second wife, Shirley, Willie tried to settle down on a Tennessee farm and raise hogs. He was the worst hog farmer who ever filled a trough. By the time that marriage had run its course—ten more years of material—he had written a song called "What Can You Do to Me Now?" Soon afterward his house burned to the ground. With his present wife, Connie, a statuesque lady, Nelson returned to Texas. His career began to turn around, and even the marriage has worked out. On his third try, Willie seems to have got it right.

Willie and Connie now maintain a home on a mountain just outside Denver, and Willie still owns his ranch near Austin. But his real home is the open road. As Mickey Raphael, the brilliant young harmonica player in the "family," puts it, "Our mailing address is Show Bus Number One." Every time Willie and his followers disband for vacations, they find themselves anxious for the comforts and camaraderie of motel rooms and buses. So it was on the road, in California, that Willie sat down by a motel pool to talk to Pete Axthelm, the *Newsweek* columnist who is writing a book about him (to be published by Viking).

***Penthouse*:** Is it hard to keep being an outlaw when everyone from New York to Hollywood wants to make you richer and more famous?

Nelson: I never really set out to be an outlaw in the first place. So I guess I don't have to worry about whether I'm still one.

***Penthouse*:** What is your definition of an outlaw?

Nelson: In the record business, it may not be anything but a label that somebody made up to make it easier to sell records. Among those of us who've been called outlaws, I know we don't think of ourselves as being strongly against the law in a real-life sense. I think of an outlaw as a rebel, someone who knows what he wants and isn't always going to go along with everybody else's program.

***Penthouse*:** Do you think you let some people down when you fail to fill a role they expect—as an outlaw, a lonely cowboy, or whatever?

Nelson: I guess that does happen. I understand that good stories have beginnings, middles, and endings. Writers like to write good stories, and fans like to read them. But since we outlaws are still alive, we don't provide a neat ending for a story. That leaves people to make up their own—maybe for their own benefit. That's why a guy can come to Austin and write about the rise of redneck rock, then come back and sell another article on the fall of redneck rock. When something is successful, a lot of people try to get aboard. That's all right, in a way. But you can't take their labels and conclusions any more seriously than you take any other labels.

***Penthouse*:** On the subject of labels or categories, where does your music fit in? Your recent albums have taken several directions. Does that mean you're less "country"?

Nelson: No. The albums have changed, but I haven't. I have always liked to play good music, to make people happy. People thought that the *Stardust* album was a breakthrough into pop music for me. But really, those were songs I played with my older sister, Bobbie, when we were little kids. Playing them doesn't make us pop, any more than it makes a song like "Blue Skies" a country song.

In a concert I might play an old-fashioned country tune like "San Antonio Rose" or "Blue Eyes Cryin' in the Rain," followed by "Stardust" and then our rock-style version of "Whiskey River." We don't worry about categories. We just know people like them. It's just good music.

***Penthouse*:** You and Waylon Jennings sing a warning: "Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys." But growing up western seems to have worked out for you.

Nelson: Sure, I've always tried to have a horse nearby to relax. It's just that there are times when a limo is more convenient.

***Penthouse*:** *Redheaded Stranger* is a simple tale of frontier morality, which is told from a stern, masculine point of view. It was a daring thing to put on a record. Why do you think that it worked?

Nelson: I think a certain cowboy morality has been with us since the beginnings of this country. Our grandfathers carved out a frontier—that's what made us. So their type of living always interested me, and I don't think I'm that different from anybody else. We all went to see Hopalong Cassidy on Saturdays. Most of us still think of the cowboy as a good guy. Of course, the cowboys-and-Indians thing isn't what it used to be—modern Indians put a stop to that shit. But sheriffs and robbers and ponies and cows are still with us.

***Penthouse*:** You mean that everybody, deep down, wants to be a cowboy?

Nelson: At least for part of a weekend. Maybe they'll go to a disco Friday and then a shit-kicker joint on Saturday, and then compare and see what they've learned.

***Penthouse*:** How do you feel about the cowboy image?

Nelson: It's a good image. What's wrong with John Wayne? I think his cowboy image is healthy. I always rooted for John Wayne. Of course, I rooted for Geronimo, too.

***Penthouse*:** Speaking of John Wayne, isn't part of your appeal the fact that while so many rock groups are moving toward an asexual or gay image, you are so frankly masculine in your thinking and in your songs?

Nelson: Somebody once said that you're really three people: first, who you think you

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*© 1974 by Willie Nelson Music, Inc.

are; second, what someone else thinks you are; and, finally, what you really are. So I can't answer that completely. But, yes, if I had to describe my approach to life, I'd say it was masculine.

***Penthouse*:** Then let's talk about women.

Nelson: Great. I'm for 'em.

***Penthouse*:** Any special kinds?

Nelson: All of the above. Especially young, pretty ones.

***Penthouse*:** How do you feel about women's liberation and the changing attitudes of women?

Nelson: I don't think attitudes have really changed that much. Women and men are almost identical to me, no matter what the current trends may claim. Their thoughts are not that much different. For one example, some people say that women change faster or behave more unpredictably than men. I don't believe that. I think that men may just be more deceitful about their changing ideas. Women may make their feelings more obvious and thus *seem* more flighty or unpredictable. They also may be more flagrant, because they're more convinced that they're right. But the thoughts and reactions of men and women are similar. It's just that men are basically more shy about expressing themselves. Except when they're drunk.

***Penthouse*:** A lot of modern psychologists might dispute your theory. Maybe you'd better explain.

Nelson: Well, this isn't exactly deep psychology, but I believe that basically, when a man's looking at a woman and thinking, "Boy, I'd like to fuck you," she's probably at least considering the same possibility. Whether they do it or not doesn't depend on the difference between them. It depends on the circumstances or the morals involved.

***Penthouse*:** Or her husband.

Nelson: Yeah. That can always be a factor.

***Penthouse*:** What about women's drive for equal opportunity?

Nelson: I think that's a little off the mark. Maybe women already have the best of it right now. Over the centuries, the fact that women have been physically weaker has caused them to become shrewder and mentally stronger. Compensation. So I think that anyone who underestimates a woman now is making a mistake. I don't underestimate a woman one bit. I don't think she needs anything from me, except what I can give her during a show—or maybe afterwards.

***Penthouse*:** Which brings us to the subject of groupies. What about women on the road?

Nelson: How much time we got?

***Penthouse*:** Start with what women mean to you when you're on the road.

Nelson: You could say that they're what keeps a lot of us on the road so many years. They're the perfect audience.

***Penthouse*:** Groupies are the perfect audience?

Nelson: I don't really like that word. I'd like something more dignified to describe them. Maybe "star-fuckers." But the truth is that the star-fucking phenomenon gets exaggerated. Because when you're up front singing, then signing autographs and talking with folks, by the time you get back to the bus, the crop's been pretty well picked over. So being the star isn't such a bargain in that area. There's a song, "Cowboys don't get lucky every night." And it happens to be true.

***Penthouse*:** What about wives? You've had three. Do you think married women need equality or liberation?

Nelson: I'm not sure. As long as we're talking in generalities, let's take the Indians. When we were kids, we studied them and thought the Indian brave had it made. He got to go out hunting, riding through the woods or fishing in a stream all day, while the poor woman had to stay home and cook or sew. But if you'd ever been up in the mountains on horseback, killed a 300-pound deer, and then carried it back down and dressed the son of a bitch and got him in shape to be cooked—well, maybe it wasn't so bad to be sitting home all the time, making sure the water's hot.

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> I've always tried to have a horse nearby to relax. It's just that there are times when a limo is more convenient.
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***Penthouse*:** Three tries at marriage might strike some people as a lot. And yours have pretty much overlapped, with one starting at about the time the other breaks up. Why are you so frantic about being married?

Nelson: I always feel like I need a home base. There's something in me that makes me want to know that wherever I am and whatever I'm doing, I can always go home to someone, someplace. Truthfully, it's not so much that I enjoy being there. Usually, when I do go home, after two or three days I'm ready to go back on the road. But the fact that it's there is good to know.

***Penthouse*:** You spend about 250 days a year on the road. Doesn't it get boring?

Nelson: The fact that we're always moving keeps things new. I may do a tour of twenty straight one-night stands. But each city is maybe 300 or 500 miles apart, and the rides between them—the fun on the bus—keep things lively. And we usually know some friends in each place we go to who we're looking forward to seeing again. There are little inconveniences, but you more or less overcome them when you feel like you're always moving on.

***Penthouse*:** Speaking of diversions on the road, people are talking about your new ban on cocaine for your band.

Nelson: That's right. The guys now call themselves the No Blows Blues Band. Our slogan is "if you're wired, you're fired."

***Penthouse*:** Why did you make that rule?

Nelson: I felt the band's cocaine use was getting out of hand. Some of the guys were spending too much money. It was also affecting their health. When you're wired, you stay up and party that much longer. Eventually, it can even affect your music. Before that could happen, I just thought I'd let everyone know how I felt and let them make their own decisions. I'm sure everybody hasn't quit cold. But they have pulled up some, and that's what I was aiming to get them to do anyway. Nobody's quit, and I haven't fired nobody.

***Penthouse*:** You don't do cocaine yourself?

Nelson: No. I don't like it. It's a toss-up which is worse: me high on cocaine or drunk on tequila. When I'm drunk, at least I'm funny. Coke doesn't even make me funny, and if you're not funny, why do any of that kind of stuff?

***Penthouse*:** You use a lot of marijuana and no coke. Why do you draw such a sharp line between them?

Nelson: Mainly, because of the effects on the body. Marijuana has no aftereffects. You get a nice little buzz, and you don't pay for it later. Cocaine is a different story. You pay like hell for it when you get it, and you pay for weeks and months and maybe years after you use it.

***Penthouse*:** In what way?

Nelson: To begin with, it hurts your nose—don't try to tell me it doesn't. I know it hurts mine. Of course, I've had a bad sinus problem; so maybe I'm a special case. But it hurts me, and I can't get high on it. Maybe cocaine users around the world will hate me for saying this. Naturally, I believe people can try anything in moderation. But I've seen too many people strung out on cocaine. It hurts them, their families, their reputations, their pocketbooks. I've seen the same thing happen because of too much whiskey or too much gambling; so I'm not putting cocaine alone in that category. But anything that can ruin your health or your life has got to be bad, and cocaine is just too easily abused. It's not natural, like marijuana, which grows in the ground.

***Penthouse*:** But the coca leaf grows in the ground.

Nelson: Yeah, to begin with. But by the time cocaine gets to the user, it's nothing like that coca leaf. Most of it is just the bullshit that dealers cut it with. That's one of the main things I object to about it—guys throwing good money after bad dope.

***Penthouse*:** Marijuana is illegal in most states. In using it and talking about it so openly, aren't you taking unnecessary chances?

Nelson: I couldn't be so hypocritical as to keep quiet about the screwed-up marijuana laws. I've known people in Texas, Mexican friends of mine, who have smoked grass for thirty years, and they're moral, normal people. They're not crazed. I've been doing it for twenty-five years myself, and I can't see that I'm any more of an idiot than I was when I started. Yet there's been a law on the books since 1937 that says marijuana is bad. That's grave injustice. I can't accept something I think is so wrong, especially when I enjoy smoking so much myself.

Penthouse: Despite your strong beliefs on the subject, do you ever fear that in some little southern town, some sheriff might decide to make a name for himself by busting you or some of your friends and trying to lose the key for a while?

Nelson: There has been a danger of that, and maybe there still is. There could be some little narc someplace who wants to become a big narc by busting somebody well known. But I can't go to sleep worrying about it. In most states, possessing marijuana is only a misdemeanor now, and most good law-enforcement people don't waste time or money enforcing that law. They probably have kids who smoke it. Maybe they smoke it themselves. They know that it's a stupid law, even if some judges or lawmakers don't know it.

Penthouse: How important is marijuana to you as a musician?

Nelson: It's basically a mild tranquilizer, comparable to Valium, I guess. It takes the edge off, makes things go along more smoothly. I guess it affects different people different ways. But the reason I enjoy it is that when I smoke a half-joint or a joint, I don't get uptight about little things that go wrong.

Penthouse: Does the quantity or quality of marijuana you've had on a given night really affect a performance?

Nelson: It only helps in the sense that it might calm me down when I'm upset about something else. All of us who smoke do it for different reasons. We obviously like it, but I don't think we need it. Eventually, I'd like to think there will be times when it won't matter at all. Maybe I'll be retired, sitting in a wood somewhere, fishing, and I might not even want to light up a joint.

Penthouse: Your picnics have done a lot to show that dope and alcohol—and their consumers—can coexist. Did the media exaggerate that happy joining of hippies and rednecks?

Nelson: No, the media were exactly right about that. When Leon Russell and Waylon Jennings and Coach Darrell Royal got together out on that pasture, that was news—maybe you could even call it history. The generation gap was a real thing. There were strong differences of opinion between the older people and the young, and maybe they were even drifting further apart. Through my music I helped to show that both groups could be right about things and share their experiences. The message was that no matter how long your hair was or how red your neck was, you could enjoy the same things. Some people thought that if you smoked a joint, you were a dope fiend. Some kids thought that if you drank beer in a honky-tonk, you were out of touch with the real world. I got both groups together and showed that they could both have a point. And they figured that I had a good point, too.

Penthouse: You've played rough honky-tonks, and you've played for big crowds of kids. What made you think that you could bring the two audiences together?

Nelson: I always suspected that music could do it. Once they agreed on the music they liked, I figured they could take care of some other stuff.

But there was once a point when the generations couldn't agree on anything. Kids could lie in a corner with their stereo earphones turned to rock 'n' roll, and they might go for years without hearing a damn thing that Mom or Dad had to say. The kids had discovered that the grownups had been wrong about something—whether it was the war in Vietnam or the claim that marijuana would make you a raving maniac—and they figured that if the older people had been wrong about one thing, they were probably wrong about everything. They had to be shown that they could still share something. And since they had those earphones on anyway, music was a pretty good place to start.

> ‘If I had to describe my approach to life, I'd say it was masculine.’

Penthouse: You really thought you could bridge the generation gap?

Nelson: I didn't think I could change the world, but I did want to reach the people around me. Once I did that, it seemed to spread a little wider.

Penthouse: Speaking of spreading, you've managed to wander among country, rock, and pop in the last few years. A lot of people used to think that that couldn't be done without compromising or selling out.

Nelson: I never had to compromise or give up my roots. I think the problem is that country music is so good that some people get selfish about it. They want to limit it to their own radio stations or favorite places. Country fans don't always want everybody to know how good they have it, and record companies respond by keeping the field narrow and going by certain old-fashioned rules. I didn't change country music. I just invited more people to hear it. I believe that anybody can be a country fan, if you just give him the opportunity.

Penthouse: It took a long time for you to get that chance.

Nelson: A very long time. I spent years playing in joints where the people cheered and danced to old country songs and old standards. Nobody worried about whether each song was country. We just liked good music, and we seemed to agree that we were having a hell of a time. But somewhere between those beer joints and those offices in Nashville, the good times got lost.

Penthouse: Looking back on your dealings with record companies and Nashville, were you too naive, too trusting?

Nelson: *Green* is the word. Naive, ignorant—I was all those things. It wasn't any particular company's fault. They're all alike: they go by the profit-and-loss system.

Penthouse: But with the picnics and your recent albums, you beat that system?

Nelson: I'm not sure if I beat it, joined it, or convinced it that I had a point. Probably a little of all those things. But I sure like the result.

Penthouse: If you had it to do over, would you avoid Nashville entirely or do other things differently?

Nelson: No, I think I'd do everything about the same. I'd just try to speed up the whole process.

Penthouse: Now that you're a Hollywood celebrity, do you ever worry about Willie Nelson losing touch with the honky-tonk people or the kids or any of your other audiences?

Nelson: I never want to lose contact with my real fans. That's one reason I still do so much touring. I always want to know what the folks want to hear in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, or in Lafayette, Louisiana. It's nice to know what the moguls are thinking, but it's just as important to keep listening to the waitresses in the honky-tonks.

Penthouse: Why waitresses?

Nelson: Long before all this happened to me, I depended on those waitresses. Back in Texas, I think every singer in every band had a following of waitresses. It was a natural relationship. Before we ever heard the word *groupies*, we all had our favorite waitresses.

Penthouse: They were what you'd call country groupies?

Nelson: More than that. They were our first critics and our best ones, or worst, as the case may have been. They would tell the truth. If I had a turkey of an act, it would hurt their audience and cut their tips. And if my performance was good, they'd be very grateful for it.

Penthouse: They were more critical than adoring?

Nelson: Oh, waitresses could be pretty adoring, too. But they had a sharp sense of what was going on in a club. They had to. That honky-tonk was like their office, or their queendom.

Penthouse: "A honky-tonk is my queendom." Sounds like a good country song.

Nelson: There are times, especially the good times, when almost everything sounds like a good country song.

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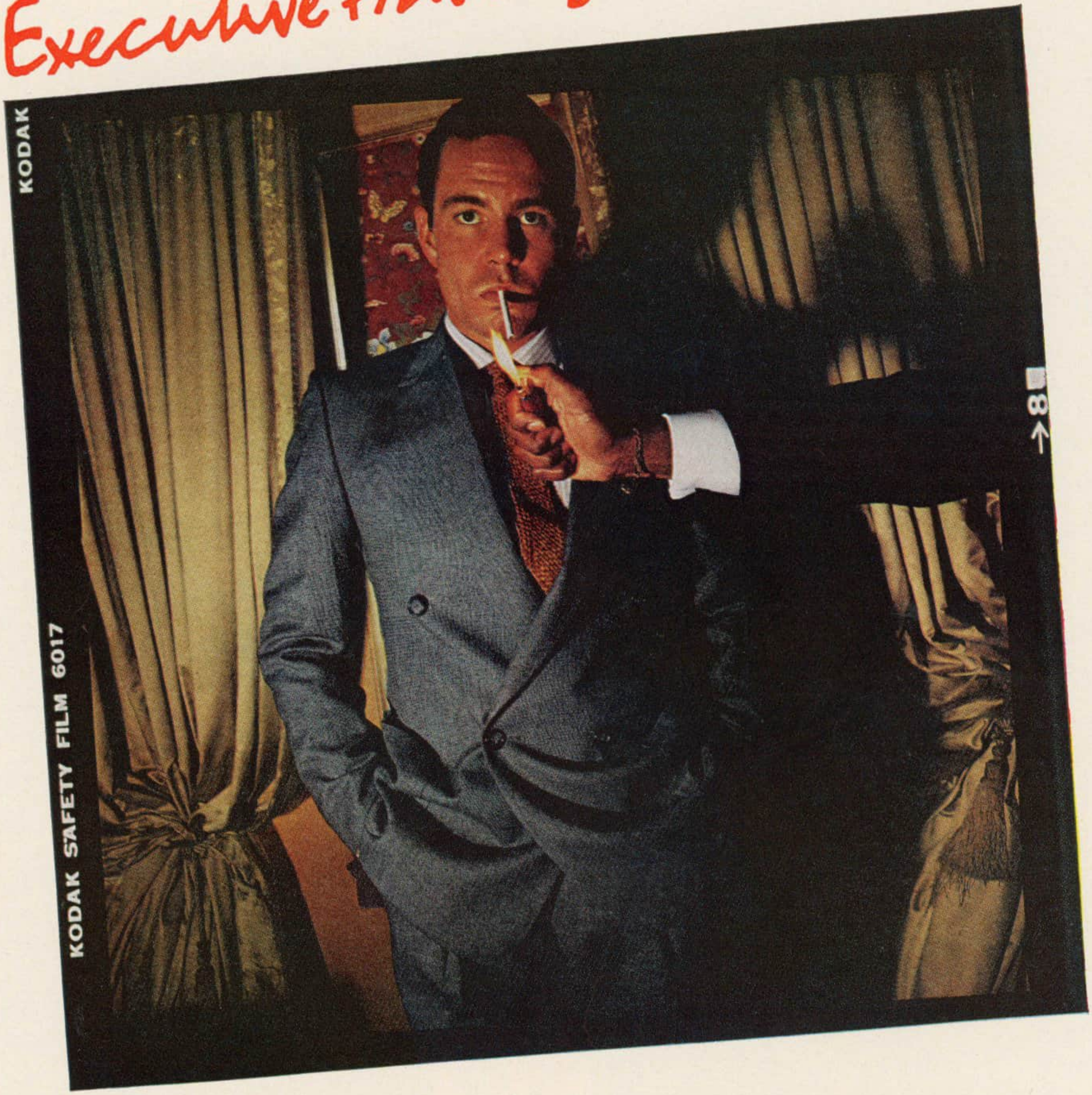
Executive Privilege

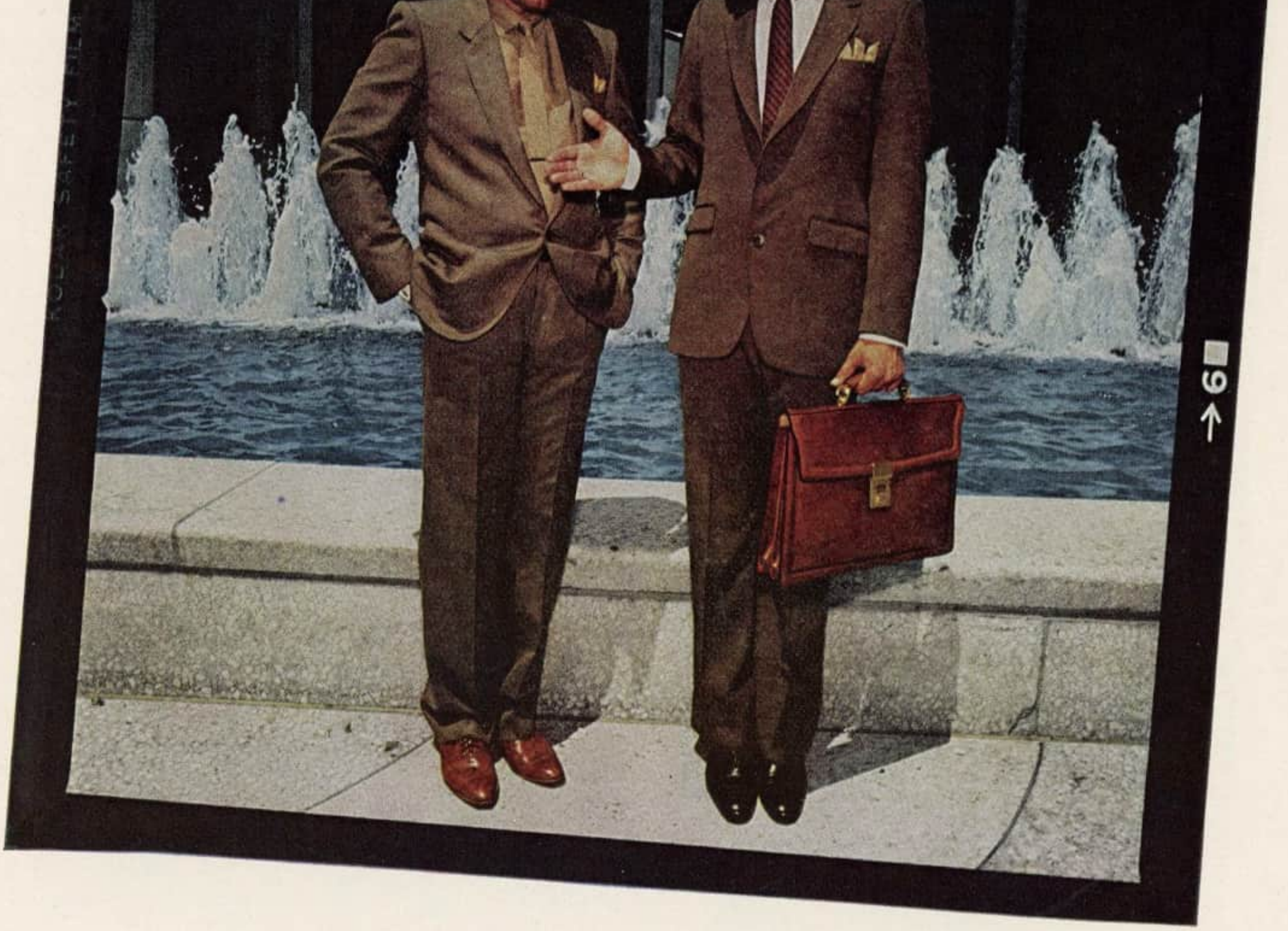


Executives who mean business this fall are dressing the part in suits and sport coats with a less casual, more authoritative look for the 1980s. A fresh clarity of cut, coupled with a flattering new accent on masculine proportions, helps to convey the air of confidence essential for success in today's more sober and serious business climate.

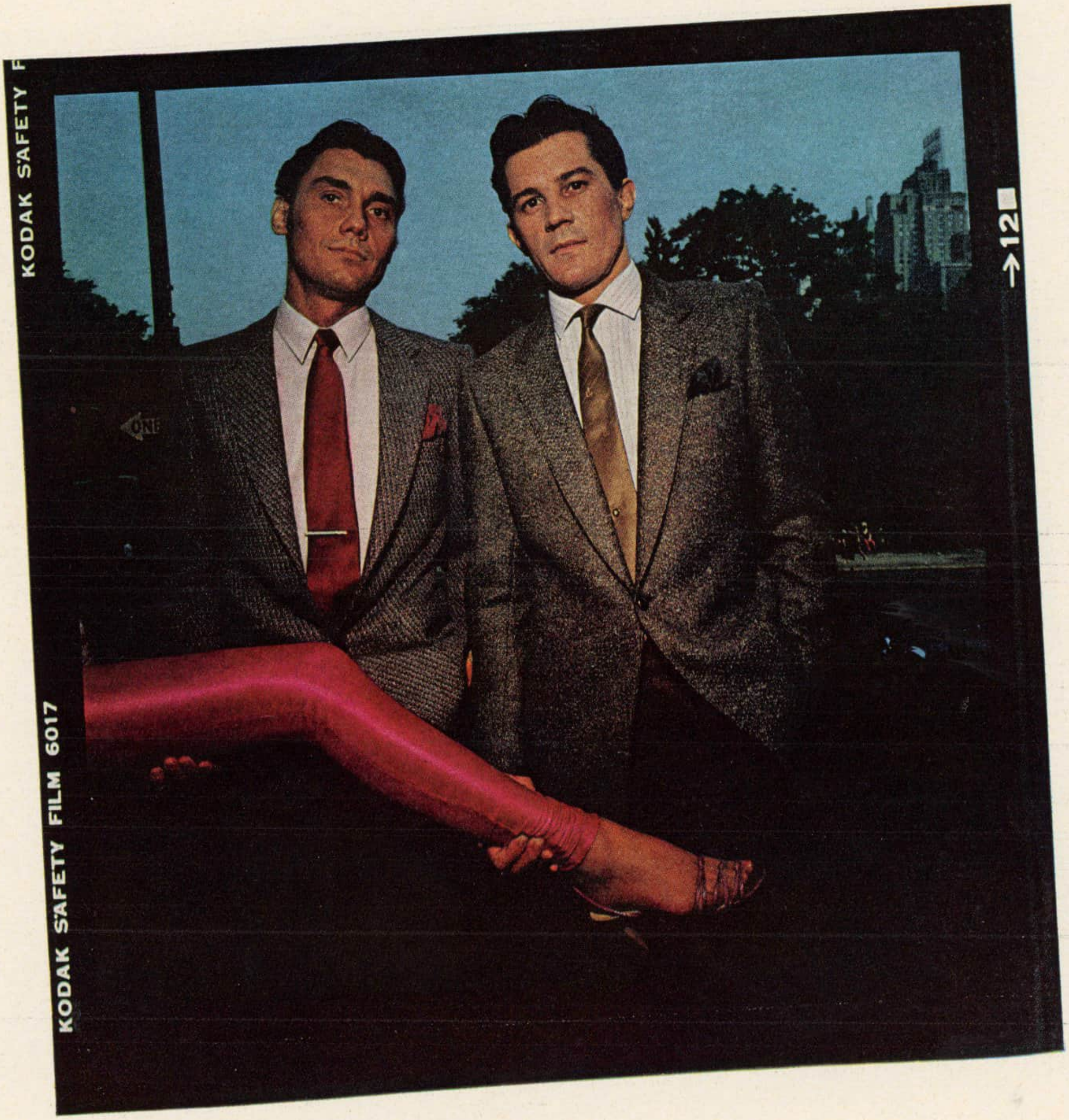
The most dramatic new look, called "the Wedge," gives business apparel a bold dimension while retaining the best elements of classic business dress. The torso is V-shaped, with a broader, forward-pitched shoulder and a silhouette that closely traces the body and is emphasized by a lower button stance. This look is also evident in the new prevalence of one-button, double-breasted suits and sport coats. Quiet patterning is the rule for suits; for sport coats, more unusual fabrics and dramatic new colors aim for an urbane but rugged look.

The successful businessmen pictured on these pages are proof that dressing well in the fall of '79 is a definite executive privilege.

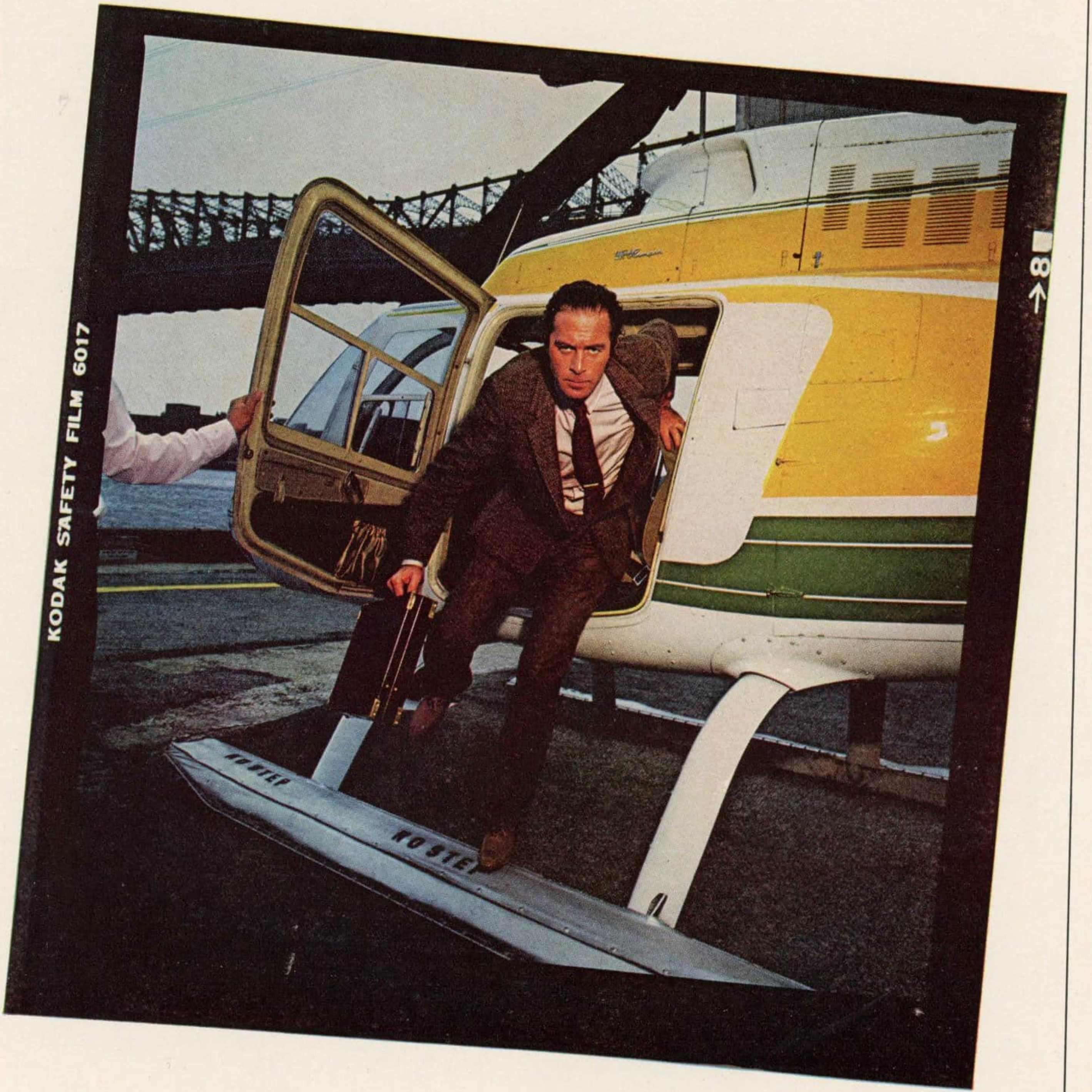
Today's new "wedge" look in business suits features one-button, double-breasted coats and emphasizes masculinity.



(opposite) Don't bite the hand that lights you: ***J. David Enright IV****, senior account executive with a major New York ad agency, prepares to entertain in his Upper East Side apartment. He is wearing an elegant gray pin-dot wool and polyester suit ($225) by Pierre Cardin. The cotton/polyester shirt ($20) by Don Robbie; wool knit tie by Don Loper—Beverly Hills (courtesy of the Neckwear Association).*
(above) I never met a hand I didn't shake: ***Greg J. Bongiorno*** *(left), executive of a real-estate company, Key Ventures, located in the Delmonico Hotel, New York, specializes in luxurious townhouses and cooperative apartments for an elite European and well-to-do American clientele. He wears a "sheen"-look suit in a flat-weave, iridescent wool with the new one-to-button, lower-gauge styling ($440), by Linea Pitti for Men, as are the gold silk knit tie ($20) and tab-collar cotton shirt ($70). Diamond tie bar by Larter & Sons.* ***John Churchman*** *(right), recent college graduate who looks toward newspaper publishing and photojournalism as his executive goal, is also in an iridescent, "sheen"-look wool suit ($325), this one by Givenchy Gentleman for Chequers. Shirt ($25) and striped wool tie ($12.50) by Calvin Klein. Tan leather executive briefcase by Michael Scott, Inc. Both men's shoes by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia.*



***Jacques de la Fontaine**, owner, and **Sacha Kadoic**, manager, of Jacques's Restaurant, New York, regard a trendy leg with a certain sense of detachment. Jacques wears a wool sport coat ($140), wool/polyester trousers ($59.50), silk tie ($15), and cotton shirt ($24.50), all by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing. Diamond tie bar by Robert S. Fisher. Sacha wears a gray-green wool and alpaca jacket ($225) and wool trousers ($95) by Jean-Paul Germain. Silk tie ($22.50) by Egon Von Furstenberg; shirt ($20) by Don Robbie. Diamond tie tack by Larter & Sons. Ladies' shoe is by Cleo-Bottier at Carina Nucci, New York.*



Joe Wimple, *producer-director of documentary films, commutes in style. His most recent feature-length documentary,* Just Crazy about Horses, *opened to critical acclaim in New York. Joe delivers a rugged look in a wool bouclé jacket ($235) with worsted flannel pants ($75) by Adolfo Menswear. The cotton/polyester button-down shirt ($27.50) is by Calvin Klein. Hand-brogued attaché case of antique brown calf, with solid brass corners and locks ($450), is made in England exclusively for Dunhill, New York. Diamond tie bar by Larter & Sons; shoes by Pino Giardini for Carina Nucci, New York. All silk squares by Andre Malfroy for George G. Graham. (Helicopter courtesy of Montauk Caribbean Airways.)*

FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO BUY MERCHANDISE FEATURED HERE, SEE PAGE 230.

Actual, unretouched pictures of 22 year old, university student, Meg Currie, during her VIVA-sponsored visits to the Hayoun Clinic.

HELP BANISH ACNE

One of the world's foremost authorities on beauty and skin care, Edouard Hayoun, has perfected a unique, nonsurgical answer to the physically and psychologically destructive nature of common acne. This treatment featured editorially in Viva magazine, has an unerring history of success with all of the many men, women, and children Hayoun has personally treated over more than two and one-half decades.

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Women were magnetically, inexorably drawn to him, even if it meant their souls. No wonder he was called . . . .

THE BLACK HOLE OF SEX

HUMOR BY NICK TOSCHES

Illustration by Graham Macallum

Dr. Allen Sack, the youngest man ever to attain the rank of associate astronomer at the Planetarium, opened his pale blue eye to the lens of the mighty Celestron and beheld the winter Pleiades, the seven lewd daughters of Atlas, whose formation reminded him always of dimpled buttocks quivering in oblation.

He could hear behind him the soft sound of Louise, his secretary, unzipping her boots and rubbing her calves. It was, he knew, the sound of her being drawn, sucked inexorably, to him. Only after it was too late would she understand that the fair and slender gentleman for whom she worked, with whom she flirted (not so much out of lust as out of boredom), was more than a mere associate astronomer. His plainness belied a far greater rank, a stature more sublime and mysterious than the sum of men's inexplicable dreams. Dr. Allen Sack was, to his own anguish, the black hole of sex.

"Oh, I can tell," Louise giggled to him, in the manner of one whose skill at macramé had been greatly enhanced by the use of marijuana. "You're just dying to do piggy things to me," she said. Dr. Sack turned from the Pleiades to Louise. She sat at her desk, young and wet, and smiled with open lips. He looked at her painted eyes, her woolen breasts, her nylon knees. She was as calm and unknowing as a star gradually being swallowed by a black hole in space. But not tonight, he thought. He dismissed her for the evening and confronted his typewriter. Slowly, with surety, pausing now and again to smile as Galileo must have smiled during the writing of *De revolutionibus*, Dr. Sack composed the following solicitous letter:

Dear Sirs:

I submit the enclosed pages of my journal for your kind consideration, in the hope that you will find them worthy of publication in The American Review of Cosmology.

At the risk of seeming immodest, I am confident that I have pierced the very soul of the universe. Dr. Huxley wrote, in 1881, that "the microcosm repeats the macrocosm." I am here to tell you that both are one, and are wed in my penis—an entity that has brought me, though not wholly without strife, greater knowledge than the sum of bound and paginated science. I am, to put it simply, the black hole of sex.

Pull down thy editorial skepticism, sirs! Take, then, these humble pages, the organic record of my discovery. Grasp, so to speak, my ballocks and eat of my knowledge.

I have held the position of associate astronomer here at the Planetarium for two years. My articles have appeared in Astronomy, The American Journal of Science, and Dude. *I am told I look like Al Pacino, especially in the nose.*

I hope to hear from you soon. Thanking you, in advance, for the small monetary token of your appreciation, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Dr. Allen Sack

P.S.: I am aware that some of the language and depictions in my journal might be considered indelicate or off-color by certain persons. We are serious men of science, however, and I am sure we agree that reality, in all its aspects, is the sustenance of our learning. But if you want to use dashes, that's okay, too.

JOURNAL DATE: *September 28*
Last night, after work, I walked all the way from Eighty-first Street to University Place, smoking Kools and worrying about my predicament, which grows more outrageous by the day. I went into the Cedar Tavern and sat next to a girl who was reading a Violette Leduc novel. After the fifth shot of Remy, I turned to her and said, "I've always felt that anyone reading a book at a bar is actually looking to get ——" Before I could finish, she sneered consummately. She didn't want to have anything to do with me. They never do—at first, anyway. But two hours later, and after much labor on my part, she took me home with her.

Her name was Robin. She had been married, but she found she needed her own space. Her husband had tried to destroy her confidence as an artist and as a person. It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness. Time heals all wounds.

I stripped her while she reevaluated her life aloud. She had beautiful Judaic hips, and her legs were the legs of Botticelli's seaborne Venus, except for a wilting Band-Aid that dangled from her left knee. I kissed her breasts, and she trembled like a child whose soul had for the first time felt the chill breath of sin. I poked my cock at her face, and she asked me whether I had ever read Edna St. Vincent Millay. I responded with further poking. I could hear her maundering faintly as my cock pressed and lingered at her mouth. "I still have . . . a lot of . . . uh . . . sexual hang-ups," she said. I fabricated a line from Millay and comforted her with it. She said, "I want to feel you inside me." I nestled my cock into her, and the hot monkey grip of her cunt promised glory.

I felt it would be different this time, that it would be, well, *normal*; that I would come and she would recede from me, and that would be that.

I fucked her till unh-slobber dribbled from the corners of her mouth. In the heart of my balls' darkness, I felt something—the distant, thrillful glimmering of orgasm, of elusive, miraculous satisfaction. Yes! I held fast to the reevaluated hips of my darling, feeling her flow and rock beneath me, and awaited the holy trumpetings of orgasm. Yes! Robin went wild under me. She yelled, she moaned, she loudly expressed interest in running off with me and respecting each other's space; in having babies and naming them for dead French authors. She came, and her face opened with ecstatic dismay and the sounds of the dark forest. She came again, ferociously, and again. I kept fucking. Yes! I, too, would come. Yes! No?

I lay staring at a faded poster of Peter, Paul, and Mary that was taped to Robin's ceiling. She was all over me, purring awe, devotion, and girl-peace into my ear. I was still hard, and she touched me with long fingers. "Oh, you!" she said, drawing my bane into her mouth and sucking, as if upon the incarnation of wonderment. After many minutes she climbed upon me and galloped toward the horizon of her own wet space. I clutched her ass, and she spoke in tongues. She came thrice and collapsed. Her hand crept toward my cock. When she reached my unrelenting erection, she wilted with a soft gasp.

"I can't believe it," she said. "Making love with you is like tumbling into some sort of oblivion. I came and came. Lord, I've never felt anything like it. Oh, you!"

Again it had happened. I had found another wayward and swooning tormentor. Peter, Paul, and Mary looked down upon me with egalitarian pity. Will there be no end to this?

October 5
Q: What is an orgasm?
A: The climax of carnal whoopee. Fulfillment. Ecstasy.
Q: Do I have orgasms?
A: At times. Perhaps.
Q: How do I feel when I come?
A: As if I had unbuttoned a tight collar.
Q: Why is that?
A:

October 12
It's worse than ever. When I arrived at the planetarium this afternoon, there was a letter from Robin on my desk. It was a poem, actually: seven pages, handwritten, and metered and strophed in the schizo-Edwardian mode.

Fortù, Fortù, my beloved one!
I await thee, bare-legged and diaphragm'd.
Fortù, Fortù, my beloved one!
How I yearn to be by thy vein'd magick rammed.

The remainder of Robin's poem dealt with many things—her search for inner peace ("Nor Mellaril, nor Nembutal, they delivered unto me"), her ex-husband ("O Unfaithful wanderer! O Impotent shmuck!"), her deceased Schnauzer, which, if I've interpreted correctly, had been trained to perform certain uncommon deeds ("Thou removest my Tampax, and lappeth the red curse")—but, most of all, it dealt with me. As I came to the closing lines, I shuddered.

O! Eat me and swallow me!
I would give thee rare wines and blank checks.
O! Eat me and swallow me!
Let me fall unto thee, sweet black hole of sex.

This was the third time in a month I had been referred to as the black hole of sex—and by three different women! Do I strike some hidden, elusive chord in the souls of women that brings to each of their various minds the same obscure and unlikely metaphor? Why can't I be called a good fuck or a bad fuck, like everybody else? Instead of spouting sperm, like every other man's, my cock seems to emit an immense conceptuality that overtakes women like a medieval miasma. I'd give anything to be a premature ejaculator.

October 23
I should never have fucked the girl who works on the main floor in the library. Annie, her name is. She follows me about the Planetarium and gives me no peace. Today, on the stairs, she grabbed my crotch and whispered fuck words into my ear. I reminded her that I had to give a theory of celestial navigation lecture in twenty minutes. "The ladies' room," she kept whispering, "the ladies' room."

She leaned against the tampon dispenser. I heard the sexy rustlings of polyester and lust as I pressed against her. I pulled her panty hose to her knees and placed my face against her cunt. My tongue found the salty roe corn of her clitoris and worshiped it. She moaned.

I turned her around so that her forehead was against the dispenser. I clutched her ass and centered the tip of my cock at her purpling lips; then I rammed it in. I held her hair in my fists. "Take that, my loose librarian," I said through closed teeth. She took it and squirmed. Yes, I felt, once and for all, yes. I was going to come till my knees got weak. The glimmer was there; the shivering contractions were there. Yes! The tampon dispenser rattled loudly in indignation. Yes! "God," she moaned, mostly through her nose, "I can feel you coming." That was more than I could say about the matter.

October 30
As I was jerking off, or trying to, in the broom closet after lunch today, a frightening truth hit me. The greater my obsession with sex becomes, the less my sexual gratification. I clearly remember orgasms of long ago, and they're just not there anymore. Could it be that I fuck too much? Looking back through the pages of this journal is like looking back at a pile of stained sheets. I should try to think of other things. Henry James was a keeper of voluminous notebooks, but he never once mentioned sex.

It's no use. Running through my mind are the ankles and hips of women, the sounds of their dominance and their submission, the image of that pulsating, exalted thing between white thighs that pulls me ever onward, sweating, paling. Hell, perhaps they're right. Perhaps I am the black hole of sex. Jesus, what would my poor mother say?

November 6
Georgia, the business manager at the Planetarium, knelt with my cock in her mouth, and I confessed in desperation. "I can't tell if I'm having orgasms or not."

She removed my cock from her mouth, covered its tip with her hand, and moved it aside, as if it was a microphone and she a politician at a press conference. She thought deeply and visibly upon the matter for many moments and then spoke in a caring yet doctoral voice.

"Does white stuff come out of it?"

I shrugged and then nodded in affirmation.

"Then you have orgasms." She quickly replaced my cock in her mouth and recommenced doing what she did best.

"No, wait a minute. Talk to me first," I besought. I shook her off my cock. "Whenever I come on to women, they're not impressed. But once I fuck them, they throw themselves at my feet. What the hell is going on? I mean, the first night we went drinking, you didn't pay attention to me."

"I thought you were a creep. You reminded me of Russian dressing."

"What do you mean, Russian dressing?"

"Yeah, Russian dressing. I can't stand Russian dressing." Her face cockled in extreme distaste.

"Then why did you fuck me?"

"I was drunk. Nine Jack Daniel's and a white-wine spritzer," she replied, still clutching my cock.

"You didn't find me attractive?" I asked, feeling my cock soften slightly in her hand.

"Russian dressing."

"You didn't think I looked like Al Pacino? A little?" I pointed meekly to my nose.

"But I'm so glad I fucked you. Once I fucked you, all other men became obsolete. I've never known anyone like you. You're so horny and so hard."

"Don't you see? That's because I never come! I hate it!" I yelled, a little like Al Pacino.

"I love it. It's so ungodly sensual. Fucking you is beyond pleasure. It's annihilation. So mysterious, so wonderful. Like one of those—what do you guys call them?—black holes. That's what you are, the black hole of sex."

"Oh, fuck you," I began to say; but she was lost in her ministry, gobbling. I threw my head back and petitioned the Lord of the Old Testament for many things. Much time passed, and I was lost in space.

"Look! White stuff," Georgia proclaimed, pointing to her lips and chin, which were adrip with several ounces of coagulating might-have-beens. "See, you had an orgasm," she said, fingering the sperm into her mouth as if it was poi.

"But I didn't feel anything," I said.

"Sometimes I don't feel anything, either," she said, "but I don't whine about it."

"But you're a broad. You're supposed to have fucked-up orgasms."

She drew me to the floor and rubbed my cock against her mons veneris, then lower, till it lingered at her moisture. I stuck two fingers into her, then brought those fingers to her mouth. Her eyes closed. We began to fuck. But this time there was not even a glimmer; nothing. I was beginning to understand why men joined the priesthood.

November 7
Possible solutions:
(a) Move to L.A.
(b) Drink more.
(c) Move to Guyana.
(d) Take more drugs.
(e) Reevaluate my life.
(f) Read Henry James novels.
(g) Murder eight nurses.
(h) Cut it off.

November 15
Last night I sat in the Bells of Hell, drinking, fretting, searching for deliverance and new pussy. A clay eater in a Brooklyn two-for-one suit stood next to me. "I am the supervisor of water," he said. I stared straight ahead. "Do you know why I am a

success, not only in business, but in my social life as well?" I looked at him. There was lint in his eyebrows. "Because of this," he said, pulling a small white card from the inside breast pocket of his suit. He held the card close to my face. It bore one word: *variegate*. He smiled. A piece of lint floated gently from his brow to my sleeve. "Every morning I sit down with Mr. Webster and choose a new word. I then make a point of using that word frequently throughout the day and thus expand my vocabulary. Communication, language"—he paused dramatically—"is how we differ from the civets." He snapped the card with his thumb and tucked it away. My soul knew a certain subtle fear. A young girl appeared. He turned to her.

"I am the supervisor of water," he said to her. "And what do you do?"

"I don't fuck turkeys, if that's what you mean," she replied. The supervisor of water finished his Scotch and withdrew mutely into the realm of Thales, whence he had come.

I approached the girl who did not fuck turkeys. She couldn't have been more than eighteen. I said, "If you buy me a drink, I won't tell you that you have pretty hair." She giggled and bought me one.

"I'm drinking to forget," she grinned. "What about you?"

"To get drunk."

We exchanged mediocrities with great enthusiasm for almost two hours, until I finally had the nerve to say, "Let's go." She tilted her head and expressed the facsimile of coy wariness. "Don't get precious on my time, girl," I said, better than Al Pacino ever could have said it. She giggled and put her coat on.

Her name was Ellen, and her hips and breasts were enlaced in mint green. I rubbed my hand on the inside of her thighs, and I pulled off her panties. The lips of her cunt parted slowly, wet, and I licked her. She ran her fingers through my hair and moaned, "Oh, Phil," and she apologized profusely. I assured her that I was young and would get over it. I removed her bra. Her breasts sighed free and pomaceous, and her Christian nipples hardened pert. We reclined. I slapped her ass tentatively, and she loved it. I bit her breasts, and she loved it. I worked my cock into her. "Oh, Ph-Ph-Allen," she groaned. She stuck a finger up my ass, daintily, and I said, "Oh, Gloria." I fucked her every way possible, using her legs like warm, soft tillers to navigate our rollings and turnings. She came prodigiously. After about forty-five minutes she stared at me in fast-breathed bewilderment and uttered luxuriously lewd sounds of glee. Every time she came her eyes rolled back in her head, and she called upon the Almighty, intimately. I felt nothing but a faint pleasance.

I finally fell off, and she hugged me, professing her desire to be with me always. There was a knock upon my front door. We hushed.

"I know you're in there." It was Annie the librarian. "Please, Allen, let me in. Fuck me for an hour, just one little hour."

Ellen descended upon the source of my problems and filled her mouth. At least she wasn't calling me the black hole of sex. She tickled my balls with her tongue, and she kissed them gently. "What do you call those things in outer space," she whispered, "those things that no one can see, those things that——?" I silenced her with my mighty sword.

November 20
I have made up my mind to spend the following week without sex. Perhaps abstinence can remedy the situation. I will go for walks, watch television, toy with the idea of buying treasury bonds, burn photographs of my relatives and loved ones. If Henry James could abstain for seventy-three years, surely I can abstain for seven days. Get ye behind me, ye of stained panties.

November 27
It is done, and I am a wreck. I drooled and twitched for an eternal week. I was mad with desire. I lingered dangerously long at lingerie window displays. I had impure thoughts as I passed a split elm in Central Park. My heart beat fast when Alice stooped to retrieve the water tray from beneath the icebox on "The Honeymooners."

And the women gave me no peace. The halls of the Planetarium were filled with ravenous ladies from my past, grabbing, yelling slightly rational words.

Robin slipped poems beneath my door. She pleaded with me to commit unclean deeds upon the grave of her Schnauzer. Georgia phoned repeatedly. "Put the receiver to your dick," she gasped. As I left for work one morning, my front door thudded against some unseen object. It was Ellen, asleep, with her hand down the front of her jeans. Annie sent me an article about black holes, torn from "The New York Times Magazine," on which she had crayoned innumerable phalluses. A woman whose face I could not even remember followed me for several blocks along Central Park West, eerily chanting, "I want to bear your child; I want to bear your child." By the end of the week I felt as if I were about to be torn asunder by lustful women, as Orpheus had been ripped apart by the sluts of the Cicones.

A week of tortured chastity, and nothing has come of it—nothing but further frenzy.

December 4
I visited a psychiatrist yesterday afternoon. My colleague Dr. Penick recommended this particular shrink very strongly, saying that she had cured him, within two years' time, of his fear of rain. Her name was Dr. Kurtz.

"Women call me the black hole of sex," I told her, without looking her in the eye. "They won't leave me alone. And I can't leave them alone because I'm never satisfied." I told her about all the women, about my unceasing erection, and the endless desires, and the eternal fucking. For quite a while I babbled on, distraught, uneasy. Dr. Kurtz wasn't saying anything. I looked directly at her. She had kicked off her shoes and was sitting cross-legged in her armchair. I could see the reinforced crotch of her taupe panty hose. I tried to ignore this and babbled on. When I was finally talked out, I looked into her eyes and implored, "What should I do?" She stared at me for a second and then spoke.

"Fuck me from behind."

The breath went from me and with it all hope. My cock, however, would have none of this pathos. Dr. Kurtz bent over the couch, and I fucked her—indeed, I fucked all psychiatry. On the third thrust her eyeglasses fell from her face. I reached around and grabbed her breasts. As she came, she moaned, "The fee is waived." We fucked an hour more and then lay nibbling on each other's pinkness. A blowjob and a butt-fuck later, I collapsed, panting. My whole being was overwhelmed, sapped—failing, drawn, drifting like a sleepy serpent in the nighttime China Sea. Yes, I thought, they're right, all of them. I slept without dreams, until Dr. Kurtz woke me with a kiss.

December 21
Strange things have happened. Dark confusion has become a sort of quietude, a sort of sexy peace I had always sought as the product of orgasm. Last night I realized that for the first time in years I no longer cared one way or the other. The last orgasm that I can remember clearly occurred three years ago. Recalling it, I must admit that it was not so exciting as all this fucking. Maybe this uncaring will lead to orgasms. Maybe it won't. In either case, this quietude is a thing that makes me glimmer.

Across the room, Louise stoops to fetch a paper clip. She unzips her boot and rubs her calf. And I glimmer, here among the mysteries and wonders of orgasms to be or not to be—I, the one, the only, black hole of sex. Life, like the slow river of dark space, flows finely on. Thank you, ladies.

* * * *

Several weeks later Dr. Sack stuck a Kool in his mouth and read the letter from *The American Review of Cosmology*:

Dear Dr. Sack:
We return herewith the extracts from your journal. We regret that we find this material unsuitable for publication in the Review. *Several of the editors have asked me to tell you, however, that they found your manuscript very stimulating and made Xerox copies—toward what end I do not know.*

Three of our secretaries have asked me to forward to you their home telephone numbers, herewith on a separate page.

I, personally, find you and your penis quite reprehensible and not at all amusing.

Get a day job,
Dr. Edwin Kurtz (her husband)

Dr. Sack removed the cigarette from his mouth, and then smiled.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU UNDERSTAND WOMEN?

TEST YOUR SEXUAL INSTINCTS

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions that tell whether you're
perplexed by the fairer sex

PSYCHOGRAPH

Women, as you may have noticed, are different from men. Those differences, which have beguiled and confounded us since the day Eve started talking to snakes, are more than skin-deep. Some men can intuitively understand and follow the unfamiliar paths along which women's minds travel. Other men spend lifetimes in trying to decipher the mystery—with varying degrees of success. This psychograph can give you an idea of which group you're in.

Admitting that the sexes differ is decidedly unfashionable in some circles these days and can be downright dangerous if you happen to broach the subject in a room full of liberated women. However, in the more rarefied reaches of experimental social psychology the behavioral traits and nuances that distinguish women from men continue to be investigated with enthusiasm for the simple reason that they do exist. Study after study turns up evidence that males and females react to the world around them in different—and sometimes in completely opposite—ways.

No one is quite sure how many of the differences between men and women are genetic and how many can be traced to cultural influences. If society moves toward a nonsexist method of raising children, some sex differences may gradually disappear. Yet recent studies of infants show that behavioral differences emerge very early and may be more ingrained than was previously believed. Juanita Williams, who is an expert in feminine psychology and teaches at the University of South Florida, notes that "precursors of sex differences" begin showing up soon after birth. For whatever reasons, boys almost immediately begin acting like boys and girls like girls. According to Williams, "Mothers looked at and talked to their girl infants more," which may explain why women generally have better verbal ability than men. "By age thirteen months," says Williams, "boys ventured farther from their mothers, stayed away longer, and returned to touch them less frequently. In the same situation, girls vocalized more, stayed closer, and touched their mothers more."

Since these child-rearing patterns have remained relatively intact over the past few decades, it's likely that virtually any woman you meet will exhibit the reflexes common to her sex. Even the youngest and most "liberated" of today's women went through childhood back in the days when girls wore pretty dresses and boys played baseball. Today women may share many attributes with men, but deep down some crucial differences prevail. The more you understand these sex-linked reflexes, emotional responses, behavioral patterns, intellectual preferences, and nonverbal cues, the better things will be for you and for the ladies in your life.

1. You're dating a woman for the first time. You want her to like you. You should take her to
   - (a) someplace lively and stimulating
   - (b) someplace tranquil and quiet so that she focuses on you instead of on other people or things
   - (c) It doesn't make any difference; environment has very little effect on a woman's emotions

2. A married woman is more likely to play around on the side
   - (a) if she goes out to work
   - (b) if she has no job and stays home as a housewife

3. You are going to tell a joke about sex to an attractive woman. You want her to enjoy the joke and, by extension, to admire your sense of humor. If you want to achieve the desired effect, make certain that any man who appears as a character in the joke is portrayed
   - (a) as an active stud
   - (b) as a passive wimp

4. For a woman to be attracted to you, it's more important that you agree on
   - (a) sexual attitudes
   - (b) religious/ethical standards

5. You suspect that the woman you live with is having an affair with another man and has been receiving love letters from him. Where is she most likely to hide them?
   - (a) In her desk at work or in a similar workplace at home
   - (b) Among her books, private files, and papers
   - (c) In the dresser drawer that holds her underwear
   - (d) Somewhere in the kitchen

6. A woman is likely to be most irritable and hostile
   - (a) during her period
   - (b) just before her period
   - (c) just after her period
   - (d) in the middle of her menstrual cycle

7. Women often experience wide swings of mood related to the monthly course of their menstrual cycles. Do women who take the standard oral contraceptive pill generally have (a) wider, or (b) narrower mood swings than women who aren't on the pill?

8. If you were decorating your apartment to increase its appeal to women, from which of the following groups would you choose colors?
   - (a) reds, oranges, and yellows
   - (b) blues, greens, and purples

9. Most women are attracted to men who have the standard "he-man" physique: broad chest and shoulders, strong muscles, and narrow waist.
   - (a) true
   - (b) false

10. Once a woman becomes intimate with you, she'll usually enjoy it if you touch her breasts in a playful, nonsexual way.
    - (a) true
    - (b) false

11. When a woman is depressed, she is most likely to show it by
    - (a) having problems with sleeping
    - (b) losing interest in going out
    - (c) suddenly feeling that she has lost the ability to cry
    - (d) becoming indecisive
    - (e) all of the above

12. Which of the following statements is more accurate?
    - (a) If a woman is frigid or has trouble coming to orgasm, there's nothing much you can do about it; that's just the way she is
    - (b) Women can learn to have orgasms, and sometimes women who have trouble coming just haven't had enough experience

13. Most women like to continue sexual activity even after they and the men they're with have had orgasms.
    - (a) true
    - (b) false

14. Most women are turned on by the "bedroom eyes" gambit, that is, when they are looked at silently and sexily by a man.
    - (a) true
    - (b) false

15. Here are three examples of behavior that a woman might engage in during a conversation with you. Two indicate that she likes you. One does not. Which one does *not* indicate attraction?
    - (a) she looks you over slowly from

your head to your feet
   (b) she gives you many short, fast glances, checking out your reactions to what she's saying
   (c) she plays with her hair

16. Here are three examples of more behavior that women use in conversation with men. Which one *doesn't* indicate attraction?
   (a) she raises her eyebrows
   (b) she sits directly opposite the man
   (c) she chain-smokes

17. Here are three more ways that women behave when they talk with men. Which one *doesn't* indicate attraction?
   (a) she pushes out her cheek with her tongue
   (b) she frequently moistens her lips with her tongue
   (c) she puckers her lips

18. Here are two groups of words you have undoubtedly heard used. Which words are more likely to offend the average woman?
   (a) cock, cunt, dick, pussy, cherry
   (b) bastard, bitch, son-of-a-bitch, ass, shit

19. Here are four types of flowers. Which is *least* likely to have a romantic effect on the average woman?
   (a) roses
   (b) lily-of-the-valley
   (c) tulips
   (d) gardenias

20. You take a woman out for the first time. In the course of the evening's conversation she talks about her father. If she makes one of the following statements, she is more likely to end up in bed with you than if she makes the other. Which indicates that she may be primed for sex?
   (a) "I like my father"
   (b) "I dislike my father"

ANSWERS AND EXPLANATIONS

1.(a) Surroundings affect a woman's emotions more profoundly than they do a man's. The more stimulating an environment, the more likely it is to raise a woman's emotional pitch. Psychologists consider this emotional arousal as perhaps the most important factor in precipitating passionate attraction. U.C.L.A.'s Albert Mehrabian, one of the country's foremost investigators of nonverbal behavior, says that "the desire of females for affiliation increases directly with the arousing quality of the environment." Other studies at Columbia University and the University of British Columbia showed that the stimulation doesn't necessarily have to be "nice." For example, women became more sexy when researchers told them that they would receive electric shocks and after they walked across a narrow bridge suspended 230 feet over a rocky gorge. Any stimulus—even pain, fear, and danger—that a woman shares with a man is likely to bind her more closely to him. This doesn't necessarily mean that you should go skyjumping on a first date, but it does indicate that you should stay away from places where the background is quiet and low-key.

2.(b) All those old jokes about women playing around with the milkman had a basis in fact. A study team led by John N. Edwards, a sociologist at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, concluded: "Contrary to what might have been expected, wives who worked were less apt to have engaged in extramarital relations than wives who were not gainfully employed." Men view the workplace as rich in opportunities for sexual liaisons. But when women work, they are likely simply to . . . work.

3.(b) A recent study at the Institute of Psychiatry in London found that "attractive girls tended to actively dislike male chauvinist jokes, perhaps because they had their fill of lecherous male attention in the course of everyday life. Instead, they favored jokes featuring passive male victims and dominant females threatening sexual initiative, e.g., derision of male genitalia or sexual performance." On the other hand, unattractive women preferred jokes in which the male was dominant and the female passive.

4.(b) University of Illinois psychologist Harry Triandis conducted an experiment in which researchers set up 300 dates between college students after first obtaining attitude profiles from each of them. The researchers found that "females were more attracted to males who had sexually dissimilar attitudes and had similar religious values, while males were most attracted to females who had dissimilar religious values and had similar sexual attitudes." Triandis says that several studies "generally suggest that males are most attracted to people who agree with them on specific day-to-day activities, while females are most attracted to people who agree with them on abstract values and generalized areas of interest."

5.(c) After years of clinical observation the great psychoanalyst Theodor Reik noted that women habitually hide love letters "among their underwear and stockings or between panties, bras, and so forth in drawers that are taboo to men." Men are more likely to keep such letters at the office or among their private books and papers. Said Reik: "The love secrets of women are much more intimately connected with their bodies than are those of men."

6.(b) A large number of studies going as far back as 1941 indicate that women are most tense and irritable during the week just before their periods. One study found that 62 percent of all crimes committed by women took place during this week. Schoolgirls and female prisoners are more likely to misbehave during this time.

7.(b) The levels of several sex hormones, such as estrogen, appear to affect feelings of hostility and anxiety in women. The contraceptive pill keeps hormone levels at a relatively constant level throughout a woman's monthly cycle. Consequently, her mood swings are less dramatic.

8.(a) Research published by the Optical Society of America indicates that women consistently prefer warm hues to cool ones, both as background colors and as colors of specific objects. Men prefer the cool blues and greens. Maybe these preferences have something to do with the habit of dressing all those girl babies in pink and boy babies in blue.

9.(b) Just as some men like women with big breasts while others prefer flat-chested, willowy types, so women vary widely in their tastes in male physiques. Psychologist Paul Lavarkas of Loyola University in Chicago performed an interesting experiment in which he showed nineteen different silhouettes of male body types to women between eighteen and thirty years of age. His findings were both fascinating and curious. Here are some examples: women who smoke cigarettes like men with thin legs; women who smoke a lot of marijuana dislike men with broad torsos; "liberated" women dislike men with narrow shoulders; women with more sisters than brothers and women brought up without a father like men with broad upper torsos.

Lavarkas concludes: "The emerging picture suggests that women prefer males who are basically similar in physical proportions to themselves. Women profess that physical appearance is not paramount in their initial attraction, but their subsequent behavior places doubt on that claim."

10.(b) This question focuses on one of the most complex differences between men and women. Men think of sex as playful, pleasant, and warm. Women—even those who are most liberated—tend to see sex as serious business. They may enjoy sex immensely, but they do not see it as playful. Consequently, any gesture with sexual overtones—such as touching their breasts or genitals—cannot, by their definition, be playful. Researchers at Purdue concluded: "Males considered pleasantness, sexual desire, and warmth/love to form a cluster. For females, the more a touch was associated with sexual desire, the less it was considered to mean playfulness, warmth/love, and pleasantness.

"Thus when a close male touches a woman in an area which communicates sexual desire to her, she is less likely to consider the touch pleasant and indicative of warmth. To add to the irony, the more *she* touches *him* in ways that indicate sexual desire, the more loving, warm, and pleasant he interprets it to be [when, in reality, it just means she's horny]. The same touch to an area that signifies sexual desire to the man is viewed by the woman as unpleasant and lacking in playfulness, warmth, and friendship; a touch to an area that communicates warmth and love to him conveys nothing more than sexual desire to her. For example, girls clearly do not consider it playful or friendly when their male friends touch their breasts or genitals. By contrast, almost any part of the male body can be conjured up as a channel to communicate these meanings." It should be noted that after marriage some women come around to seeing sex in terms similar to those of men.

11.(d) In a study of West Coast college students, psychologists Constance Hammen and Christine Padesky found that depressed women "were characterized by indecisiveness and self-dislike. Depressed men were more likely to report an inability to cry, loss of social interest, a sense of failure, and somatic complaints."

12.(b) Juanita Williams of the University of South Florida says, "Simply stated, women can learn to have orgasms. An important factor in female eroticism is experience. The ability to have orgasms is latent in all females and responds to cultivation." Since sex may be a learning experience for a woman, it's important for a man to reinforce her good sexual feelings by being considerate and by indicating that her sexuality also makes him feel good.

13.(a) In *Interpersonal Sexuality*, psychologist D. F. Shope notes that 92 percent of all highly orgasmic women surveyed like sexual activity to continue after coitus. And even among women who rarely or never achieve orgasm, 65 percent said that they preferred sexual activity to continue after the man has had his orgasm.

14.(b) Psychologist R. V. Exline of the University of Delaware surveyed 500 American and British students. He found that women were most comfortable with a man when he looked at them about 50 percent of the time. Continual, sexy staring did little for them. On the other hand, men enjoyed it when a woman stared at them. Exline concluded, "The impact of bedroom eyes would seem to be greater on the male of the species."

15.(c) Researchers led by Gerald Clore at the University of Illinois in Champagne-Urbana constructed a list of 139 kinds of nonverbal behavior that women use when conversing with men. After an enormous amount of experimenting (which included videotaping conversations and hiring an actress to perform the gestures in various combinations), the researchers were able to reduce the list to thirty-four key types of behavior. Half of them were signs that the woman is attracted to the man; the other half are cold signs, indicating lack of attraction. These experiments provided the basis for this question and for questions 16 and 17.

16.(c) See explanation for question 15.

17.(a) See explanation for question 15.

18.(a) Researchers at Bowling Green University compiled a list of forty-eight words with sexual connotations. They gave the list to more than 150 women and asked which terms were most offensive. The women chose the words we listed in group (a) as most objectionable. The women weren't particularly enamored of the words in group (b) either, but those words finished well down on the charts.

19.(c) Tulips have virtually no scent while the common varieties of the other flowers we listed all have relatively strong fragrances. Women generally have a better sense of smell than do men, and scents tend to be an important part of a woman's environment. Biologists think that estrogen regulates the sense of smell. Since women have more of that hormone that do men, women are more sensitive to good and bad odors, especially at times of the month when their estrogen levels are highest. If you give a woman flowers with no scent, you are ignoring one of her most receptive senses.

20.(b) California psychologist Allan Gerson has gathered information about the sexual behavior of several hundred women. He found that promiscuous women tended to dislike their fathers. (Gerson uses the word *promiscuous* not as a moral judgment but as a purely clinical term meaning women who have sexual intercourse at least once a week with a different partner at least every third time.) Reporting his results in the journal *Psychological Reports*, Gerson said that promiscuous women "characterized their fathers significantly as being dominant, forceful, tyrannical, hateful, unlikable, dishonest, serious, distant, threatening, and firm."

SCORING

Give yourself five points for each correct answer.

If you scored *70–100 points*:

Congratulations. You seem to understand women the way a Rockefeller understands dollar bills—intimately. You sense what a woman wants. You may be either a man who's truly sympathetic and in tune with women or just a manipulative Casanova. But in either case you'll never want for female company.

35–65 points:

You're like most men: sometimes you score; sometimes you don't. You occasionally pick up the hidden clues conveyed in any meeting with a woman, but just as often you fail to comprehend the subtle information she's imparting. If you pay closer attention to the women you come in contact with and if you assimilate some of the facts presented in this psychograph, you can probably take a step forward in your understanding of women.

0–30 points:

If this score reflects reality, you are a complete klutz. Compared with you, Godzilla seems like Cary Grant, Robert Redford, and Don Juan all rolled into one. You probably approach women with preconceived notions of what they will and will not like. It wouldn't be so bad to operate that way if these notions were generally correct, but in your case they apparently are not. Try not to fit every woman you meet into a predetermined slot. Even though women differ from men in many ways, there are plenty of similarities. Like you and me, they want to be treated as individuals. If you start thinking of each woman you meet as an individual, you may be on your way to bigger and better things.

JERRY BROWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

breaking up a Baptist picnic. He filed suit to force Gulf Oil and Standard Oil to reveal secret campaign funds and threatened to sue 134 candidates—from Republicans to Peace and Freedom politicians—if they didn't file financial statements on time.

Then, drawing a second breath, he demanded that President Nixon be impeached; filed formal charges to strip the notary license from the lawyer who had falsely dated an income tax document for Nixon; ordered all corporations doing business in California to list the names and addresses of their officers; called for nationwide gas rationing; and announced that he wouldn't buy any Standard Oil products because that corporation had bowed to the demands of Arab extremists.

Never before had such a whirlwind of activity occurred in such a tiny office. To be sure, much of his energy was being spent on activities that had nothing at all to do with his official duties. In fact, he got so carried away by his extraofficial crusades that he allowed a serious backlog to develop in his office, to the hardship of the public, but he did not allow this mishap to detract from the bountiful atmosphere of piety and vigor that the press had helped him develop.

Not wanting to waste this atmosphere on such a puny office—by now Brown was willing to acknowledge that, except for the publicity gambits, the secretary of state "doesn't do anything"—he prepared to move upward. By the grace of God and his 22 million fellow Californians, he would be governor. Once again, it was "Hi, I'm Jerry Brown, Pat Brown's son." But this time he borrowed more than name from his dad; he also got Pat's help in raising funds and in putting together a campaign team. It took some doing; many of the old-line Democratic patrons and politicians thought the kid a weirdo, but for the old man's sake they swallowed their revulsion and pitched in.

Even so, Jerry almost lost. Listening to some of his smart-alecky young advisers, he ran a calculatingly lackluster, do-nothing, say-nothing campaign and he almost blew it. He started with a twenty percentage points headstart, and he slipped through with only two percentage points left. Most experts agree that his lead was evaporating so swiftly that if the campaign had lasted one more week, he would have lost.

He was now governor at the age of thirty-seven, and the world looked beautiful. Outgoing Governor Reagan had left him a surplus of $400 million in the state treasury. Whatever happened to the rest of the country, California's sunshine and pot and aerospace paychecks would keep the momentum going a long while. How could he fail?

And indeed he did not fail. But looking back, one realizes that he did not have a

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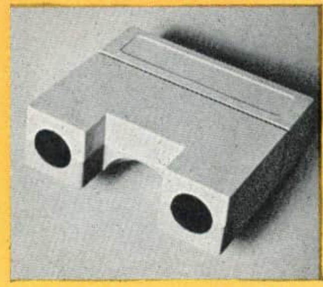

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great deal of success, either. From this distance his imprint on the state in those years appears so slight as to be almost indiscernible.

At first everything was upbeat. His appointees set a new tone: more women, blacks, chicanos, were named to policymaking positions than ever before. He shook up the licensing boards by appointing members from outside their professions. He ended years of agricultural strife by establishing a Farm Labor Relations Board. When the legislature passed laws easing restraints on homosexuality and pot smoking, Brown signed them with the flourish of a nice guy. His looseness, contrasting sharply with the corseted stiffness of Reagan, was much admired, especially by the press. It made great copy. Reporters wrote endlessly about Brown's giving up the new $1.5 million, twenty-five-room governor's mansion for a $250-a-month flat, about his sleeping on boxsprings on the floor, about his attendance at Zen sessions, about his press conference quips and Socratic cranks, about his eating junk foods and showing up at a Mexican café for chicken mole, about his love of rock 'n' roll, about the Sufi choir and Indian dances at the governor's first prayer breakfast.

But insiders were noticing troubling signs that came as no surprise to members of his family. His sister, Kathleen Brown Rice, told John J. Fitzpatrick, who has written a psycho-biography of Brown, "He is a great procrastinator when definitive decisions have to be made." From the very first, that was how he performed. He waffled on making appointments; sometimes, because he had left so many vacancies unfilled, boards and commissions could not get a quorum. It was not just beginner's bad luck; it went on into the third and fourth and fifth years of his administration. Brown spent weeks in endless bull sessions, debating the pros and cons on policy questions that should have been settled in an hour. Some good appointees, frustrated by delays, began to drift away; other, rebelling against inaction, were fired. A former high official of the Brown administration recalls the agony of trying to get guidance from a chief executive who "diverted people with kooky vignettes about his personal life, asked funny questions, acted mysterious, kept people guessing, and filled up the newspapers with talk about saving whales and exploring outer space and other far-sighted projects he could do absolutely nothing about and therefore couldn't fail at. Most of all he spoke of 'lowering expectations,' code words for: 'Don't blame me if things go wrong.' " Far from being defensive about being charged with flightiness, Brown was proud of it, thought it was a good crowd-pleasing tactic. "People," he said, "find it interesting how I go from Whale Day to Space Day, from one issue to another."

Apparently, he was right. After Brown had been in office nearly three years, the respected Field Poll showed that nearly 80 percent approved of his performance, although 50 percent felt that, with the exception of the farm labor law, he had achieved nothing of importance. Sun-baked Californians seemed very fond of—or at least willing to tolerate—Brown's "creative inaction," his vacillation, his paralyzing hesitancy, the unwillingness to risk everything for an issue he really believed in, the inability, perhaps, to believe very strongly in anything.

The whole nation was introduced to this side of Brown in 1976, in his strangely truncated try for the Democratic presidential nomination. As early as the fall of 1975 his advisers had warned him that he must announce his candidacy at once if he expected to get anywhere. But he couldn't work up the will and motivation until Jimmy Carter called in March 1976 and asked him for a public statement of support. "I can't do that," Brown answered and then added, almost as a spur-of-the-moment decision, "I can't do it because I'm going to run myself." Later he would tell reporters that he had entered the campaign because "I couldn't think of any good reasons not to." But by that time the number of primaries he could enter had been critically reduced. To be sure, he did very well where he tried—winning in Maryland, Nevada, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and California and making a remarkably strong third-place effort in Oregon via write-ins. But his campaign seemed shrouded in a death wish. Why did he procrastinate until he could not get on the Ohio ballot? Brown's aides concede that it was a baffling mistake. Pat Brown sees it as a monumental error, for "I still think," he says, "Jerry would have beaten Carter in Ohio, and, if he had, then Carter was all through."

“

Reporters feel
that Brown is almost
insultingly open
in his contempt for the
press because
it can be manipulated
so easily.

”

The presidential campaign was the old Sacramento mystique all over again. When reporters tried to penetrate his generalizations, demanding details of his would-be presidency, Brown became cleverly elusive. "A little vagueness will go a long way in this business," he joked. And he said, "Issues are the last refuge of scoundrels." But what about specific plans? "Planning is what you do when you have nothing worthwhile to do," he would say, or, on other occasions, complain, "There is a specificity fetish in this campaign." He argued that it was foolish to press him for details about what he might accomplish as president because "What can a president do? He gets up in the morning and goes to bed at night. There isn't all that much he can do except set a tone and chart a vision." He declared that to give out details of his plans would be "overstating and overselling what the role of any human being is. . . . The president is one person. He's a human being. No big deal."

Finally, the truth of Brown's candidacy began to seep through the collective skull of the national press corps. Toward the end of the campaign, traveling with Brown, Elizabeth Drew wrote in the *New Yorker*, "Though he fosters the image of an unconventional and anti-program politician, he . . . is about as conventional and programmatic as one can get. . . . In a question-and answer session, Brown is asked what he would do about the military budget. He replies, 'That's a part of the budget that I'd like to take a look at'—an unexceptional response, as is his further observation that 'you have to have a strong defense, but you have got to make choices'!" When she chided him privately for sounding like a devotee of the status quo, Brown tossed back a non sequitur: " 'Change' is just a word."

There was other unsettling conduct. Although he offered himself as a new kind of politician, there was the strong odor of the old order. He stated loudly his disdain for "party bosses," but to swing his victory in Maryland he used the party bosses of that state—some of whom were under indictment at the time for a variety of crimes and would ultimately be convicted. (A *Washington Post* reporter, noting the Maryland pols who greeted Brown at the airport, quipped: "The FTC should break up that platform. It has a monopoly on corruption.") When reporters asked how he could reconcile his preachings with his newfound friends, he fell back, as usual, on a quip: "I also have come to convert." And it was odd that this disciple of less-is-more was outspending Carter in every state and in every state but one (Nevada) outspending at a ratio of two to one.

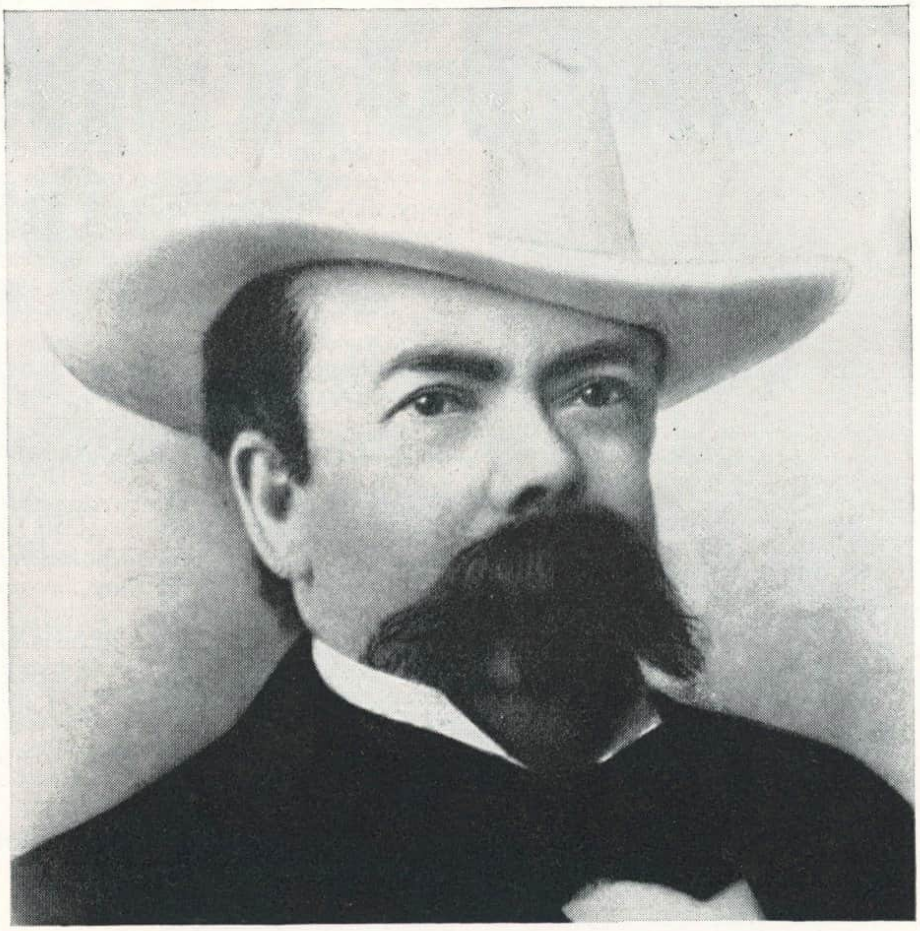
Some who had come expecting to hear an idealist were bothered at Brownian sarcasms aimed at "the pundits and pooh-bahs of the Potomac." Shades of Spiro Agnew? Others, who thought that surely the youngster from the West would have more than warmed-over New Dealisms, were puzzled. Support for the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill? Support of a national health program? Aid for the cities? Fine, swell, but hadn't Humphrey and Udall and Carter been plugging the same reforms for many months? Hadn't Brown brought anything new, something of his own? Apparently not. With more pity then censure, Edward J. Cripps, writing for *America*, the journal of the Jesuit order, counseled his readers: "Give him credit for cleverness and political skill, for being ambitious and energetic, for pouring the old wine of Democratic liberalism into a new skin without losing a drop. But do not believe that he is 'unorthodox.' " Editors at *The Nation* were less tolerant: "Gov. Jerry Brown has clearly developed no serious ideas on government and politics. He is all style and no substance. Reports on him belong in the fashion pages of the newspapers."

Perhaps one is tempted to make too much of Brown's conduct in that campaign. It would be unfair to draw any final conclusions from it; after all, presidential primary campaigns are hallucinatory experiences, and Brown, considering his inexperience, came through better than most.

But it is far more difficult to find excuses for his handling of one issue—the death penalty—the next year. Brown had always made a great to-do over his opposition to the death penalty. In 1960, when his dad was governor and he was still a student, he had interfered in the Caryl Chessman case. Caryl Chessman, a kidnapper-rapist, was on death row. He had been there for years, and his fight for survival had made him an international martyr. The night prior to what seemed certain would be Chessman's execution day, Jerry telephoned his father and begged him to give Chessman one more reprieve (because Chessman was a two-time loser, the governor could not commute his sentence) and then fight in the legislature for a law ending capital punishment, which would apply retroactively to Chessman. Pat Brown told his son that "there is only one chance in a thousand I could succeed." But Jerry would not be denied. "Do it," he said. "When a man's life is at stake, those odds are good enough to fight for." So old man Brown did give Chessman a reprieve, and most experts seem to agree that that one act alone undercut his popularity more than all the other mistakes of his eight years in office put together. Today Pat Brown acknowledges, "I never fully recovered from the Chessman case."

Seventeen years later Jerry, sitting in the governor's chair, was offered a chance to take the heat with the same courage and steadfastness his dad had shown. Jerry did warn the legislature that if it sent him a bill restoring capital punishment (the U.S. Supreme Court had killed the old law), he would veto it.

Obviously, if this occurred, the legislature would try to override his veto. But that needn't have been fatal to his intent. Brown had never before had a veto overridden, and after losing on the death penalty bill he would never have another veto overridden. (In fact, only two vetoes had been overridden in the previous two decades.) If he had put himself out even a moderate amount, he could have won. But he did nothing. By the time the State Assembly began debating the override, he was in Los Angeles, at a Space Day celebration, and the Assembly, by the exact number of votes needed, invoked the death penalty for sixteen types of first-degree murder. When an aide interrupted a showing of a space



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movie to tell Brown that he had lost, he answered shortly: "It's not important."

His ducking out may have been the politically expedient thing to do—for polls do regularly show that most Californians approve of his elasticity—but politicians and reporters whose lives are entwined with his out of necessity have begun to speak of Jerry with increasing disillusionment. A political reporter who has been covering Brown since he took office told me: "His general pattern has been that on social issues of symbolic importance—appointments, catchy programs that don't cost a lot—he has been fairly liberal. But he won't fight for the controversial stuff. He doesn't campaign hard for something as touchy as abortion funding. He simply laid it out and then let the legislature fight over it. Or like the death penalty veto. I really don't have much doubt that he could have upheld his veto if he had worked it. Instead, he kept his mouth shut. He had worked every previous veto override that had come up, and he always won. There was a school finance bill that had passed the year before that he vetoed, and he just busted his tail to prevent that from being overridden in the assembly. But, oh boy, he didn't do anything for the death penalty bill. Legislators who were on the fence, who could have gone either way, told me and told other reporters that they simply never got a call from the governor."

Brown has now been governor long enough for us to find a definite pattern in the way he operates: the pattern is zigzag. Some have called it flip-flop. When he came in, he proclaimed the "era of limits." But after big labor and big business grumbled that this sounded like an antiexpansionist philosophy, he came up with another slogan. "Even an era of limits has limits," he said. "Environmental concerns have to have limits, too." Now he began talking about the "era of possibilities."

At first he said he wanted strict enforcement of the rule that no one farmer who owns more than 160 acres of land can receive federal water; the law—which had been chronically violated over the years—was supposed to give small farmers a chance to survive in competition with agribusiness giants. Last year Brown changed his position. Instead of enforcing the law, he said, the federal government should give California permanent exemptions from it.

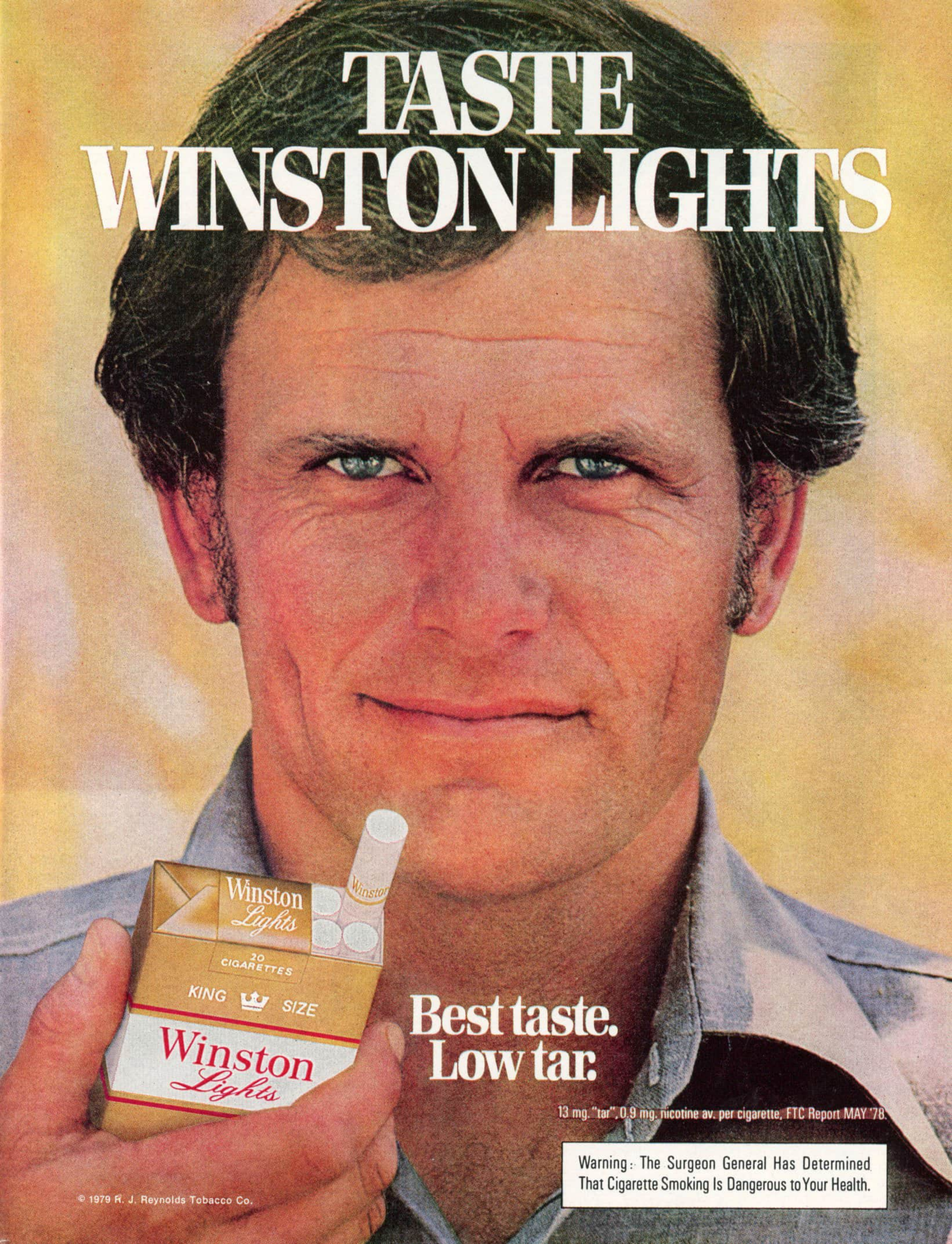
His administration's early momentum of freshness and change eventually slowed and stopped; in some instances, it was even reversed. Some key economic positions are still filled with Reagan holdovers. Some of Brown's fiscal programs were borrowed intact from Reagan. Although the state tax laws were already riddled with corporate favoritism, Brown began advocating further business tax cuts.

Brown's relationship with the business community radically changed. Chilly at first, it soon was cozy. When a public-service employment plan cooked up by one of his subordinates drew criticism as "socialistic," Brown quickly moved to show that his heart was in the right place by appointing an economic advisory committee comprised of officials from Standard Oil, Bank of America, and Pacific Telephone. The California Roundtable (a congress of the state's most powerful businessmen) became to him what The Trilateral Commission is to Jimmy Carter. Justin Dart, chairman of Dart Industries and vice-chairman of the Roundtable, was once a bitter enemy of Brown, but today Dart grudgingly concedes, "I guess his objectives are basically our objectives." Thomas Paine of Northrop Aircraft is among Brown's close advisers. The ultimate proof of the new relationship is that big money is flowing from these corporations to Brown; even the executives of Union Oil, who once could say nothing good about Brown, helped him pay off his 1978 campaign debt.

When Brown exploded with enthusiasm for the space program, there was some disagreement as to what prompted it. David Broder of the *Washington Post* thought that it was just another media hype—"the lines at *Star Wars* impressed him, and with his usual flair for the dramatic, he took up the cause of space with fervor." Robert Pack, whose *Jerry Brown: The Philosopher-Prince* is probably the best study of the governor, thinks that Brown's interest in outer space may have stemmed in part from criticism he received earlier in 1977, when Dow Chemical "scrapped plans to build a $500 million plant between San Francisco and Sacramento and blamed the state for foot dragging on the construction applications. Brown, anxious to patch his ties with labor and business as a reelection year approached, recognized that California industry holds half of all NASA contracts and that aerospace accounts for a third of the state's manufacturing output."

Whatever the reason, the governor's reception hall suddenly blossomed with space knickknacks, including a life-sized dummy of an astronaut. Brown came up with another slogan, "On earth, small is still beautiful, but in space, bigger is better." And he earmarked nearly $6 million in his budget for a space program, to buy service from a satellite for transmitting radio messages to highway patrol vehicles and fire fighters around the state. But when the legislature killed the funds, Brown did not fight to have them restored. So now all the prospace talk and space symbolism comes down to one man, ex-astronaut Russell Schweickart, on Brown's staff as adviser.

What can one conclude from the zigzagging, the quickly deflated enthusiasms, the switches in allegiance? Does political writer Roger Morris make a valid point when he comments, "Whether the cause is political opportunism or some genuine inability to form a commitment, what stands out from the Brown record is its relative lack of seriousness amid all the pretense. The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substantive comparisons with other flawed politicians, Gene McCarthy and even Hubert Humphrey, are not flattering in that respect. No steady stand, no abiding principle—McCarthy's antimilitarism or Humphrey's devotion to civil rights—emerges from Jerry Brown's decade in politics." Is not Brown passing something of the same judgment on himself when he says that the way to survive in politics is to "paddle a little on the left, then paddle a little on the right, and you keep going straight down the middle. *But if you stand up on either side, you'll fall in the water*"? Brown has never taken the risk of standing up steadfastly, for anything.

That, plus what Brown calls "my cheapness," has seriously damaged some state programs, and sometimes with embarrassingly cruel results. When Reagan was governor, he starved the mental hospitals unmercifully—the kind of thrift that allowed him to leave a big surplus in the treasury. When Brown came in, he indicated that he would use some of that money to rescue the state's mental wards. But he didn't. The already poor conditions continued to deteriorate. Then, in the spring of 1977, there was a rash of needless patient deaths. Brown doled out a little more money, but not enough to turn the situation around. He promised to transfer patients from the crowded hospitals to community facilities, to "deinstitutionalize" them, but for two years this remained only a promise. Finally, pressed to the limit, the California Mental Health Association sued Brown for "unnecessary confinement" of thousands of state mental patients. Ray Dawson, spokesman for the Mental Health Association, said, "All the governor ever does is give us paper proposals so he can say, 'I'm really a nice guy,' but if we quiet down there'll be no chance of these people ever getting adequate care."

Brown's stinginess and procrastination have also played hell with the rights of injured workers. When an employee is hurt on the job, it is, of course, crucial that he have fast access to the courts and to the Workers' Compensation Appeals Board. But because Brown has been so slow to appoint judges, a terrible logjam has developed in the courts; because he whacked the WCAB's army of clerks and court reporters by 15 percent, justice has been smothered under a sea of untended paperwork. Biased though the appraisal may be, one lawyer who specializes in workers' compensation cases could have been correct in his accusation that Brown permitted this situation to develop because "as a class, injured workers just don't strike him as much of a political factor. He's not going to them to raise money for his campaign."

At least to some degree it was this kind of callousness that brought on Proposition 13, the landmark action taken by California voters in 1978 to put a lid on property taxes. The voters were angry and in some instances understandably panicky, because the taxes were rising so swiftly. But they were also angered at seeing their money simply disappear into the state's maw—just sucked into the great vortex called The Surplus, without any responsive, positive effect on their lives or on the lives of their neighbors. Just sitting there, getting bigger all the time, The Surplus—it finally reached $5 billion—infuriated them. It seemed that Brown was just squirreling their money away, and they were determined to force him to spend it before asking for more.

For this negative reason Brown can be called, as he was called by State Treasurer Jesse Unruh, "the father of Proposition 13." Everett Carll Ladd, Jr., director of Social Science Data Center, says that in the polls he took for *Fortune* magazine following passage of Proposition 13, he found voters felt that the Brown administration had forced them to respond excessively. "Over and over again," he said, "Californians complained about the big state surplus that had accumulated while voters struggled with rising property taxes. 'Why didn't they do something sooner?' a retired Redwood City homeowner explained in frustration. 'Why did they make us use a meat axe?' "

Brown was at his reversible best in the Proposition 13 fight. At first he led the drive against its passage. He said that Proposition 13 would cripple the state. He called the proposition a fraud. But after the voters passed it (and after business discovered that the proposition would give them a $4 billion windfall tax break), Brown reversed the field with dazzling agility. Suddenly, overnight, he became what he tried to jokingly rationalize as a "born-again tax cutter." Thereafter he sounded fiscally to the right of most Republicans. He froze state hiring and wages, signed a $1 billion tax cut, froze welfare payments. It was quite safe to be thrifty at the expense of the underdog because most Californians are upperdogs; in average family income California is way ahead of the rest of the nation. In such an atmosphere of middle-income smugness, it was not only safe but also downright advantageous to screw the peasants by disregarding the legal requirement that welfare payments be increased annually.

So conservative did Brown sound from the passage of Proposition 13 in June until the general election in November that even in such reactionary redoubts as Orange and San Diego counties he ran up stunning margins over his Republican opponent. Indeed, 24 percent of California's Republicans voted for Brown.

As a result of his overwhelming reelection in 1978, Brown became convinced that here was the issue—fiscal unrest—that he could ride to the presidency. He could not use the property tax as his horse, for property taxes are state and local matters. Instead, he would ride the federal budget—always a hateful symbol to the American people. And so, on the night of January 8, 1979, in one short sentence during his second inaugural address in Sacramento, Jerry Brown announced his intention of becoming *the* national spokesman for the Balance the Budget Crusade. He announced that he would ask the California legislature and later make the same plea to other legislatures to pass a resolution demanding that Congress call a convention to consider a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced federal budget at all times, except in emergencies. The California legislature turned him down, but that did not dampen his zeal to carry the word to the rest of the nation.

(Before going on with this greatest of Brown's publicity adventures, let me urge the reader not to take it, or Brown, too seriously. In many vulnerable ways that Brown must be painfully aware of himself; he is ignorant of even basic economics. When a *Village Voice* reporter asked him whether the real cause of runaway inflation might not be that corporate monopolies, big business cabals, and multinationals were operating without any government controls on their pricing of food, housing, health, and energy, Brown curled his lip and looked at the fellow as though he were mad. "Monopolies?" he scoffed. "There aren't any monopolies!"

(For some time Brown has been going around talking mysteriously about inflation being caused by the manufacturing of money. What does he mean? At the California Democratic convention he blamed experts who "print more money and, if it doesn't work, print more money, and if that doesn't work, print more money still." On "Issues and Answers" he distilled that outburst into a complaint about the danger of "our going the way of other nations that believed in the money machine." What is "the money machine"? Finally, I caught up with him and asked what the heck these mysterious references were all about. It turned out that he was referring to the Federal Reserve Board's ability to increase the lending power of banks by reducing their reserve requirements. That's not what he said—in fact, he kept mumbling things about "those guys who just use little IBM cards"—but that is a fair translation of what he meant. And he has a point—not a big point, but a point. So I tried to find out what he would do to correct that situation. Since the Fed is an agency totally independent of either the president or Congress and is, in fact, run by and for the big banks, I asked him whether he would like to put an end to the Fed's dirty work by ending its independence and bringing it under the direct control of the president. He answered [now get this]: "*I really don't know much about the Federal Reserve Board, but I don't think it is very independent right now*." Incredible. And that's the guy who is ready to tell us how to shape up our money matters.)

When Brown seized the budget balancing act for his own, it was a kind of grand larceny. Just as he had stolen Proposition 13 from the Republicans in California, he was now stealing budget balancing as a national issue from the National Taxpayers Union. It, more than any other organization in the country and certainly far more than any one individual, had got the balance-the-budget movement going in a serious way. Stealthily, so as not to arouse potential enemies, the NTU had slipped resolutions through twenty-two state legislatures before Brown ever opened his mouth. Resolutions from thirty-four states are needed before Congress feels obliged to even consider calling a convention. The NTU had hoped to have at least thirty states lined up before the nation generally caught on to what it was up to. Brown's bugle call had ruined this strategy, and even worse for the pride of NTU, he had stolen its show. George Snyder, an NTU official, whimpers: "I have to say to you very candidly, he sort of threw a monkey wrench into our procedure. I'd have to say he's pretty politically astute when we had about half the country endorsing the proposal. But we feel quite strongly that we will not let this become any one man's issue.... If it becomes a one-candidate or presidential-type candidate issue, it destroys the very grass roots effort that has begun."

Such quibbles are not likely to slow Brown's exploitation of the issue one whit. Opposition has seldom had much impact on the ego that came through those three and a half years of Jesuitical torment intact. Brown, in fact, sometimes seems to dote on developing enemies and skeptics. Jimmy Carter detests him. Ted Kennedy loathes him and publicly predicts that "he isn't going very far" (when Brown called the senator to arrange a visit, Teddy said that he was sorry; his schedule was jammed up into infinity). Speaker Leo McCarthy of the California Assembly, who was very cooperative for a long time and is primarily responsible for any legislative victories that Brown has won, now feels that Brown's presidential ambitions are treacherous to his own career. Except for the United Farm Workers, with whom Brown has arranged a mutual-exploitation relationship, most union leaders are very wary of Brown. To people who are accustomed to thinking of politics as a contest between organized groups—which means all old-style pols—Brown is anathema.

One of this breed, a key member of the California delegation who previously had served in the state legislature, told me that he shudders to think of Brown as president: "Jerry is very charming. A very attractive guy in many ways. Fascinating. But I'd hate like hell for him to be in the White House. I'd be damned afraid of him, because there is simply no telling what he would do. He has no inner compass. He's completely unpredictable. He swings from one ideological extreme to another like a crazy pendulum."

But opposition from such sources no longer strikes terror into the heart of the new breed of politician that, like Brown, is aware that nearly three-fourths of all Demo-

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cratic convention delegates and two-thirds of the Republican delegates were selected through primaries in 1976—and that the percentage will continue to increase as the primary system spreads. The American political system, once tightly bound by the parties, is approaching near-anarchy, which is exactly the atmosphere in which Jerry Brown operates most effectively.

To the post-Vietnam, post-Watergate generation—of which he is the most dramatic political product—a generation that has absolutely no faith in politicians, Jerry Brown is a very satisfying phenomenon. To this generation, he is as American as apple sauce. Political pollster Ladd has found that "two-thirds of Americans believe that a balanced federal budget within the next few years is unattainable, no matter who their leaders are." Brown knows about that poll. So when he comes along huffing and puffing with his balanced budget act, it is obvious that that is exactly what it is—an act. He is full of such acts. "Are poor kids really hungry, or is that another liberal myth?" he will ask with mock seriousness. "I don't know why we should subsidize school lunches. Nobody ever gave me a school lunch when I was a kid." And then he will sign a bill giving millions of dollars to the school lunch program. He so obviously plays to both sides of the theater that he has passed through the hypocrisy barrier and has reached total cynicism—which the post-Watergate generation and many of their parents as well greatly enjoy and share. He plays the old pol's game with such flamboyant contempt that California blacks, who know the honkie hustle backwards and forwards and appreciate a little entertainment from their politicians, gave Brown 95 percent of their votes the last time around. "It's all symbols," he once told a member of his cabinet. "Everything's a symbol. Life is just a series of symbols. It's all a head trip, everything in life."

How should such a strange political creature be rated? J. D. Lorenz, who was director of the California Employment Development Department until Brown fired him for insubordination, came away with this judgment: "I believe Jerry Brown is the representative American figure of the 1970s. I think he has succeeded in symbolizing the doubt, the detachment, and the escapism of the period as profoundly as Martin Luther King embodied the commitment, the involvement, and the passion of the 1960s."

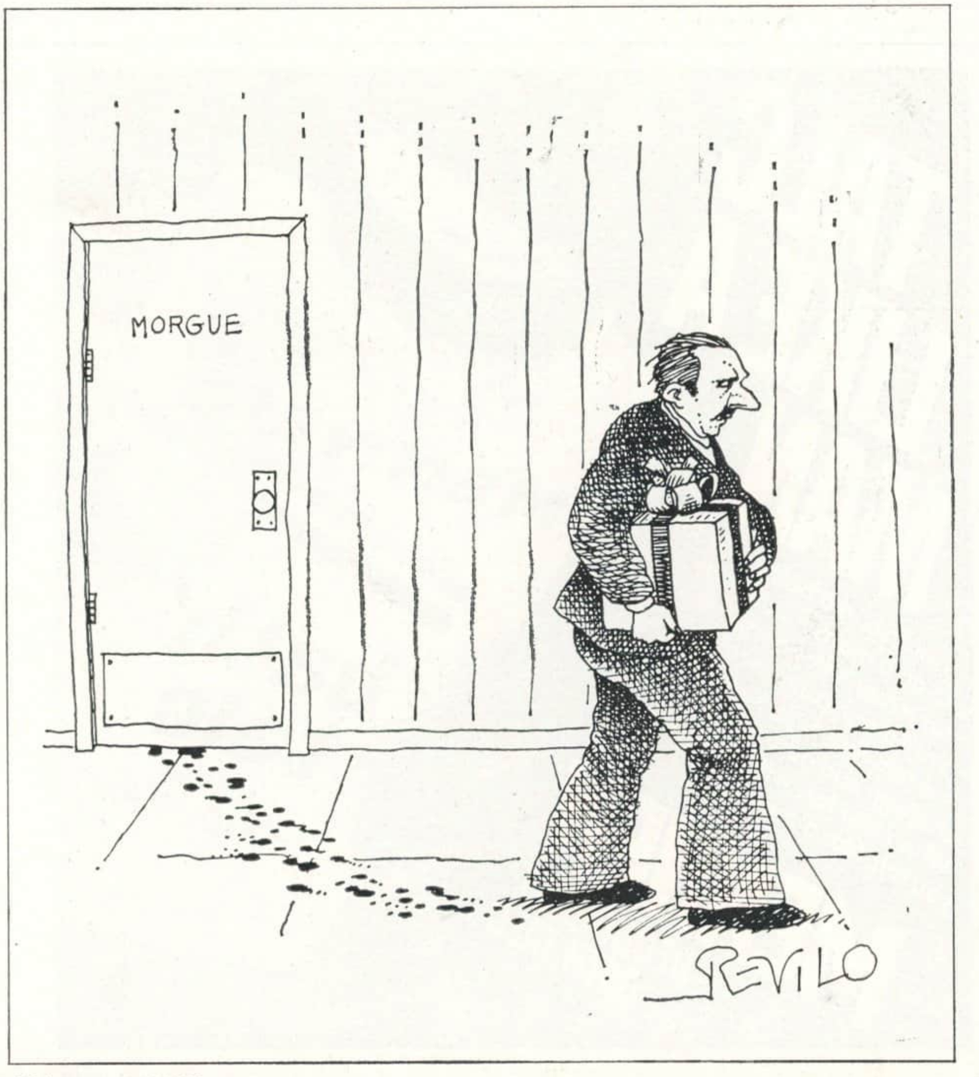
That may be an accurate appraisal of Brown's stature in California. But can he fill the same role when he takes his act to the rest of the country? When he emerges from the frivolously wealthy environment of California and approaches—let's say—the miserable mill towns of New England and the Carolinas and offers the political equivalent of St. Ignatius's eleventh and twelfth rules—Spartan living and fatalism—will presidential candidate Jerry Brown not stir deep resentment?

Perhaps not. When he says right out that presidents are incapable of doing much, that politics is mostly a game of symbols, that Americans should cut back on their desires and not expect so much help, that life is at best short and grim and subject to God's whims—it is entirely possible that such statements will be cheered in the mill towns (and why not in the boring middle-class tracts and in the listless urban slums, too?) as showing the honesty most politicians shun. It's hard to guess how many millions of Americans, tired of hoping, might be intrigued and titillated by Brown's urging workers to imitate the conduct of Ho Chi Minh—not his *ideology*, mind you, for Brown has no interest in ideology, but in Ho's *conduct* (as Brown does indeed urge upon his own staff, and openly). It is a doctrine that advocates obedience, unquestioning hard work, and acceptance of one's fate: passivity, the Spartan life. The Jesuits have a phrase for it that Brown is fond of quoting: *Age quod agis*—"Do what you are doing."

The Jesuit ideal, into which Brown was indoctrined and which he is only too happy to repeat to interviewers, is "that you should prefer neither long life nor short life, neither riches nor poverty, neither health nor illness—it's all a matter of indifference." He is the supreme fatalist, at least in rhetoric. "Life just is," he says. "You have to flow with it. Give yourself to the moment. Let it happen." Don't struggle. Don't be inflamed to shape your destiny. Don't constantly drive for reformation.

It is interesting to speculate on what would happen to an America that capitulated to this doctrine. It is a speculation that can be intelligently made by asking the question, Who would benefit from the spread of it? The answer is: the exploiters of the status quo would benefit. A populace that seeks no more than to "do what you are doing," that can be coaxed into settling for long-term survival instead of immediate happiness, that is willing to accept an inert government, that is willing to throw more reliance on mysticism (rather than tough labor unions and aggressive pressure groups)—this is a populace that the National Association of Manufacturers and the California Roundtable would surely find useful. It would be a populace that takes its knocks quietly, that is willing to breathe a reasonable amount of smog and drink a reasonable amount of sewage in return for a steady aerospace paycheck and the perennial promise of a balanced budget. It is a populace that has given up on its politicians and expects no more from them than an occasional quip and a steady offering of symbols.

"I," Brown once told a group of newspaper executives, "I represent the future." And perhaps he does.



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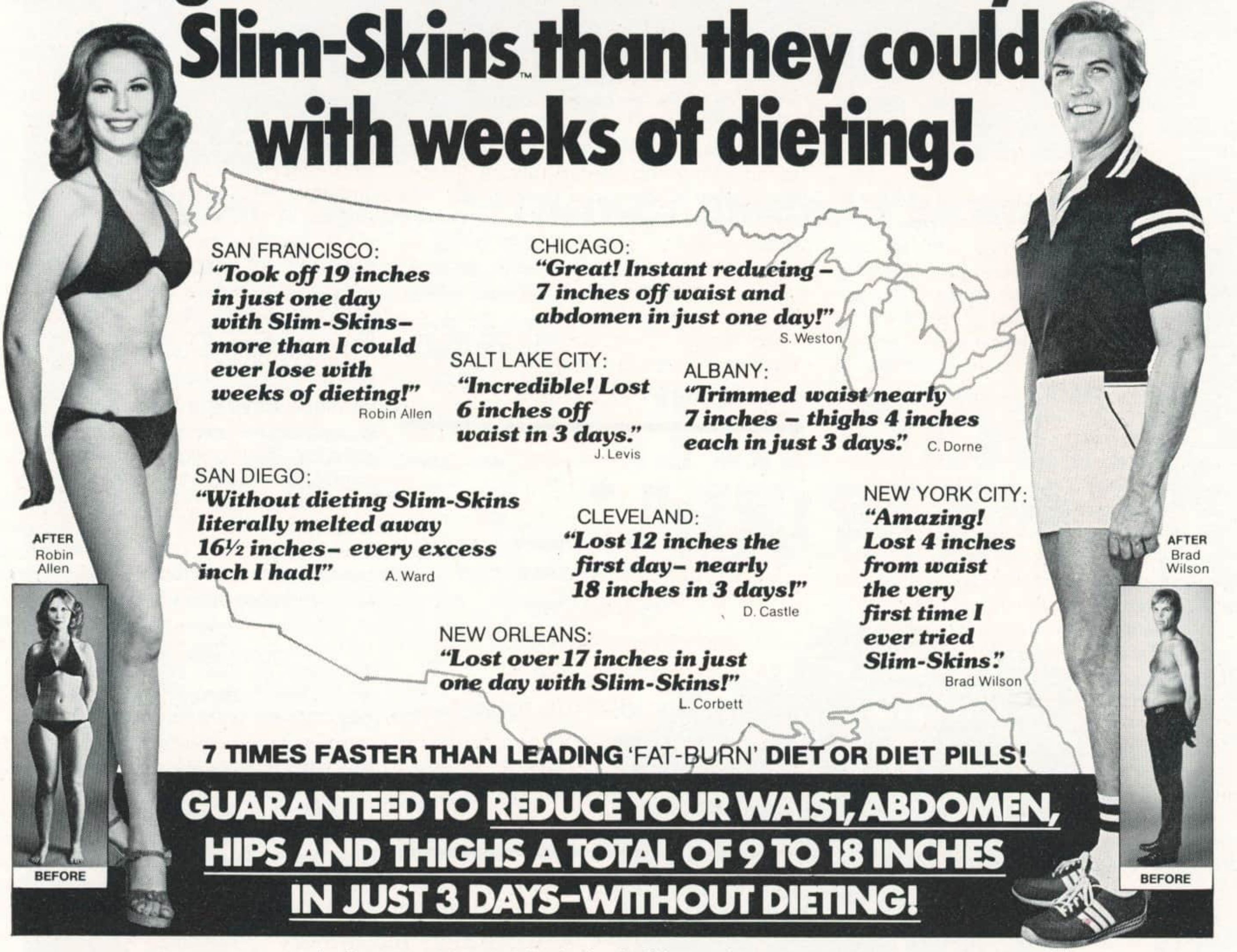

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"Lost 12 inches the first day– nearly 18 inches in 3 days!" D. Castle

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LOS ANGELES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

castles and French provincial châteaus sit in green splendor, overlooking the city, telling tales of money rushing up out of the ground like geysers of oil.

Then the houses become simply pastoral suburban bungalows and ranch houses—starting at $350,000—running out toward the ocean, past Brentwood and Pacific Palisades and into that playground of western successful man and woman, the Malibu Beach colony.

It takes only three-quarters of an hour to drive that strip of road from Hollywood to the sea, but in that journey is the story of why Los Angeles will never stop growing. The people who have those fabulous houses made the money to get them by their creative labors. The palaces of Bel Air and the horribly expensive shacks of Malibu were bought and built by men and women without inherited money, men and women who made money by the free exercise of their creative powers. In Los Angeles money is made not by old money and not by theft and not by incremental growth. It is made fabulously, suddenly, overnight, by a sudden creative breakthrough in one of those studios farther east along Sunset or nearby. To get rich quick in Los Angeles, the only capital one needs is the capital of ingenuity and creativity and the daring of confidence in utter mobility.

A man can come to town and work as a busboy by night. By day he peddles his scripts to the studios. At Paramount and at MGM and at UA and at Universal he gets the doors slammed in his face. But unexpectedly, miraculously, at Orion, a new power in town, everyone loves the story. It is fabulous. It is very real, very modern, very honest, very with-it. So the script gets bought for maybe $100,000, and then the movie is made. And the busboy has seven and one-half points of the net profits in the film.

The film is *Animal House* or *American Graffiti* or maybe even *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. There are $27 million in profits. The former busboy has made—from that one script—more than $2 million.

It not only can happen; it does happen, and it happens all the time. The property that is made into vastly profitable, moneymaking enterprises here is not oil or gold or diamonds but human creativity. Money is not made by shifting other people's money around and taking a percentage or by selling insurance or by wholesaling shmatas. Money is made in Los Angeles from the distribution of human creativity to all of mankind.

Getting rich overnight is not simply a remote dream in Los Angeles. It is the modal way by which things happen in this town. A kid comes here, an Allen Greisman or a Michael Shamberg or a Harold Ramis or a George Lucas, and he has an idea, and the idea is good. That is all he needs—that plus a belief that he can get anywhere from where he is now. They are the mobility and the creativity of the equation. They are why Los Angeles is seething with ambition and hope and drive and thought and work—all of which mean energy.

The men and women who arrive at LAX or drive into town on Route 10 do not come here to work their way up, year by year, until they become junior vice-presidents and then perhaps qualify for a gold watch.

They come here to become millionaires tomorrow. And when people see their goals in sight as close as the next morning, a unique species of energy is generated. It is frantic, unending, irresistible. It throbs through the whole city. From all over the world, creative people appear, and it is their wildest longings—almost at hand, to be rich, to be famous, to create, create, create—that fill the Los Angeles air morning, noon, and night.

Just one hit movie. Just one big record. And then everything the world has to offer is right there sitting on the leather seats of the Corniche, right next to you, seven and a half points of the net, one dollar per album, 80 percent of the concert gross, respect, the freedom to create. And yesterday you were a busboy. But you kept plugging, and you had a good idea, and now you're one of the true sweethearts of the business.

> ‘In Los Angeles,
> the free man gets into
> his free car
> and drives it wherever
> he feels like.
> He decides the route
> of his soul.’

Mobility is a way of life in Los Angeles. It means getting rich and famous overnight, but it means a lot more. It means getting from the San Bernardino Mountains, which are in the city, to the ocean beaches of Venice, which are also in the city, without a traffic light. It means that L. A. people can stay in their favorite thing—the automobile—and go anywhere quickly.

The automobile and the freeway are the concrete icons of Los Angeles life. In tangible form they represent the possibilities of life in a free and open city, the burgeoning center of free people everywhere.

Other cities can cram their citizens into little metal boxes and push them around underground. In Los Angeles the free man gets into his free car and drives it wherever he feels like. He decides the route of his soul. No governmental transit authority, no unionized motorman, tells him where to go. He just gets in his car and goes where he feels like going.

Movies and records and television shows get made by independent-minded people taking their ideas where they lead. Overnight sensations get made by unorthodox methods. The people who built the city where no city should have been, without water, without a port, did not do so by committee, packed into little metal boxes, holding straps and sweating onto each other. They built it by individual, daring action.

There will be no mass transit in L.A. for a long, long time. Travel is free, personal, and unfettered in the city of the Queen of the Angels.

L.A. is not for the wallflowers, not for the guilty of spirit, not for the environmentalists burying their faces in their Pendleton shirts, not for the boys and girls who want to give the land back to the Indians.

Around the turn of the century, the city fathers realized that if L.A. were to grow to its destined size, it would need far more water than the meager Los Angeles River provided. Two hundred and fifty miles to the northeast was a fertile farming valley watered by the Owens River. Through stealth and bribery, the city bought the farmers' water rights. Then Los Angeles caused a massive aqueduct to be built across mountains and deserts to carry water to the city.

The farmers were delighted with their money at first. Then they realized that if Los Angeles got their water, they could not farm. They demanded the water back. The city fathers were dumbfounded. If the farmers were unhappy, they could simply move to Los Angeles, where they would be happy again.

In 1913, at a ceremony in the San Fernando Valley, William Mulholland, the man who masterminded the aqueduct, spoke for Los Angeles of the present and the future when he pressed the button that opened the aqueduct. Water poured out in a torrent. "There it is," Mulholland said. "Take it."

All cities, says John Gregory Dunne, have an architectural basis in a certain time. The time for Los Angeles is the 1930s and 1940s, when the city was at its starting point for its travel across the constellation of culture capitals of the world, when it began to blaze for the whole world to envy. Los Angeles was filled to the brim with optimism, and its architecture is a design of confidence and certainty.

Along any small street in Hollywood you can see small, immaculately kept, perfectly designed little replicas of Spanish mansions. They were meant to be true castles for the working class. They are small in size, but they have a white, smooth power about them that is wholly lacking in subdivision houses of other times and other places. The California bungalows, with their slightly angled roofs, broad porches, and cross-hatched wood-frame windows tell of a concern that every homeowner should have a piece of California in his little domain.

According to Reyner Banham, an English architectural critic, Los Angeles architecture is the most distinctive in America. While other parts of the country borrowed from European designs and then replicated them with depressing monotony, Los Angeles developed an original architecture of large expanses of white stucco, sharp corners, fantasy tile roofs, and great, glassy openings to the outer world. Gardens and trees were made parts of houses in the world's first comprehensive effort at true indoor-outdoor living.

From the days of the Spanish land grandees, the near-perfect L.A. climate has been a part of Los Angeles architecture. Houses are built to take advantage of the sunshine and the gentle breezes—not to hide them or fight them. And since there were no harsh winds to be kept out, no blasts of arctic air to ward off, houses could be built without regard for thick walls and heavy roofs.

Los Angeles architecture was freed from the constraints of the past. The result was glass, soaring roofs, fantasy dwellings resembling Japanese paper houses, Chinese pagodas, Polynesian huts, and the whole amalgam that came to be known as California style.

Frank Lloyd Wright built his first great commissions with the new flexibility that California and only California offered. Great walls of glass jutting out over mountainsides were his early contributions to world architecture. They influenced all his later work. Charles Sumner Green and Henry Mather Green designed houses like immense wooden platforms in Los Angeles and Pasadena, changing forever the way Americans thought about one-story houses. After them came Rudolph Schindler, with his ingenious indoor-outdoor connecting rooms and gardens, winding inside and outside with matchless consideration for the California air and light.

After him came a host of architects like Richard Neutra, refugees from Europe's horrifying political and wartime blasts, bearing the rigorous training of Vienna and the Bauhaus and letting their imagination go wild in the lush California sunshine.

From these creators came a melding of old-style Spanish Colonial Revival with the particular modern ecologies of surf, freeway, hillside, and plain (as Reyner Banham says). And from that came the first original American architecture of the twentieth century. It is called California Modern, but it is basically the only modern American style that counts.

Los Angeles is a magnet for talented people. It draws the creative and the energetic from the tenements and suburbs and office buildings of the East. It also draws the great creative minds of Europe to live and work near the sea and the desert. Long before Los Angeles had freeways or air conditioning, European artists and writers flocked to the city to take the sun and enjoy the expansive atmosphere.

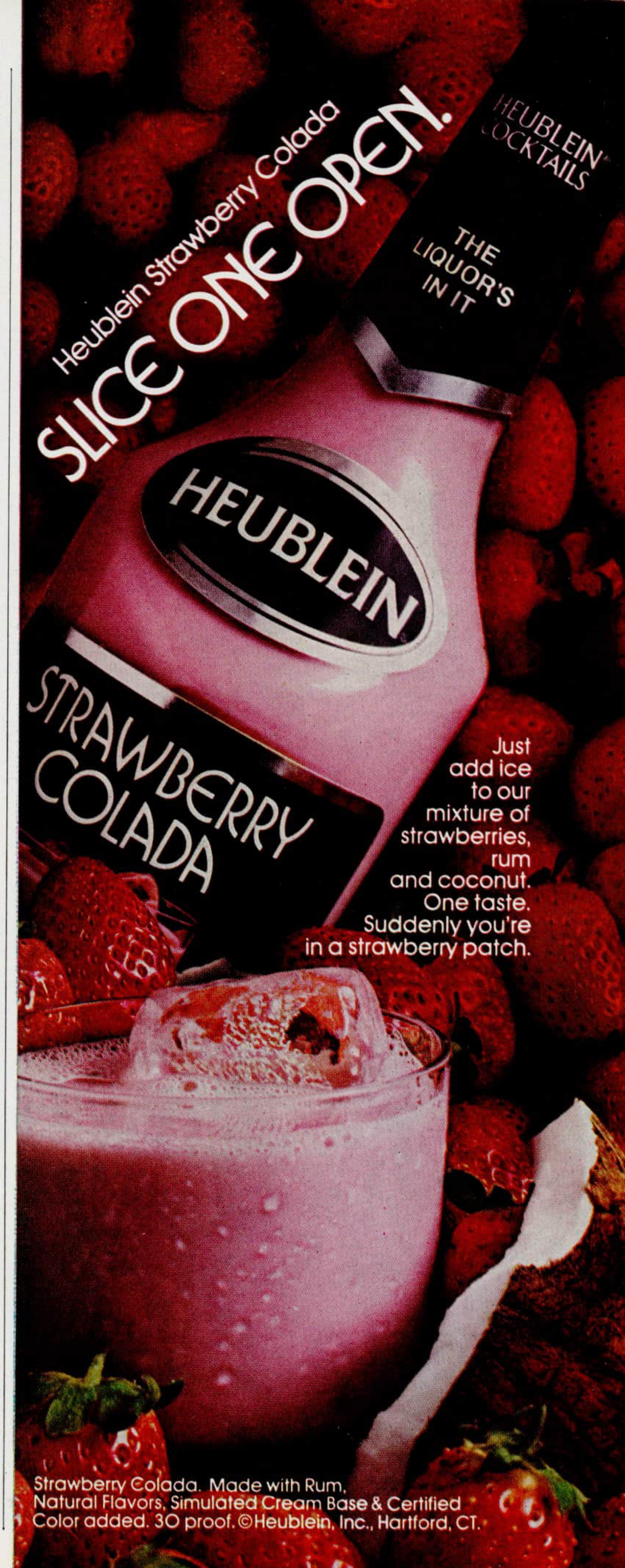
Arthur Conan Doyle sojourned here for a time in 1923. To Doyle, the first of a long line of Los Angeles boosters from Europe, the Los Angeles coastline "was as exquisite as the Riviera." He said that after living in Los Angeles he was sure that he would be disappointed if he got to heaven. "I cannot forecast the fate of this town," he said. "There is simply no limit to its possible expansion."

Writers, in particular, have cleaved to the warm sun and the languid atmosphere of possibilities in Los Angeles. Noel Coward lived here for periods both before and after the war. "There is something delightfully real about what is phony here," he said.

Aldous Huxley, who lived in L.A. for the last twenty years of his life, said simply, "No man could find a better spot on earth."

Thomas Mann left Germany in the early days of Hitler's reign, leaving behind his home and his savings, and came to Pacific Palisades. He built a home on a bluff overlooking the Pacific, which he called Seven Palms. After the war he was asked to come back to the occupied Western Zone and serve as president. "Nothing," he reported, "could make me leave Seven Palms." He conjectured that he would still be there when it fell into the Pacific.

Around his swimming pool great conductors, composers, and writers gathered every weekend, discussing the news of music, writing, and the war. Bruno Walter was there. So was Arnold Schönberg, inventor of modern music, the romanticist Lion Feuchtwanger, and other, lesser lights. Igor Stravinsky often appeared, to argue with Schönberg.



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And always, of course, the greats of Europe's movie world have been drawn to Los Angeles. While Maya Plisetskaya, often called the greatest ballerina in history, whiled away her time in a home in Hollywood, the men who made movies an art form worked in the hectic studios of Sunset Boulevard.

Jean Renoir came over during the war and worked regularly, either directing or writing about movies until his death earlier this year. Erich Von Stroheim came over during the 1930s and worked regularly for almost thirty years. Fritz Lang worked for forty years in Hollywood, advising and consulting with the great and the powerful. Billy Wilder, a pioneer from early times, maker of great movies in the Weimar Republic, still has an office at MGM.

A personal note. I once sat at a party at Irving Lazar's house and listened to a conversation between Kenneth Tynan and Billy Wilder about why so many Europeans came to Los Angeles. I cannot recall the exact phrases because I was too dazzled by the company. But the point was this: "Unsophisticated Americans are drawn to New York because it seems to them to represent the creativity of Europe. Europeans are drawn to Los Angeles because they know it represents a vitality that is peculiarly American. Los Angeles draws upon the creativity of a vigorous and young country, while New York still looks to bankrupt cultures for its stimulation."

And back to my waiter manqué at Mister Chow. He is gone because he became successful. And getting successful is what this city is fundamentally all about. The Vienna witch doctor holds sway over the great metropolises of the East. There the "I'm OK, You're OK" ethos of studying your faults and your childhood and your parents and then passing into a permanent torpor of brooding and self-analysis to meld gradually into a nirvana of navel studying and yea-saying rules the minds of young and old.

Not in L.A. In L.A. there is only one mode of behavior: action. There are no prizes given here for excellence in analyzing why you feel depressed on a certain day. No one will think well of you for intelligent explanation of why you cannot get anything accomplished. In L.A. there is no kudos for extraordinarily lucid interpretations of passivity.

Action. Norman Lear has on him at all times the credo that begins, "Happiness is excellence in creative activity . . . " Activity. Not brooding.

L.A. worships movement, accomplishment, getting things done. You simply are not rewarded, either by praise or by money, for not getting things done. Making something where there was nothing is what this city, the City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, is all about.

It is not just that creating is worshiped here. Criticism and belittlement of those who achieve is regarded as a pastime for students and cranks here. "It takes only a few minutes for someone to knock down a house," says Steven Greene, a production official at Warner Brothers. "And any jerk with a reefer dangling from his lips can do it. It takes something to put up the house."

"My God! Does that happen every time you hear a Dolly Parton record?"

It is not just coincidence that in New York City, the people who have sanded down their walls to the brick are unable to name the great movie producers but know the names of all the critics. In Los Angeles no one knows the names of the critics and everyone knows the names of the producers. And this is part one of the linkage that makes Los Angeles the ineluctable force it is: the passion for doing. Part two is that the electronic revolution has made the goddess Media the most powerful deity under heaven. Every home in America, virtually every home in the Western world, is bound together by the electronic tentacles of television.

We get our ideas of what the entire world is like by sitting in front of the tube. We learn of faraway places, of rich and poor, of high and lowly, of everything except the limited field of experience, from television. It is the alternate reality that runs our lives. It tells us how to act, how to dress, how to react to tragedy and triumph, how to make it up and how to make it down. It is the tutelary god of our time.

And what is on television comes almost exclusively from Los Angeles. This city has become the brain, the nerve center, of the electronic animal that rules civilized man. More than that, when the electronic god sends out its pictures and its guidance, they are pictures of L.A. and the L.A. commandments of life.

All prime time, the heart of the beast, is made in L.A. If there is a cop, he is an L.A. cop. If there is a divorced mother, she is an L.A. mother, even if she is supposed to be in Indianapolis. If there is an Archie Bunker, he may have a Queens accent, but he is speaking words written in Hollywood by two writers who live in Pacific Palisades and Malibu. Everything that comes out of the mouths of the truck drivers and moonshiners and outer space creatures and fraternity kids comes from a few square miles of Los Angeles.

The attitudes of L.A. are not only the dominant attitudes on prime time. They are the only attitudes. L.A. is the original in the Xerox machine.

And so the circle comes to its beginning. My favorite waiter and those like him go from nothing to holding the levers that run society. From the grassy lawns of Beverly Hills and the raw ambition and drive of West Hollywood, from the dusty back lots of Universal City and Paramount, come the images and the rules that control the Western world. The media empire is the only empire that counts any longer. It rules every other empire, whether of oil or of soil or of steel or of stock certificates. And it is ruled from the city that cannot be stopped, the energy capital of the world, the City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels.

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SCHULTZ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

glasses early one Sunday morning. In her little dark green straw bonnet with its big bow. Singing that old rugged cross. Colored ribbons on her tambourine. Watching her through the curtain, every time she opened her mouth I wanted to shove my prick between her beautiful teeth. Then shit ten minutes later when I thought they were gone, the bell rang. And there she was standing in front of me at the door collecting donations. I said step in. Don't mind my kimono. A big flower on her collar and purple epaulets. After giving her two ten shilling notes one after the other I listened for five minutes to her shit trying to convert me. Praise my soul the king of heaven. She made her decision to consecrate herself. To god who is wonderful. I have promised to serve him to the end. Under my breath I said for jesus's sake honey serve me a piece of ass. She said she'd found peace. Plus plenty tranquility and rich fellowship through the blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus I don't know how I did it. And I don't think she knew what I was doing. But I said take my mace, honey. In the name of the father, the son, and the holy ghost. I had her on her back, drawers down, green dress up, legs open fucking her right there on the carpet downstairs in the front hall. With her tambourine and collecting tin lying next to her. When a bunch of the fucking rest of the choir came all at once looking for her right to my door. Jesus what a battle that was. In and out the hall, up and down on my stoop. In the middle of screwing she said divine and human nature is combined in god, the governor of all things. Blood and fire she said. Crossed swords. Snakes around our cross. Every word she said now I believe. And only hope her religion will forgive me.

"Where is he."

"Where's who."

"My husband, this is his shoe."

"How can you be sure, Pricilla."

"It's his shoe. That's how I can be sure."

"Honestly I don't know where your husband is Pricilla. It must have just got left here somehow."

"That's not all that's just got left here. His smell is here. The smell of his sperm."

"That's the candle you're smelling."

"This is a beeswax candle. I know what my husband's sperm smells like."

"Well I'm sure that you do, Pricilla. But I don't. And I wouldn't want to know. Please Pricilla, can't you just go back to bed. You're making a mountain out of a molehill."

"Don't you tell me what to do in my house."

"Pricilla, god, I'm not telling you."

"And what's this. Over here. Look at this. This is his tie he wore tonight to the opening."

"It couldn't be. It's my boyfriend's."

"You liar you came here to escape your boyfriends. And I let you into my house. This is his tie clip. Initials S.F.S. Is this your boyfriend's. Is it. You fucking betraying treacherous bitch."

Pricilla rushing forward. The candle on the dresser toppling over and falling to the floor. Two bodies bouncing on the mattress over Schultz's head. Screams and scratching. Holy jeeze. Here we go folks. I wish the fuck this didn't have to happen. Thank god the candles just gone out. With what's going to happen now, any darkness is merciful.

"I'll kill you, you slut."

"Get off me."

"I'll kill you."

Dust and debris dropping down into Schultz's face. Jeeze. I'm choked. This fucking house. I once called a home. I lived in decently and civilized as a respectable occupant once. Holy god. Pricilla's going to ruin that beautiful piece of ass. Christ, who knows maybe this should be flattering to my ego.

"I'll tear your tits off you cunt. You cunt."

Schultz pulling his shirt over his face as more dust puffed down. They're murdering each other. Fond du mots. Grunting, thumping, screaming, and groaning. Am I a dumb bastard. Momma meeo. What a dumb bastard I am. What the fuck is it I can't do things in the right sequence. If ever guidance and flexuosity was needed in my life, it's now. Greta and Roxana's fight turned into the greatest bout of screwing. But these two are never ever going to love each other again.

"Pricilla, stop, stop. O god. My face. My face."

"Teach you a lesson you dirty slut."

Grunts, groans, and curses turning to choking croaks. O jesus one of them is giving out last gasps. Somebody's hands are around somebody's throat. Got to make an appearance now. Even stark fucking naked. To save lives. God gives me for every little sprinkle of pleasure a deluge of horror. Never did I know how well off I was two hours ago behind bars in jail.

Schultz squirming out. Crawling on hands and knees, entangled in a piece of underwear torn pulling it on. An arm through where it should have been a leg. And a leg wound in the lamp cord. A crash of white pottery. There goes another light out forever. Just rip everything off. Jesus where am I. I've been hit already. I wish I was miles away.

"There he is you bitch, the fucking bastard. Hiding under the bed. You hussy."

Pricilla kneeling astride Agnes. Her hands pressed down squeezed around on her throat. Holy shit, got to hold this tiger. Who came into my life like she wouldn't hurt a moth.

"Let go of her. You're killing her. Let go for christ's sake."

"Shut up you."

Schultz tearing at the fingers. Shit suddenly she's got the fucking strength of a stevedore. When at any other time she could have fainted, now she's wide awake alive like a maniac. When here's something for her to faint about. When it would make everybody happy. Instead she erupts like

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an insane volcano.

"You're killing her for christ's sake. Let go."

Schultz hauling back and releasing a left hook slapping Pricilla's jaw. Holy jeeze. Like hitting a fucking granite wall all of a sudden. Hey what's this.

Light coming in the door. Oh no. Please jesus. Not that. Not the fucking walrus behemoth whale. Tits heaving like ocean waves. Three candles blazing on her ice breaking bow.

"What's going on in here."

Mrs. Prune in a black satin nightdress pushing her plate of candles on the dresser. Three flames flickering in the mirror. Shadows on the wall. The imitation crystal ceiling chandelier tinkling as the weight of the behemoth vibrated the floor and windowpanes.

"It's you again. Striking my daughter. You beast. Being arrested doesn't teach you a lesson."

"Fuck you, madam, there's a killing going on here."

"I'll kill you, that's who I'll kill."

"Get your fucking fat hands off me, you tub of lard."

Mrs. Prune pounding forward. Her arms grabbing around the stark naked Schultz. As his one free hand grabbed out clutching at her hair. Which holy shit. No. My god. The whole thing is coming off her completely bald head. This is the end of my life. If only I could get to the window to jump. Like her husband did. Out away from this Arab-Israeli war to end all wars.

"Give me back my hair."

"Let fucking go of me."

Schultz shaking loose. Pricilla arms flailing. Agnes, arms up shielding her face, still gasping for air. Schultz throwing punches. Landing sinking in these bottomless bosoms. O god. I can't look. The sight makes me sick. She looks like a man. Except for her mountainous tits. Fucking hell the behemoth is going to hit me with the rest of the broken lamp.

"Put that down, you bitch."

"My daughter. You're trying to make her miscarry."

"Shit, stop, stop everybody."

"Look at you. Look at you. Disgusting pervert. With your penis erected. I'm going to smash that prick and balls with this lamp."

The bald-headed behemoth stalking him. Schultz circling backing away. Sounds of sobbing. Agnes hands up to her face. Pricilla at the bedside, fists clenched, snarling down.

"That's what you deserve, you sneaky slut."

"You've hurt me, my neck, you've hurt me."

"Next time it will be your brains I'll knock out. And you get out of this house. And I never want to set eyes on or speak to you again. Who do you think you are."

"I am your best friend. He came in. He had nowhere to go."

"Except up you, is that right."

"No no. Nothing. Not a thing happened. He said he was cold and hungry."

"For a piece of ass as he always is."

"We did nothing. And you've scratched my face."

"I smell his sperm."

"Please, Pricilla. Leave me alone. Leave me alone."

"Don't you call me Pricilla, ever ever again."

Schultz cornered between the dresser and the window. One of the landlord's ersatz antique chairs held legs up jabbing at Mrs. Prune. By the dawn's early light. Cold draft of air on my arse. The behemoth standing, her eyes wide eyed. Staring transfixed. Catching her breath. Holy jesus the most horrible obscene sight of my existence. They say you get a hard-on at a hanging. She's mesmerized. Can't take her eyes off it. Give it a twitch. For once in my life my stiff prick is saving me from a broken arse. With an erection you could use as a high diving board. What the fuck's going on in my brain. Giving such signals. And making in this situation my prick go wagging up and down pointing at the bald behemoth. Still got her jet black wig in my hand. Just watch me. I'm going to goddamn well put it on. Top of my head.

And go
Fucking
Gay

IN THE SEPTEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

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LIFEGUARDS

Get lots of sun, fresh air—and women. If you think lifeguards score more than you do, you're right. To find out how they do it, we sent author Cameo McCall to the beach. What she found was a life-style that makes these men damned near irresistible—even to *Forum* writers.,

RIGHT SPLICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

and-loving kind of experience that we'd had in the preparation stage."

Mel's impatience quickly extended to the cast, and he soon found himself in a head-on conflict with the mountainous Mostel. The first time Zero couldn't perform with just the inflection Mel wanted, Mel saw the entire project slipping from his grasp. After several faulty takes, he started to shout, "*Goddamn it*, why can't you . . . ?" But Mostel turned his head like a roving artillery gun and barked, "One more tone like that and I'm leaving."

By the end of the first week Brooks and Mostel were heading two hostile camps. On the one side was the enormous booming actor with a presence, a range, and an inclination to go overboard with semicomic ad-lib insult that could wither an innocent recipient to his ankles. On the other, a short, sinewy, panther-eyed director whose operating temperature was each day drawing closer to the flash point. "Is that fat pig ready yet?" Mel would sputter. "The director?" said Zero. "What director? There's a director here? *That's* a director?"

The tense mood soon enveloped every aspect of the production. The actors found the overwrought director perpetually dissatisfied with their performances. He began to insult and batter them, and sometimes his impatience bordered on heartlessness. He seemed to feel that the crew, which inevitably had many idle moments, was malingering, and this aroused resentment. He nearly blew an interview with a reporter from the *New York Times*: "What the fuck do *you* want!" he asked the astonished woman, as producer Sidney Glazier, eager for the publicity, sank into despair. At lunchtime, when the gofer wrote down the orders, Mel rushed over to supervise: the roast beef gets the Russian dressing, don't forget the mustard on the side, make sure they're the new pickles, not the old, the half-sour pickles, two sugars for every coffee, remember Glazier gets the lean brisket . . . .

"I think Mel probably suffered more than anyone else in the making of that movie," says Glazier, who survived the film with an affection for Brooks that lasts to this day. Glazier spent many hours with Brooks after work, sometimes till early in the morning, because Mel had difficulty sleeping. "At the end of the day his face would turn gray from fatigue."

By the second week we had become aware of two Mels. There was the Mel who did five minutes of ad-lib routines in the morning for the grips and electricians until fifteen people had put their coffees down for fear of spilling them. The Mel who would jump out of the car in the middle of a traffic jam on the way to a location shoot, run over to a stranger's car, knock on the window, point to himself, and say, "*Mel Brooks. The Two-Thousand-Year-Old Man. Recognize Me?*" The Mel who on the way to the studio in the morning, with a carful of technicians, cameramen, and assistants, would take everybody's order with a pencil and paper, and then, with the car double-parked outside the Chock Full o' Nuts at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, run inside, say good morning to the last person on line—"Do you recognize me? I'm Mel Brooks. The Two-Thousand-Year-Old Man, famous comedian, Hollywood director"—and, as the crew watched in hysteria, make his way, one by one, to the front of the line, telling the secretaries, the Con Ed men, the store clerks about his schedule and his budget, his distributor and his points, his men waiting outside, and emerge with a giant bagful of breakfast. And then there was the other Mel, the Mel who seemed to feel he was being ganged up on by the pros, who felt exposed and isolated, who with barely a transition would become angry and tyrannical, whose neck would stretch and tighten and whose eyes would bulge until, as Sidney Glazier remembers, you were sure he would physically attack you.

We were close to the end of the second week when I realized I was wasting my time on the set. Until then I had witnessed all the tirades, but none of them had involved me. So I was still relatively balanced when I said, "Mel, don't you think I should be putting some film together?" He quickly agreed, and I spent the next two weeks assembling a rough cut of the first twenty minutes of the picture. Since this was a very primitive film, in which everything depended on the words and acting, the editing was very basic and uncomplicated. Choices were few; in most cases the scene was funniest with full shots of both characters, and I think almost any editor would have cut it the same way. Indeed, when the movie was finished, 90 percent of the first two reels remained just as I'd put them together in the initial assembly.

I screened the segment for Mel and Sidney at the Movielab screening room. For the first time in Mel's directorial career he was about to see a fantasy of his own in somewhat finished form. For most directors this is a difficult moment, because what they see on the screen after the editor has assembled it almost never lives up to their dreams. In addition to revealing the inherent shortcomings of the picture, the first rough cut lacks the refinements—the sound editing, the opticals, the finishing touches—that do so much to make a movie come alive. And if just one line doesn't work, if just one transition is weak, it weighs the picture down, deadening everything for four or five minutes. For the beginning director, watching this first assembly is even more painful, because he can't allow for the enormous difference that the refinements will make; he's never had the experience of transforming a dragging first cut into a dazzling finished film.

When the screening ended, Mel stomped to the front of the room to make a statement. I was about eight rows back, and Glazier was somewhere behind me.

"*You just listen to me*," he growled. He was furious. He was pointing his finger at me with hideous intensity. "I don't want you to touch this fuckin' film again! You understand? I just finished with Coffey this afternoon—I told him I don't need his help, and I don't need your help, either! I'll do it all myself! Don't you touch this film—you hear?—don't *touch* it, until I finish shooting!"

For several weeks I sulked. I stayed off the set and appeared only for the dailies. Even after I began feeling even again, I had no work to do. I hung around—watching Mel lose his temper, chew out Wilder, chew out Coffey—saw the cast and the crew looking and behaving more and more like whipped dogs, and had plenty of time to imagine what our weeks in the cutting room would be like.

On the first day of editing Mel arrived in the cutting room at about nine-thirty or a quarter to ten, preceded by an enormous white bag full of coffee, crullers, and donuts, and began a ritual that was repeated every day thereafter. With my two assistants and me seated at our benches, Mel pulled out coffees and sugars, napkins and stirrers, and bustled about the room, serving us. Each day he brought twenty or thirty extra packets of sugar, which he forbade us to throw out. He stuffed them into all the accessible drawers, and there they accumulated until the picture was completed and I had some 200 pounds of sugar to dispose of.

The mornings were slow because Mel had a hard time waking up. As he worked on his two cups of coffee, he'd free-associate, improvise little skits, tell jokes, do word games, and generally carry on. An intuitive and compulsive entertainer, he would come alive before an audience of 300 or just 3. He'd put on his hilarious Russian Jewish accent—"Did you maybe hear da vone about . . ."—and we'd start to smile, anticipating the antics to come. His eyes would twinkle, he'd cock his head, he'd look like a dirty old man with suspect candy. He'd become manic, fly around the room with his arms waving and eyes bulging, suddenly become a little old man again, a vendor on Orchard Street, a weaseling schemer, or a sleazy seducer. He would carry on this way for about an hour, and as far as I could tell, he had no memory whatever of the tongue-lashing he'd given me two months earlier. The only thing that would spoil his show would be an unexpected intrusion, a messenger or someone from the lab, at which point he would draw back, looking a bit disturbed and mistrustful.

Once he paused in the middle of one of his routines and looked intensely at the ashtray beside him on an end table. I was at my desk, drinking my coffee and expecting another funny line. Suddenly, Mel's hand tightened around the ashtray, his face got very tense, and he looked up and screamed, "Next time it's going to be *my* ashtray, goddamn it! It's going to be *my* desk, *my* telephone, *my* couch, *my* Moviola, *my* equipment, *my* supplies! Next time you're going to be in *my* office, GODDAMN IT!" Then his face relaxed. He glanced casually about the room and went back to drinking his coffee and thinking up jokes.

By eleven o'clock Mel would be ready to look at some film. But not with the cold eye of an experienced director. This was his first movie, the project he'd been pampering for three years, and he could not find the proper distance. He was unable to look at the film he'd shot as the new given, the material out of which he would now mold his movie. Instead, he griped about how Joe Coffey screwed him here by taking too damn long, or how Zero never did get that line right, or why he hadn't thought to do it this way with that actor. This would go on for a couple of hours, and then we'd go to lunch. No film was ever cut in the morning.

When we returned from lunch around two o'clock, Mel was fully awake. Awake enough to know that he had frittered away the morning. Awake enough to feel the dissatisfaction over all the flaws that were going to keep this film from looking like a major-league production. Awake enough to realize that he had some very boring hours and weeks of work ahead, moving at the torpid cutting-room pace that was anathema to him. Awake enough, perhaps, to remember and resent his dependence on me. In any case, the fun and games were over.

Mel hated to be told that he could cut directly from A to C and do without B altogether. He couldn't stand the thought that a line, a glance, or, worse, an entire scene was superfluous. Statements of this sort were a direct attack, a suggestion that he'd been a fool to shoot the way he'd shot in the first place. Perhaps he really did not know that every director goes through this process in the editing stage, that material that once seemed essential was trimmed away like so much fat, that favored lines or moments often proved pointless or redundant. In any case, he became angry, raucous, combative. No matter what portion of the film had to come out—and, ultimately, everything that needed to came out—he was neither appreciative nor cooperative but behaved as if he were losing a relative, like a hysterical aunt at a Jewish funeral who throws herself onto the coffin as it's going into the hole. His clutching and resistance stretched an eight-week editing job into six months.

Once I came up with a transition that transported Mostel and Wilder from Bialystock's office into the street and on their way to lunch—a transition that eliminated some unnecessary geography and created a piece of visual humor in its place. Mel was placated for only a moment—until it registered that someone was taking his film away, that he was losing control. When he found his response—"Who wants a joke by a fuckin' editor?"—he said it as if he wished to see the whole editing profession exterminated.

When he became frustrated, when he

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saw something in the acting he didn't like, when he recalled an affront by Coffey or Mostel, or when he became upset with his own little failures, he abandoned himself to anger with no apparent thought to the effect he was having on those around him. He seemed always ready to explode, and we never knew what would ignite him or what form the explosion would take. Once he erupted by throwing every object within reach across my two rooms—grease pencils, film canisters, tape dispensers, the ashtray that would one day be his ashtray—as my burly assistant, an angry young man who used to speak with glee about the sensual pleasure he took in axing down doors during his weekend stints as a volunteer fireman on Long Island, hid behind the drapes at the window.

Only once did I shout back at Mel and reprimand him for his behavior. Mel calmed right down, looked a little contrite, and then went back to whatever he was doing, as if nothing had happened. I realized then that, while shouting matches left me debilitated for hours or days, to Mel they were an accepted everyday phenomenon. He could demean, insult, or threaten you one moment—or suffer the same sort of treatment himself—and return to business as usual the next. This awareness did me little good, however, for I felt violated by his rancor and moodiness until the last day of cutting.

A midnight preview of *The Producers* was held in the fall of 1967 at what is now the Playboy Theatre, on Fifty-seventh Street. Hundreds of people attended, including scores of Mel's show-business friends and Joseph E. Levine with his entourage from Embassy Pictures. For fifteen minutes Mel stood in front of the crowded room and performed. The audience was in a state of utter comic delight before the film ever began.

An hour and a half later Mel stood in back of the theater as all his friends shook his hand, kissed him, and congratulated him. He spotted me coming up the aisle with my wife, Davida. It was a month since we'd been in the cutting room. I had already begun work on *Minsky's*. My distaste for Brooks was still strong, though, and I had no intention to stop and chat. Mel shook himself loose from the crowd and came over to us. He said something pleasant to Davida and then put his arm around me and led me away. He walked me out into the street, down the block toward Sixth Avenue, and away from the stragglers. "Thanks for making it look professional," he whispered. And that was the last I ever saw of him.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN: THE FILM THEY WOULDN'T RELEASE

I've watched Woody Allen grow from a novice film director to one of the major forces in the movie business today. From a shy, tentative, unsure comic to a man who has total control over his pictures, including hiring, casting, and advertising. From someone with little sense of film pace or composition to a self-taught master of the medium. He has Prussian discipline. He's the only director I know who finishes a film and then, without any time off, without drinking or drugs or philandering, without celebration or gloating or self-punishing regrets, goes quietly to work the following day on his next script.

In 1968 Woody Allen was a successful nightclub comedian who had begun to work in film as a writer and actor. He both wrote and acted in *What's New, Pussycat?*, had a role in *Casino Royale*, and transmogrified a pulp Japanese spy thriller into a ludicrous farce called *What's Up, Tiger Lily?* Toward the end of that year, when Larry Peerce and I were putting the finishing touches on *Goodbye, Columbus*, I read that Allen was making his first film from a script he'd written with Mickey Rose called *Take the Money and Run*, but I knew nothing more until I got a call in January of 1969 from the production manager, Jack Grossberg. *Take the Money and Run* was in some kind of trouble; there was a general feeling that a new editor was needed; and Jack hoped that I was the right person to work with the introverted director ten years my junior. Jack invited me to look at the film, which had been in the editing room for some eight months and had progressed to a finished print complete with titles, sound effects, and music.

> “I came up with a transition that created a piece of visual humor. "Who wants a joke by a fuckin' editor?" Mel said, as if he wished to see the whole editing profession exterminated.”

At 9:30 on a Monday morning I arrived at a dilapidated screening room on Forty-third Street. At the time I was unaware of the seriousness of the dissatisfaction, of the fact that no audience had yet been found that would laugh at the picture, that Woody was despondent about it, that the production company, Palomar Pictures, a short-lived subsidiary of ABC, was on the verge of deciding not to release it.

I soon found myself treated to a very unusual experience, a film that seemed to be flying all over the place, with highs as high as the Marx Brothers and lows as low as a slapped-together home movie. It was the saga of Virgil Starkwell—a timid and unlikely desperado—and his woeful life of crime. The story was introduced in authentic documentary style by the familiar voice of Jackson Beck, the commentator for the original Paramount newsreels. As the camera zooms in slowly on a brownstone in a "New Jersey" slum, Beck intones with grim urgency:

"On December first, Nineteen Thirty, Mrs. William Starkwell, the wife of a New Jersey handyman, gives birth to her first and only child. It is a boy, and they name it Virgil. He is an exceptionally cute baby with a sweet disposition. Before he is twenty-five years old, he will be known to police in six states for assault, armed robbery, and illegal possession of a wart."

To help unravel the bizarre psychology of this pathetic and purportedly dangerous outlaw, the viewer is offered interviews with people from Virgil's past: Starkwell's cello teacher, old school friends, his parents.

Take the Money was shot very primitively—which really didn't matter so long as the gags worked—and was held together by a plethora of visual one-liners. Longer gags included a fiasco prison breakout in which Woody's "gun," a carefully whittled bar of soap colored black with shoe polish, foams up into a ball of suds in his hand, the result of an untimely downpour.

The film was packed with funny material. It was frenetic and formless and obviously the work of a very fresh mind. But even as I was enjoying it, I began to feel that it was going on forever. The whole thing was put together in a strange, inept way, with little rhythm and a very bad sense of continuity. Whoever made it had absolutely no sense of film pace: it would rush along and then stop, then rush along and then stop again. Truly comic incidents were murdered by weak cuts, awkward juxtapositions, excessive length, or lack of completion. Above all, the film was burdened with moments of utterly inappropriate pathos and seriousness and was capped with a grotesque and offensive ending: leading his gang out of a bank after a holdup, Woody is gunned down by the police in a hideous death scene reminiscent of *Bonnie and Clyde*. The last shot in the movie has the camera pulling away from Starkwell's blood-drenched, bullet-riddled body. It was very chilling. I thought, *Holy cow!*

The screening room was barely relit before I was confronted with the tremendous anxiety that had accumulated around this film. At frequent intervals throughout the screening I had noticed that bodies were slipping in, in the dark, and now, with the picture over, I found myself surrounded by the imploring faces of Allen's managerial and production team. Grossberg and Woody's two managers, Jack Rollins and Charlie Joffe, were among them. Joffe, who was also the producer of *Take the Money*, spoke first: Could I fix the film?

The picture was so choppy and uneven that I could not be certain on such short notice that it had enough solid material to survive an overhaul, and, avoiding a commitment, I asked to see the script. The first thing I discovered when I read the script later that day was that it contained a wealth of jokes, many of them very funny, that I had not seen in the film. When I questioned Grossberg about this, he assured me that all of this material had been photographed, as well as a considerable bunch of jokes that Woody had improvised or invented while shooting. With that assurance, I took the job. Joffe and I met and agreed on a fee and a title—"editorial consultant"—and shortly thereafter he called to say that it was time for me to meet the director.

The attitude of Woody's managers seemed to be that their young ward was a delicate orchid that might wither if approached incautiously. I was instructed to meet them at the corner of Seventy-second Street and Madison Avenue, and from there they ushered me to a nearby seafood restaurant where Woody was sitting alone at a corner table, quietly eating his dinner.

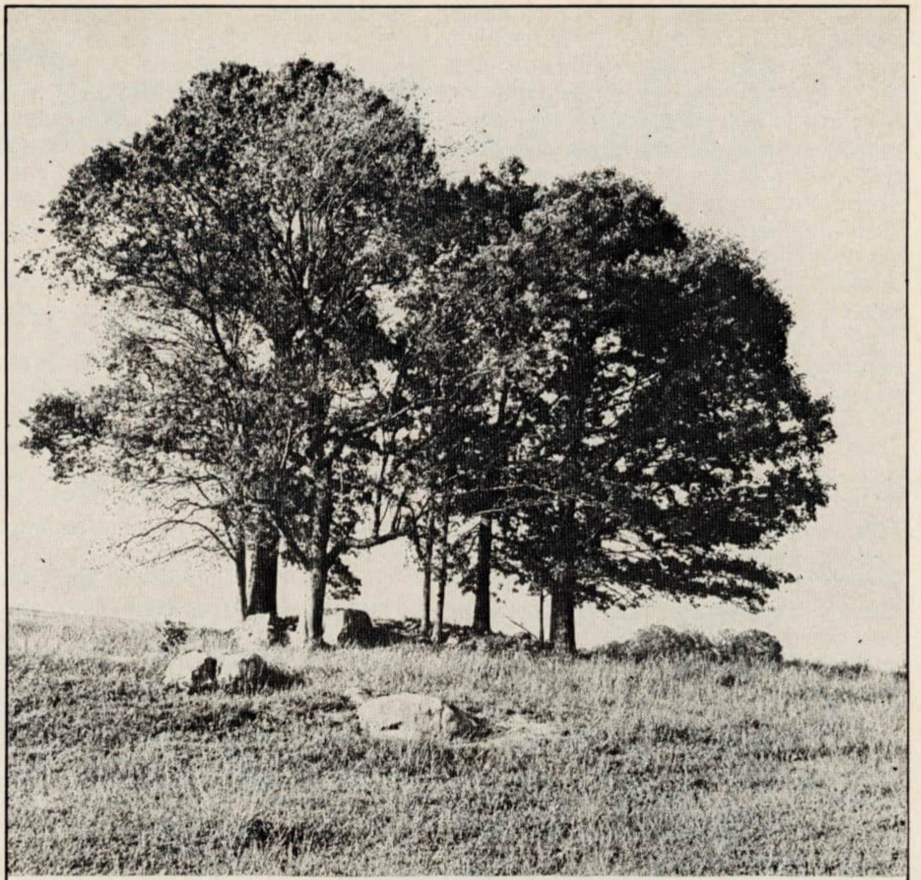
Woody was very serious and very soft-spoken. He didn't put on airs. He wasn't "on," the way Mel Brooks was "on." He didn't betray the minutest desire to impress me or to establish himself as The Director, or The Authority, or The Senior Partner, or The Anything. I felt comfortable with him and liked him very much.

We talked generally about the picture. Often, when Woody spoke, I had to lean forward to hear him, for in a gesture of involuntary modesty he put his hand in front of his mouth whenever he was chewing. He told me that he was about to leave New York to go on the road with his play *Play It Again, Sam*, and that in the meantime all the original footage for *Take the Money and Run* would be sent to my cutting room. He made no effort to control what I would do with it during his absence.

A few days later a truck delivered 200 boxes of film to my office, and for the following two weeks I screened a collection of skits that were so original, so charming, so funny in absolutely unexpected ways that it made this period one of the most pleasurable in all my years of editing.

Many of the discarded jokes were every bit as good as those I'd seen in the film. Invariably they had flaws—flaws that could easily be cleaned up or worked around or finessed. But, as I discovered when working with Woody on this film and subsequent ones, he has little patience with his own material when it's not working; as a first-time director without any experience in patching or revising in the cutting room, he had immediately removed anything that seemed inadequate. His editor, Jim Heckert, a competent West Coast veteran, was accustomed to the Hollywood system in which cutters are expected to follow orders and was therefore not inclined to raise objections or to offer unsolicited solutions. The result was a picture that was too short, with too few jokes, and with enough dead spots to convince an untrained viewer that the entire work was rather flat or mediocre, if not a total dud.

"When I think of that picture," Woody said recently, "I think of a very, very unpleasant experience. I felt I was stuck with a bad picture, and I was very pleasantly surprised that it did as well as it did. But it was



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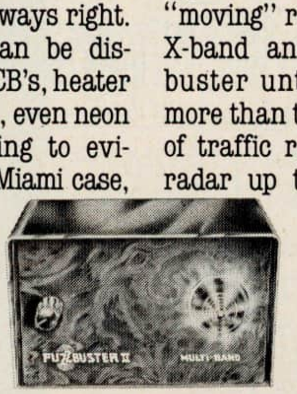


a negative experience. Not the shooting, not the cutting, but once I started screening it and realized I had serious problems. My instinct from the first when I was making films was to go for pathos and for a down ending. I shot the ending very brutally. I had been wired for hits by A. D. Flowers, the special-effects man who did all the stuff for *The Godfather* and a million other films. The windowpanes behind me smashed; blood spurted out—I mean it was a real killing. I remember showing that film with that ending to the people who backed the picture, and they were just stunned. It was a bad screening. There were just the four heads of Palomar along with me and Charlie Joffe. There was no laughter. Occasionally, the guys would laugh a little bit, but there was no audience bursting with laughter, and it was all very down. And then I get killed. And they said to me, 'Is that really how you want to end the film?' They were very nice about it, they were being very polite, but they couldn't hide their disappointment. I knew that they were talking about not releasing it."

While Woody was on the road with *Play It Again, Sam,* I began to reconstruct the movie. I put back some scenes, extended or recut others, juggled the material to create a rhythm, and trimmed almost everything to quicken the pace. I took a scene—in which Virgil steals a pistol from a jewelry shop, uses it to hold up an armored truck, is cornered by police in an alley, and opens fire only to have a flame shoot out the top of what is actually a cigarette lighter—lifted it from the middle of the movie, and made it the pretitle sequence. Since the bank robbery ending, with Woody getting blown away by rifle fire, would have to be replaced, I took the initial portion, which is very funny—about two gangs holding up the same bank at the same time—and moved it toward the middle of the film, where some plotted action was needed.

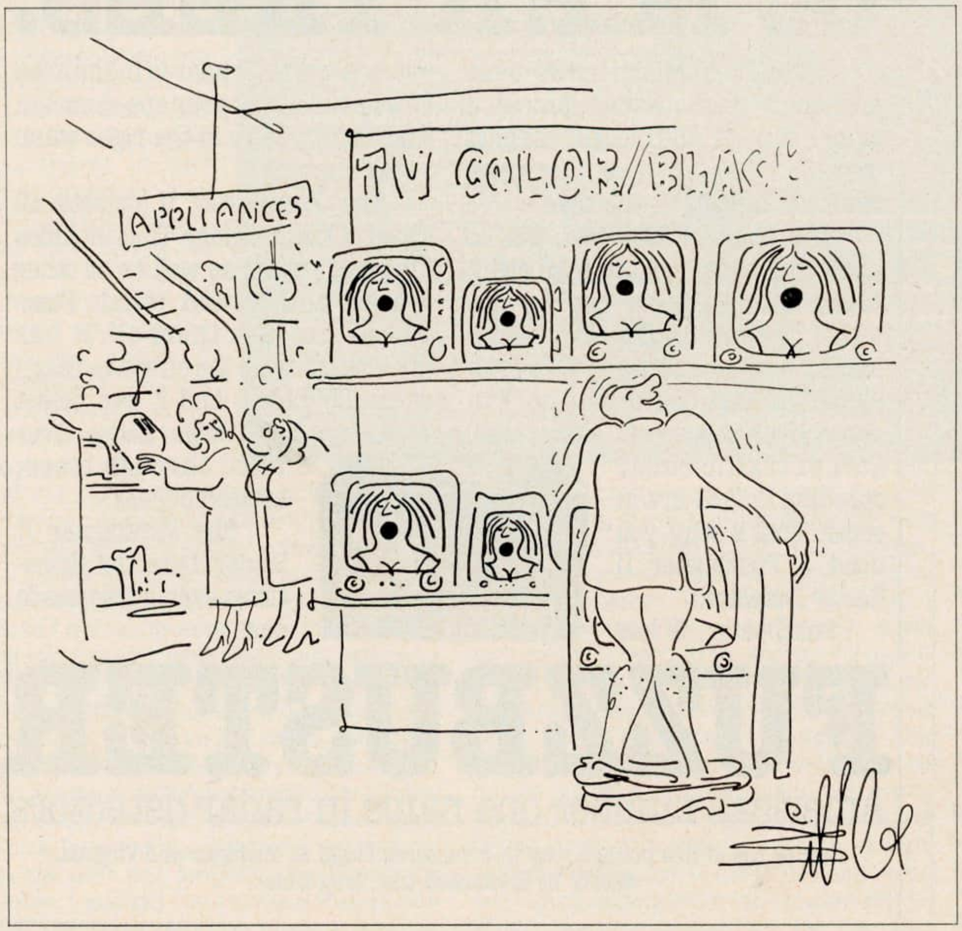
Since the film was haphazardly plotted, it didn't matter very much where one scene or another ended up, and thus I was able to move things around at will to serve the rhythm and the pace. This sometimes created transition problems. To cope with them, I created a new transitional device by chopping up pieces of the long interview with Starkwell's parents that I found in the rushes but that had barely been used in the first version of the film. I now introduced this wonderful material—in which actors Ethel Sokolow and Henry Leff carry on at length about their son, Virgil—wherever I needed a bridge between two segments of the plotted action that failed to connect in a natural way. Because I couldn't use the parents everywhere, I also kept track of the spots where Woody would have to write some additional transitional material. Here we returned to the three devices he had originally employed. If you watch the film carefully, you will see how these elements—the parents, the Jackson Beck narration, Woody's own voice-over narration, and Beck's interviews with Starkwell—bind together the otherwise loosely related material.

The first things I wanted Woody to tackle when he returned were the maudlin patches. Of immediate concern was an early scene in which Woody meets Louise (Janet Margolin), sketching in the park. After circling nearby with an eye on her purse, he is engaged by her in a conversation and takes a liking to her. We then see them walking through the park in misty weather in a romantic sequence that looked like something out of Jean Renoir. I said, "Woody, it's a lovely scene, but write some jokes, narrate it, tell us what it was like courting her, what you were talking about behind those trees." And I discovered that, if he agreed with me, he could go into a corner and emerge a few hours later with everything that was needed on scraps of paper. His narration for the previously unspoken courtship scene came to over 300 words. As he and Louise drift into dots on the landscape, he tells us that he knew he was in love because he felt nauseous, that "after fifteen minutes I wanted to marry her, and after a half hour I completely gave up the idea of snatching her purse." We see them now from a high angle, standing on a slope, facing each other, while on the sound track Woody recalls his anxiety over telling Louise that he is a cellist: "Once she asked me some questions about Mozart. She got suspicious because for a minute, you know, I couldn't place the name." As the camera circles the young lovers, Woody reflects on his attitude toward women: "In prison, I remember, the psychiatrist asked me if I had a girl, and I said, 'No.' And he said, 'Well, do you think that sex is dirty?' And I said, 'It is if you're doing it right.'" Needless to say, any similarity to Renoir was obliterated.

When I went through the rushes, I found that Woody had shot about a half-dozen endings for the movie, all of them sentimental, weakly amusing, or sad. I told him he had to shoot a new end—a demand that I would repeat on three of our next four films together—and suggested that he return in some way to the interview technique that began the picture. The next morning Woody arrived in the cutting room, having written a new scene in which Beck narrates the events that led to Virgil's capture and, in a parody of television journalism, interviews those people who were close to him near the end or had something to do with his arrest.

Finally, in a scene that was shot just before the film was released in August 1969, Woody is back in his cell, being interviewed and reflecting on his life of crime, as he whittles pensively on a bar of soap and asks, "Do you know if it's raining out?"

When critic Vincent Canby discussed the picture in the *New York Times* on Sunday, August 24, he made a stab at capturing the film's charm, one that comes closer to the truth about how the film was edited than he could possibly have known: "The movie has a sort of loose-leaf form. You have a feeling that scenes, perhaps entire reels, could be taken out and rearranged without making much difference in total impact, which is good, because it all looks so effortless."



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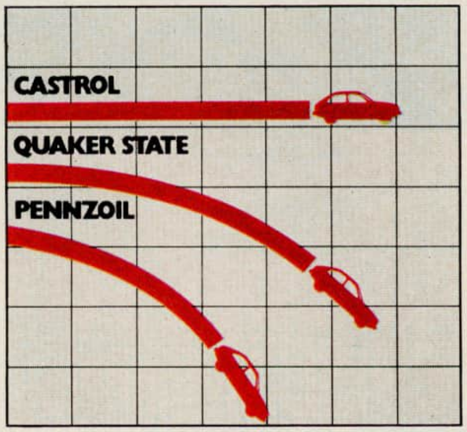

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AMAZING GRACE

BY WADE HOYT

"Is that one of a kind?" the kid at the gas pump asks, gaping at the new Aston Martin Volante convertible.

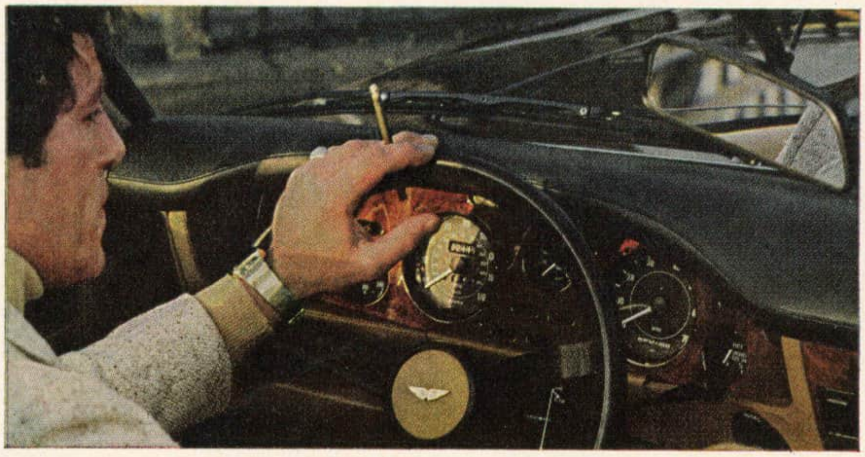
"Oh no," I say. "They build three a week."

"What's it cost?"

"Around eighty thousand."

"What'll it do?"

"A hundred and thirty, but I just got it, and I haven't taken it over a hundred and ten yet."



The kid's eyes roll as he pumps in twelve dollars' worth of premium. I'm glad the tank is only half empty, because it's an enormous fuel reservoir: two interconnected tanks, actually, which hold about a hip flask more than twenty-five gallons. And it's a good thing the Volante has such a huge tank, because Aston Martin builds high-speed luxury touring cars, which do not aim for the top of the EPA fuel economy list. In fact, Astons usually maintain a firm lock on last place, coming in with something under 9 mpg. As the sales brochure states, with calculated disdain: "Economy and high performance ... are mutually exclusive. Let others attend to the former; we are dedicated to the latter." They have been so dedicated since 1913.

Considering the two-ton weight of this posh projectile and the power-sapping effect of pollution controls, Aston Martin's achievements are stunning. The Volante convertible will accelerate from 0 to 60 in seven seconds and, even more impressive, from 0 to 100 and then back to 0 in under twenty-five seconds. All in comfort and relative quiet—not silence, mind you, but with amazing restraint. The highly tuned four-cam aluminum V-8 pulls like a locomotive, backfiring genteelly through its mufflers whenever you lift your foot to shift.

Each Aston Martin is hand-built by a team of 150 craftsmen in a small Buckinghamshire factory. One man assembles each V-8, and his name appears on a plaque affixed to the cam covers. The plaque on our test car proclaimed, with typical British understatement: "Engine built by Bob Butler."

The term *V-8* may conjure up images of great hunks of Detroit iron, but nothing could be further from the engine first introduced by Aston Martin in 1966. Four chain-driven overhead camshafts activate the valves. An awe-inspiring row of four Weber carburetors graces the center of the V, topped by a racing-style air box. The air filters are hidden in each fender and are connected to the air box by a pair of hoses as thick as a man's arm.

Rather than cowering under the maze of hoses and wiring typical of modern engines, this powerplant isn't afraid to stand up and be seen. Its 5.4 liters produce an unspecified amount of power. Aston Martin long ago refused to be dragged into the mire of deceitful horsepower ratings and has always listed its power as simply "adequate." But it is obviously more than just adequate, and educated guesses put it at close to 350 horses.

Photograph by Klaus Lucka

There is more handwork in an Aston than in any other modern car. The aluminum body panels are painstakingly hammered around wooden forms by old-world craftsmen using mallets, not by giant machines using hydraulic rams. The interior is the automotive equivalent of an Edwardian parlor; it is entirely upholstered in fine English hides. The carpeting is cut-pile Wilton wool. The inside of the convertible top is lined with a soft, gray fabric that looks and feels like mohair. The ashtray is obviously proportioned for contraband Havana cigars. The black-and-white Smiths instruments are austere in their formality. The dash and trim are of genuine burled walnut so highly finished that they shine like plastic—probably the ultimate in reverse snob appeal.

Each Volante takes about four months to complete, compared with the twenty-odd hours that go into a mass-produced car. There are twenty-three coats of paint, hand rubbed between each coat. Aston bodywork has won the coveted coachwork award at the London Auto Show five years running against such competition as Rolls-Royce and Jaguar.

The stereo sound system, one of the most sophisticated around, is built by Audiomobile of California, a firm recently purchased by the Advent Corporation. Peter Sprague, chairman of Advent, is also chairman of Aston Martin Lagonda, Ltd.

The car is a fascinating maze of incongruities that should keep even an idly rich owner interested. Despite its conventional front-engine-and-rear-drive design, the handling and performance of the car are outstanding. Despite restrained styling that has been unkindly compared with that of a vintage Mustang, our test car was a head-turner of the first order.

The Volante's controls reflect Aston's racing background. The clutch is firm and the brake pedal like a brick; yet the gas pedal is feather light, and the shifter on the five-speed ZF transmission snicks with a precision that borders on clairvoyance. The power steering is unobtrusive, the four-wheel independent suspension tenacious. The fat 235/70 Avon radials hold on to the pavement with steadfast determination. As you accelerate onto a mundane interstate, you hear all the spinetingling sounds of the Mulsanne Straight at LeMans.

"How can you drive around in a car that costs eighty grand?" the pump jockey asks as he takes my credit card.

"It's not really mine. I'm just driving it for someone."

He whistles softly and shakes his head: "I'd be afraid to drive it around the block."

"They make a coupé for only fifty thousand, if that would make you more comfortable," I tell him as I sign for the gas.

The kid was still gawking as I fired up the engine and pulled away from the pump. I didn't leave any rubber.

THE KID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

ing for a cowboy.

The first news I got of the "mad love affair" came early one morning when the Kid burst into my apartment and shouted, "Guess who ah wuz with las' night!"

"I'd say Marilyn Monroe—only she's dead. How about Jackie O?"

"You're close!"

"Really?"

"How 'bout Melissa MacKenzie—how's 'at hit ya?"

"Are you serious?"

"Serious as a heart attack! She an' me is tight laike *that!*" he swore, shaking his fist under my nose.

Then he shot a searching glance around the room, remarking absently, as if all thought of the great adventure had suddenly drained from his mind, "Where's the rollin' papers?"

After a quick impatient search, I found a pack of Bambus and handed them over. I knew there was no point in asking any questions or even saying another word until he got his head tight. Instead, I went into my office and snatched my fancy burled humidor filled with Colombian Gold. I brought it out and put it in front of the Kid, who was busily gluing two papers together to make an easy roll.

As soon as the Kid got his joint fired up, he leaped to his feet and started prowling around the room, talking in fits and starts, pausing abruptly to shoot looks out of the French windows, giving off all the familiar signs of his perpetually agitated and distracted spirit.

As always, the setting of his tale was Studio 54. He had gone there one night recently to make his usual appearance. No sooner did he get inside the joint than he saw a cluster of photographers blazing away at a celebrity standing near the edge of the dance floor. Walking over, he recognized Melissa MacKenzie. At the same moment, one of the photographers saw him and rushed over, asking whether he could borrow the Kid's sombrero.

"It wuz this photographer that ah knew, Felix Quintaro. When ah give 'em mah hat, he goes over to her an' says, 'We got the cowboy . . . Now put on the hat.' Well, she digs like this is the hip thing to do. So she puts on mah hat and poses for the shots. When she comes to give it back, ah say, 'Le's dance!' Well, that did it, daddyo! We danced the whole night long. Oh, sometimes, she danced with other dudes . . . but ah'd jes hang aroun' and watch her laike a puppy dog."

"A puppy dog!" I laughed. "A six-foot-four-inch puppy dog?"

"Sure, Doc, thass what women laike—the shy-lil-boy look. Don' matter how big ya are. An' it worked *great!*" His face was wreathed in smiles as he recollected his triumph. "She knew ah wuz lookin' at her . . . an' she wuz gittin the hots for me!"

"Sounds more like a junior-high dance than Studio 54."

"Well, thass the way people are, Doc," he said, suddenly earnest, as if he had to set me straight. "Specially women—they're all chillen at heart."

"So what happened next?"

"Well, ah had a date, sort of . . . Christine Gaylord, this high-society girl from England with all the bread? Actchaly, we wuz jes buddien' aroun! Ah see her as a good frien'—but she's got other ideas. So when it's time to leave, 'bout six in the mornin', this hockey player comes over an' says we're all invited to his house for breakfus'. Then ah dig whass goin' down. He's got *his* buddy—you know, the one tha' was busted for co-caine?—an' he's fixin' to make out with Melissa. Leastwise, that's what he *thinks* is gonna happen.

"So we go on over to his house on the Eas' side, an' they order up hamburgers and fries—ah guess that's the chic thing to do, right?"

"If it is, it's news to me—go on."

"Well, by this time Christine gets so fucked up on 'ludes that she starts tellin' Melissa that ahm *hers*. Melissa thinks we'ze *married!* How 'bout *that* one?"

"Heavy."

"Sure wuz. But it don' mean nothin' to Melissa. She keeps sayin' to me, 'Why don' ya let your wife go home?' So ah git mah driver to take Christine home an' then come back for me."

"A bit of fancy footwork."

"Yeah, ah did a lil double-clutchin'. Anyways, when we hit the street, ahm fixin' to git in the car with her. But she says, 'I live jes ten blocks from here, les walk.' So we walk on down Fifth Avenue. An' it wuz so *beautiful*, Doc—'cause here's all these lil people runnin' to work and we're jes mozen along. An' dig this! Mah car is followin' along behind us, real slow like."

"The cowboy leading his faithful horse."

"Raaight! An' she's sayin' in her lil-girl voice, 'I'm jes gonna let you walk me home—an' thass all!' Kin ya 'magine that! Laike she wuz some lil high-school girl!"

"Funny!"

"Dig, though. Ahm leanin' in real close an' *ahm* sayin', 'You gonna let me walk you home an' walk you up to your bed an' then ahm gonna fuck you good an' hard!' "

"Macho man."

"Got her hot as a pistol, ah kin tel ya! Then, dig! Ya know where she's livin'?"

"In a big fancy apartment house with a doorman *and* an elevator operator."

"No! Better than that, man. She lives in the Sherry Netherlands ho-tel!"

"Ah, the real money."

"Yeah, but it ain't hers. She's stayin' in the apartment of this wealthy California family that puts her up so's they kin give parties and show off with her. You know how people do that?"

"I'm learning . . . Meantime, you were just about to leap into the saddle."

"You got it, Doc. Mmmm, she was *so* beautiful! This woman has incredible deep beauty. Ah never been in bed with a woman that ah thought was *still* beautiful. An' hot! The minute ah laid mah hand on her, she was off an' runnin'. We musta fucked for a

"As I recall, you're *the one who promised Timmy that he could have a Pet!"*

hour. Ahm tellin' ya, ah got good 'n' *nasty*! Ah laike to drive her crazy! Make her walk an' talk an' crawl on her belly laike a reptile! Whoowee!"

"Sounds like you really put her away fast."

"Ah surely did, Doc, an' ah'll tell ya somethin': ah really dig that little girl. Ah think we might have a future together. You know me—ah don't say that lightly. Women usually don't mean nuthin' to me—but this one is somethin' else!"

A few nights later I got to meet the famous Melissa MacKenzie. The bell rang around one in the morning, just as I was about to turn in. I figured it was the Kid. After pressing the latch release and opening the door to my apartment, I stepped out on the landing and looked down the stairs. Woody came jouncing up to greet me as if he were rushing home from school, eager for his milk and cookie. Behind him I spied the lady, who was mounting the stairs very demurely, giving me a cautious smile, as if to say, "I know it's late but . . ."

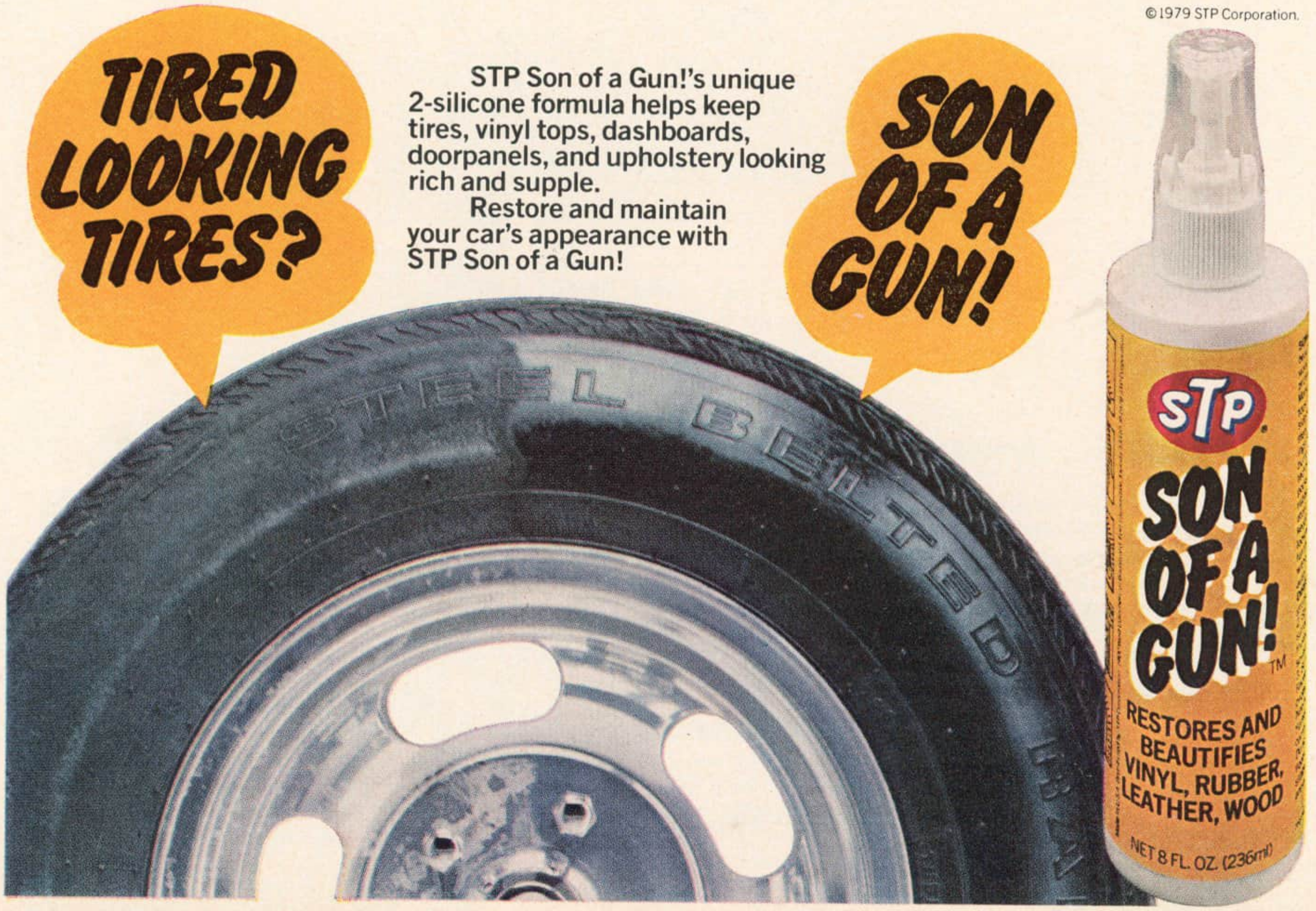
They were certainly an odd couple. He looked rougher and more carelessly thrown together than ever. She looked like a very proper young suburban matron, all dressed up for a day's shopping at Bonwit's and Bergdorf's, with a lunch break at the Russian Tea Room. She was wearing a simple but expensive dress that was loose and blousy on top and flaring beneath the waist. The color was mauve, and I recognized the fabric as crepe de chine, stamped with a chic designer pattern. The yoke of the dress had an interesting weave of blue and wine-colored ribbons. As she walked across my living room, I noticed she wobbled slightly on her extremely high heels. Glancing down at these pointy shoes, I saw that they were dyed to match her frock, their crisscross straps echoing the colors of the ribbons on her breast.

No sooner had Woody gotten off his usual breezy introductions than he said he wanted to use my phone. As he made for my office, he gave me a wink that signaled, "These *will* be business calls." As the door of the office closed with a bang, I was left alone to entertain the lady.

I had been drinking some pumice-smooth Pouilly Fumé. I offered her a glass, which she declined. I soon saw why. No sooner had she settled herself on my ottoman than she opened her purse and extracted a large brown medicine bottle. Then she fished around inside the bag and brought up one of those long, skinny coke spoons that one sees advertised in the pages of *High Times*. Screwing the cap off the bottle, which must have contained at least an ounce of blow, she stuck the spoon inside it. Pulling out a nicely rounded spoonful, she lifted it daintily to her nose and sniffed. Then she dipped again and sent another big charge up the opposite nostril. Having powdered her nose, she put the stuff back in the bag and took out a silver compact. Popping it open, she examined her face carefully in the mirror, tilting it this way and that. Then she began to brush her cheeks with Blush-On, giving me a few disarming smiles as she worked. When all of these operations were completed, she finally seemed ready to talk.

Naturally, I looked her over pretty carefully. She was a very attractive, girlish sort of woman, with a small neat figure and one of those bony, nicely sculpted faces that always look so feminine and ladylike. Her most striking feature was her eyes, which were large, blue, well shaped, and widely set. They were also, I noticed, ringed with dark circles, as if she hadn't slept for a couple of days. Her hair was brown, short, vaguely curly, and parted down the middle. It looked as though she had just combed it. As she raised her hands to her face, I observed that the nails had been painted to match her frock; they were a dark-brownish shade of red. When she finally got her head and face together, she looked up at me and smiled brightly as if to say, "Well, here we are—now what are we going to talk about?" I was wondering the same thing.

"How do you like living in New York?" I started lamely, dropping instinctively into the role of the inquiring reporter or the television interviewer. She didn't hesitate for a moment. In fact, she appeared to welcome the question. As I soon saw, she viewed herself always as a celebrity who was on public display and she had her rap worked



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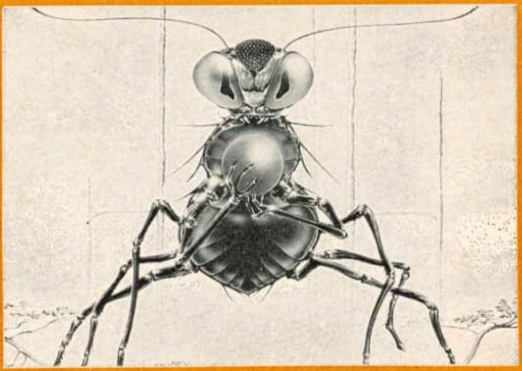
LIFE FORMS

BRONX

THE MASTER ILLUMINATOR—Doc Edgerton is an MIT professor with one of the most famous names in photography and photographic technology. He is the prototypical photographer's cult hero—inventor of the strobe light, industrialist, explorer, distinguished academic. Edgerton introduced ultrahigh-speed photography, developed high-speed motion pictures, took the first films of atomic explosions, developed side-scanning sonar, took the first close-ups of the Loch Ness monster, and turned Jacques Cousteau on to underwater photography. Next month *Omni* reveals the genius of this master image-maker and presents a portfolio of the pictures he helped make possible—a combination that will serve to illuminate.

FOOD FOR ZERO-G—Everybody knows that Tang is the breakfast drink of astronauts, but man does not live on synthetic orange juice alone. So next month we'll take you on a cook's tour of outer space, where you'll be introduced to thermostabilized frankfurters, cobalt-60 ham steaks, and exploding chili. The fare that NASA is preparing for the shuttle and other spacecraft is more than just a curiosity, however, because foods for zero-g will soon be coming down to Earth. You may soon find some of them on supermarket shelves, writes Dava Sobel in the September *Omni*.

LIFE FORMS—What? No green men? No ammonia-breathing silicon creatures? When we finally meet extraterrestrial life, they won't be it. Not according to writer Gene Bylinsky. Humanoids evolved to fit conditions probably not duplicated off Earth. And silicon doesn't form the chemical bonds that make life possible. Only carbon can do that. So forget about life on Jupiter-style gas giants. We'll find neighbors only on planets that have plenty of carbon and liquid water. In the next *Omni* Bylinsky examines chemistry and evolution for a glimpse of the beings that may await us among the stars. Artist Wayne McLoughlin illustrates the possibilities.

WITH SARASWATI IN THE BRONX—Explore one of the leading research centers of the world, where the competition is brutal and the rewards are great. No, it's not Harvard or Stanford, but rather a high school in the Bronx, New York. Students like Arani Bose have the ability and the brains to shape our future—if they choose to. Read Bill Stuckey's fascinating profile of triumph and travail at Bronx High School of Science—a breeding ground for tomorrow's Nobel laureates—in the September *Omni*.

out to the very last syllable.

"Oh, you can't believe," she responded in a high, clear voice that was accented more like an American's than an Australian's, "how much happier I am in this city than I am at home. Australia is such a provincial country, you know, and horribly macho. Back home they expect women to be nothing but wives and mothers. No woman is supposed to have a thought for herself." Then, giving me a very endearing smile, she added, "I love my children and miss them terribly. I think about them every day. Yet I believe no woman can be a good mother unless she has first fulfilled herself as a human being. Don't you agree?"

I agreed.

"That's why I love New York so much—because everyone here feels exactly the same way. It's so nice to go somewhere and have people tell me, 'Melissa, we understand perfectly. You are an inspiration to other women.' "

The words were firm, almost pat, but there was something unsure about the way she uttered them, all the while smiling and searching my face for approval. At that point, she fumbled in her bag again and extracted her big clunky medicine bottle and her apostle's spoon. A couple of sharp, hard snorts, and she was ready to continue with the interview.

"I hear you're writing a book," I said, hoping to find some common ground. "Yes," she replied brightly, "it's my most important project—far more important than my film contracts or my work as a photographer." (Suddenly, it occurred to me that when she first broke out of her marriage, she had run some shuck about being a photographer, the Candice Bergen bit.) "I think my life is important, not because it's mine, but because it shows in a dramatic way the position that most women find themselves in in this world—as appendages to ambitious men."

When she made that remark about "ambitious men," I thought to myself, *What about the Kid? Was there a more ambitious man in the world than he? Or one who was more macho? Who does she think she's hanging out with?* I decided to edge the conversation around to our mutual obsession.

Nodding sympathetically, I said casually, "Woody's a pretty ambitious boy, you know?"

Just the mention of his name got her uptight. She ran her hand through her hair and flashed her ready smile. Only this time I noticed that her tongue flicked nervously across her teeth.

" 'Boy' is the right word for him," she beamed. "He embarrasses me so much at times with his crude behavior. I think he's absolutely fascinating, but he isn't quite housebroken, is he?"

I burst out laughing. "No, he isn't," I chuckled, "and that appears to be one of his greatest charms, doesn't it?"

"Well," she said, fumbling in her bag again, "I would hope that I could . . . I could influence him to be—well, a little more 'polite,' a little more 'discreet.' He really must learn that everybody isn't as liberated as I and—I assume—*you* are!" Then she found her compact and added another layer of blush.

As the subject of Woody seemed likely only to get us into trouble, I decided to change my tack and make for calm water. "I imagine that living in Australia, you've done a lot of traveling in the Orient. That's something I envy."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, with a toss of the head and another rake through her hair. "When I was eight months pregnant with my first child, my husband and I walked along the Great Wall of China. We also did a lot of traveling in Japan. But those countries are *very* depressing to a woman. I often felt over there as though I didn't exist, as though the people were looking straight through me at Michael. I couldn't bear their attitude! Women in the Orient are treated as if they were *animals!* It was so disgusting!"

The thought distressed her so much that she pounced on her bag and snatched her medicine. This time she did a double dip in both nostrils. I had seen some pretty heavy coke heads in my time, but I don't think I had ever seen one that could match Melissa MacKenzie. She was really the Snow Maiden.

Once I got over my surprise at this astonishing love affair, I began to consider it from another angle. Playing around with models and crazy society girls was one thing; becoming the acknowledged lover of the wife of one of the world's most famous politicians was another. One morning I picked up the *Daily News*, and leafing through the paper, I came upon a page of pictures snapped at Studio 54. There, right in the middle of the spread, was a shot of Melissa MacKenzie smiling into the camera with the Kid grinning over her shoulder. This stuff was going to get back to the big man; then what would happen? He couldn't be cool forever. Eventually, he had to reach out and smack her down. What better way than to implicate her with "a known major drug trafficker." The next time the Kid showed up at the house, I told him of my fears.

"Listen, Kid," I said, "Did it ever cross your mind that carrying on with this woman could get you in a lot of trouble? She's got to have secret-service agents following her around to make sure somebody doesn't do her in. They'll check you out. Then, in addition to the American cops, you'll have the Aussies on your ass."

"Doc," smiled the Kid, taking a long drag on his joint and then lowering his head to mine with a big smile on his face, "you couldn't be more right. Only you're not givin' your boy 'nough credit."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, ya remember ah tole you that Melissa has this Australian girl that takes actin' lessons with her an' all?"

Dimly I recalled his mentioning something like this. "Yeah!"

"Well, she's no friend, man. She's an agent!"

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"No!"

"Sure! Ah run into her one day down at the passport office when ah wuz tryin' to git mah papers straightened out. Struck me as funny that ah'd see her in a place like that. So I mentioned it to Melissa that night. She stalled aroun' a little. Then she tole me the truth."

"What's the truth?"

"Jes' what you said. This girl is assigned to keep an eye on her, an' when she started playin' with me, the agent had me checked out."

"And she discovered that you were a known major narcotics trafficker."

"'Zactly!"

"Jesus!"

"Got Melissa more uptight than it did me. She tole me that she's afraid ole Michael back there in kangaroo land is fixin' ta divorce her, an' what he'd really like to do is dirty her up first in a big drug scandal."

"Just what I was worried about!"

"Well, don't worry so much, 'cause ah got this one all figahed out."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, s'pose they do tap mah phones or bug mah room or put a tape recorder right under her bed! What are they gonna git? Me layin' there, sayin', *'Suck mah cock, bitch!'* Now, how they gonna play that back in court?"

"You're playing a dangerous game, my friend."

"Sure, ah am, Doc! Thassa kinda game that got me where ah am! If'n ahda played it safe all these years, would ah have met you? Would ah have made millions o' dollars? Would ah be the king of Studio 54 today? Hell, no, man! Ah would never have heard o' the place—or if'n ah did, they wouldn't let this ole boy through the door. You gotta roll them dice, Doc, an' let 'em turn up whichever way they's gonna turn up."

"Do the other boys know you're hot?"

"Ahm not *hot*, man! I jes gotta be careful on the phone. Ah tole Jamesy what's goin' on. He saw it right away. He said, 'Woody, you got 'em by the balls; dontcha let go!'"

"Pretty soon you'll be taking her out on runs with you just to give her a thrill."

"Ha, ha! Hey, there's a idea! Show her where all her shit comes from! You seen what a coke freak she is! No, man, ahm not gonna play the fool. Ahm not goin' on no more runs. Ahm gonna lay back, far from the scene of the crime. Let Jamesy an' them work. Let 'em run their balls off. If some man comes to me an' wants mah help, mah *connections*, then thass somepun' else. Ah don't mind helpin' a man get rich for the proper consideration. But ah figah ahve come to a time in mah life where it jes don't pay to fuck aroun' in the lil shit. From heah on in, Doc, ahm gonna be a backseat driver."

The "mad love affair" kept the Kid so busy that spring that I rarely saw him. Once in a while he'd turn up for an hour in the morning before he went to bed or in the early evening before he went out on the town. His breathless rap was even more thickly strewn with famous names and exciting places and little flashes of the high life than ever before. He and Melissa were inseparable.

One day he popped in to say that he was off for London that afternoon aboard the Concorde. Melissa had a part in an English film. He was going to join her and meet a lot of famous stars and celebrities who were currently living in London and Paris. He had never been to Europe before, but he wasn't reading any guidebooks. He would do the Continent in his own style. I had no doubt that he would find plenty of eager playmates. We had a cheery little chat one fine spring morning, and he was gone.

Two weeks later he returned in a much different humor. The moment he walked in he told me that his love affair with Melissa was over. They had clashed as soon as he had arrived. He was, to be sure, a day late. She was pissed off because she had gone out to the airport to meet him and only then discovered that he was not on the flight. She got even more annoyed when she rushed over to his hotel and discovered that already he had a buddy up in his room, with whom he was drinking and doping and partying with, as if she didn't matter. Then she really freaked out when the Kid asked her to go back to her hotel and bring him the ounce of blow that he had given her

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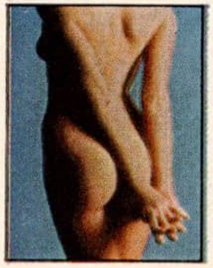

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to smuggle through customs. "You let me take all the risk of carrying it here and then you want it back?"

"Hey," he says, "Ah don't want it back . . . ah jes want enough so's me and mah buddy heah kin keep our heads up!"

Finally, he let the guy go and went back to Melissa's hotel to spend the night. She was still burning at the way she'd been treated. She started taunting him about the reason for his delayed arrival. Had "business" been so good that he couldn't make the plane? The Kid wasn't in the mood for a put-on. He told her flat out that he had spent his last night in New York with the sister of a very famous actress. That did it! She went into a shrill denunciation of him that was peppered with references to his "crudeness" and his "vulgarity." They scratched and clawed at each other until they finally uncovered the real reason for their mutual rage. Underneath their infatuation there lurked a smoldering rage because they were *rivals*.

"Lissen, bitch," rasped the Kid, "ahve had it with you! You always thought you wuz the big drawin' card in this relationship! Well, you wuz wrong, baby, dead wrong! You wuz always gitten' off yo shit about bein' so liberated, but ah wuz the one that was leadin' the liberated life, ya hear? Ah'd git outta your bed an' say ah had to make a phone call. Then ah'd go five blocks away and drop in on some model ah knew in the neighborhood, boogie her, go say hello to Doc, an' then come back and crawl in the sack with you agin'. Now thass what ah call *liberated!* While you wuz jiven', ah wuz jazzin'! So since you think your life is so fuckin' important, ahm jes gonna step out of it and leave you good an' free!"

That night she puts her pillow in the tub and sleeps in the bathroom. Next morning she comes crawling into bed, saying, "Can't we make love one last time?" "No!" he cries and throws on his clothes, slamming out of the room to return to his own hotel.

That afternoon she arrives, acting as if nothing had happened. The Kid has cooled off, too. He's lying naked in bed, watching television and smoking a joint. She begins to caress him, to get him hot. He's still angry, but he figures he'll give her a toss. Give her a good, hard, mean fuck. Get it out of his system.

They get it on fast, and soon she's writhing violently as he pumps it into her. He wants to drive her crazy. He looks up and sees a wine bottle next to the bed. He grabs the bottle and wants to stick it up her cunt. He turns her over. Shoves a pillow under her hips to jack up her ass. Then he attacks her from behind. She screams and claws the bedclothes. He keeps staring at her fingers digging into the sheet. She gasps and screams louder. Now he's really getting excited, flashing off her frenzy. He's pumping in and out, pulling from side to side.

The sweat oozes out of every pore in his body. He throws himself prone on the bed, gasping. They lie there quietly for a moment. Then he feels her getting up. He figures she's going into the bathroom. Suddenly, he gets a weird feeling. A sense that something is wrong. He rolls over. She's standing directly beside him with the bottle in her hand. She's looking down at him with hate glaring out of her wild blue eyes. "I ought to break this bottle and cut your face to ribbons!" she screams. "You're an animal . . . a pig! I hate you!" Just as the Kid is bracing for the attack, she spins around and hurls the bottle at the wall. It smashes with a loud noise. Over that noise comes the racking sound of her sobs as she rushes into the bathroom and slams the door violently.

At that moment the phone rings. It's the same guy that the Kid was partying with the day before. He's all charged up and ready to romp. He tells the Kid that there will be a great party that night with some of the most beautiful women in the city. He wants to introduce him to the girls. "Ahm ready, buddy," growls the Kid. "Ahm good an' ready!" The guy tells him that he'll be there in an hour. He's all excited because he's driving a Land Rover.

An hour later, when the guy arrives, Melissa and the Kid are dressed and apparently calm. Melissa hears the boys discussing the party. She says that she can't go, but she would appreciate a ride over to a friend's house, where she wants to pick up some smoke. When they get downstairs and pull out of the hotel driveway in the Land Rover, getting lots of stares, she suddenly announces that she really would like to go to the party after all. The Kid can't bring himself to say no. He grumbles, but he takes her along.

They drive to an old house in Chelsea and find the ground floor jammed with people. The Kid looks around and spots several very famous movie stars. One of these guys we'll call Jim Richardson. A brilliant actor, who specializes in playing salty dogs, he's a man the Kid instinctively admires. The actor eyes the Kid and gets off on his look. Soon they're doing up some good toot and smoking joints and experiencing a keen sense of male camaraderie. After they have been talking for about an hour, the actor says, "Listen, let's get the hell out of here. I can't stand these fuckin' English poofs. Let's you and me go and have our own party!"

Just as they're walking out the door, the guy with the Land Rover rushes up to the Kid. The Kid's in a bind. He's dying to take off with his hero, but he doesn't want to appear to be the type who trades up at a party, leaving the guy who brought him in his little car for the big superstar in his limousine.

"Hey, man," he says, "that's great, but ah think ahm gonna ride with Tony here in his Land Rover." No sooner does he get the words out of his mouth than Melissa, who has been hovering outside the circle, steps forward boldly and looks seductively at the

Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!

By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely – to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Mirobar Sales, Dept. P-979
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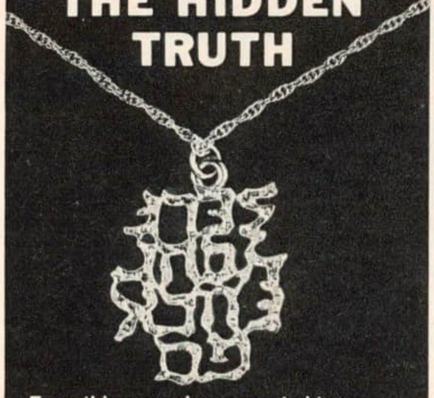

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famous actor. "He may want to ride in the Land Rover," she says, "but I'd rather ride in the Rolls!"

The next stop is Nikita's, a fashionable restaurant popular with the show crowd. Melissa, who is now taking pretty good care of biz, contrives to sandwich herself on a banquette between the Kid and Richardson. At this point the actor breaks out a baggie filled with Thai sticks. He unpeels the twine, crumbles up the bright green weed, and soon has rolled a bomber full of potent smoke. After taking several deep drags, he passes the joint to Woody, reaching clear across Melissa. "Where are your manners?" Melissa quips and rolls her eyes in what is meant to be a witty soubrette style. Richardson, who is instinctively hostile to "pushy" women, smiles provocatively and makes a little speech, like a host at a party announcing a new entertainment.

"Woody and I," he explains, "are about to play a little game. It's called Ping-Pong. I will pass the joint to him, and he will toke. Then he will pass the joint to me, and I will toke. Nobody is getting a whiff off this joint until we have finished our game." This is the second time that Melissa has been dumped on in the last twenty-four hours. She can't take it. Suddenly, she leaps up and starts panting violently. Then she gasps, "I can't breathe . . . I can't breathe!" Richardson smiles again; only this time his utter contempt for her shows clearly. "Well, then," he drawls, "why don't you get the fuck out of here and get some fresh air?" She stares at him for a moment in baffled rage. Then she bolts for the door. The Kid is laughing up his sleeve. It's amazing. It's as if Richardson had read his mind. What he's done to Melissa is precisely what the Kid wanted to do—kick her ass right out the door.

When the meal ends, the boys come strolling out in front of the restaurant. They're debating what to do next when Richardson walks over to his car. The chauffeur reaches down and opens the door wide. Inside, on the backseat, is Melissa, curled up like a kitten and, apparently, sound asleep. Richardson stares at her for a moment. Then he turns to the Kid and says, "I'll call you tomorrow, buddy." Then, giving the Kid a salty-dog wink, he gets in the car and drives away. That was the last time the Kid saw his true love.

No sooner did he finish running the story than he said, "Hey, that reminds me. I gotta call that bitch and get mah stuff back. Ah got all mah clothes and everythin' that ah left in her apartment." Picking up the phone, he dialed the number. The minute he gets her on the line, he says, "Lissen, it's me. I wanna come over theah an' git mah stuff." Then I saw his expression start to change as he got the reply. The voice on the other end talked on and on. The Kid didn't say a thing. "You kin jes go fuck yourself *with your souvenirs!*" Then he slammed the phone down violently.

"What was that all about?"

"That bitch!" he shouted, leaping up from my desk. "Ya know what she said to me? She said she was gonna keep all mah clothes, all the smoke ah stashed at her place, an' everythin' as 'souvenirs' of our relationship! Didja ever heah anythin' like that?"

"Yeah, in the ninth grade. She sounds like a really mature woman. A real lady."

"A common bitch is what she is, Doc." Then, beginning his inevitable patrol of my room, he started pouring out his heart, his memories, his hopes, all the stuff that had gone down these past months.

"Ah never said nuthin' to you 'bout the way she really acted 'cause ah was always thinkin', 'Gee, maybe this is the way love is!' She'd do these terrible things, an' ah'd say to mahself, 'It's too easy jes to split up and go off like you always do. Hang in; try an' make it work this time.' She didn' want it to work. She jes wanted to play her games with me and make me her fool!

"She'd hurt mah feelin's, tellin' me ah was jes a crazy kid. She'd say, 'You kin do this to me, but ahm never gonna let you have that.' She'd tell me that everybody was takin' advantage of me—an' she was takin' the most advantage! When she'd go into her bitch routine, makin' sech common jokes and talkin' about everythin' in sech a common way, she'd hurt me! Ah tell you she did. Ah'd think, 'Kin this be *class*?' Then she'd even look drawn an' ugly to me. That sure would blow mah dream.

"Ah can't begin to tell ya how many men she wuz with. All them big politicians that would come to Australia to see her husband? She musta laid every one o' them. Kings an' princes and big shots from all over the world—all they had to have was the name an' she had to git under them. An' it went way back with her, back to her young days. 'Cause when she got outta college, she went off on some trip to Morocco, an' she lived with three dope dealers theah. They held her in bondage and did the nastiest things to her. An' she'd say to me—to me!—'You can't believe how much I loved it!' Oh, she wuz kinky, Doc. Real kinky.

"She always wanted me to beat her. She'd say in that lil-girl voice o' hers, 'Melissa has been a bad girl!' That was the signal. Then ah'd whack her aroun' plenty. Ah used to hurt her all over her body. Ah'd beat her with mah han', mah belt . . . beat her in the face with mah dick! She'd *beg* for that! Ah mean, jes beg! Then, she'd be marked up so bad, ah had to put all kinds o' stuff on her. Natcherly, there wasn't nuthin' in this world big enough to go in her cunt. Ah wuz always puttin' all kindsa bottles an' shit up her to git her off. 'Cause, let's face it, ahm not built abnormal big. No way what ah got could hurt any woman.

"You seen what a drug freak she wuz. That went back plenty long, too—ya kin bet! Biggest thrill she got in her life wuz bein' able to walk aroun' with mah toot an' turn people on. That got it for her. That an' tellin' everybody who she wuz. Why, we couldn' even get in a cab that she wuzn't sayin' to the man, 'Don't you recognize me . . . don't you know who you're drivin'?'

"Them clothes she wore? Ah bought 'em for her. Bought her thousan's o' dollars' worth o' clothes 'cause she didn't have a penny to her name. He's rich, but he wouldn't give her shit! Ah don' blame 'im! How could any woman do what she done to him? The man had always been a good provider.

"Then she'd take her actin' lessons. Kin ya dig that scene, Doc? How pitiful! Actin' lessons! Lahk *Ahm gonna go out and start life all over agin and be a big star!* As if somebody could teach ya that shit! Ah sweah! She was jes hip enough to be stupid!

"She was queer, too—dontcha fool yourseff. You know how she usta go on 'bout that English girl that was married to the sheik of Kuwait or whatever? Well, daddyo, that wuz her ladylove. Ahm one hundred percent certain that if we'd stayed together jes a lil longer, it woulda wound up in a threeway play.

"Oh, well, Doc, ahm grievin' heah today. But dontcha worry 'bout me. Ahm a young man leadin' a young man's life. There's a lot ah gotta learn—specially about women. Right now, though, I shouldn' even be havin' these thoughts. Ah got much more important things on mah mind. Ahm thinkin' 'bout when mah ship comes in—ya dig?"

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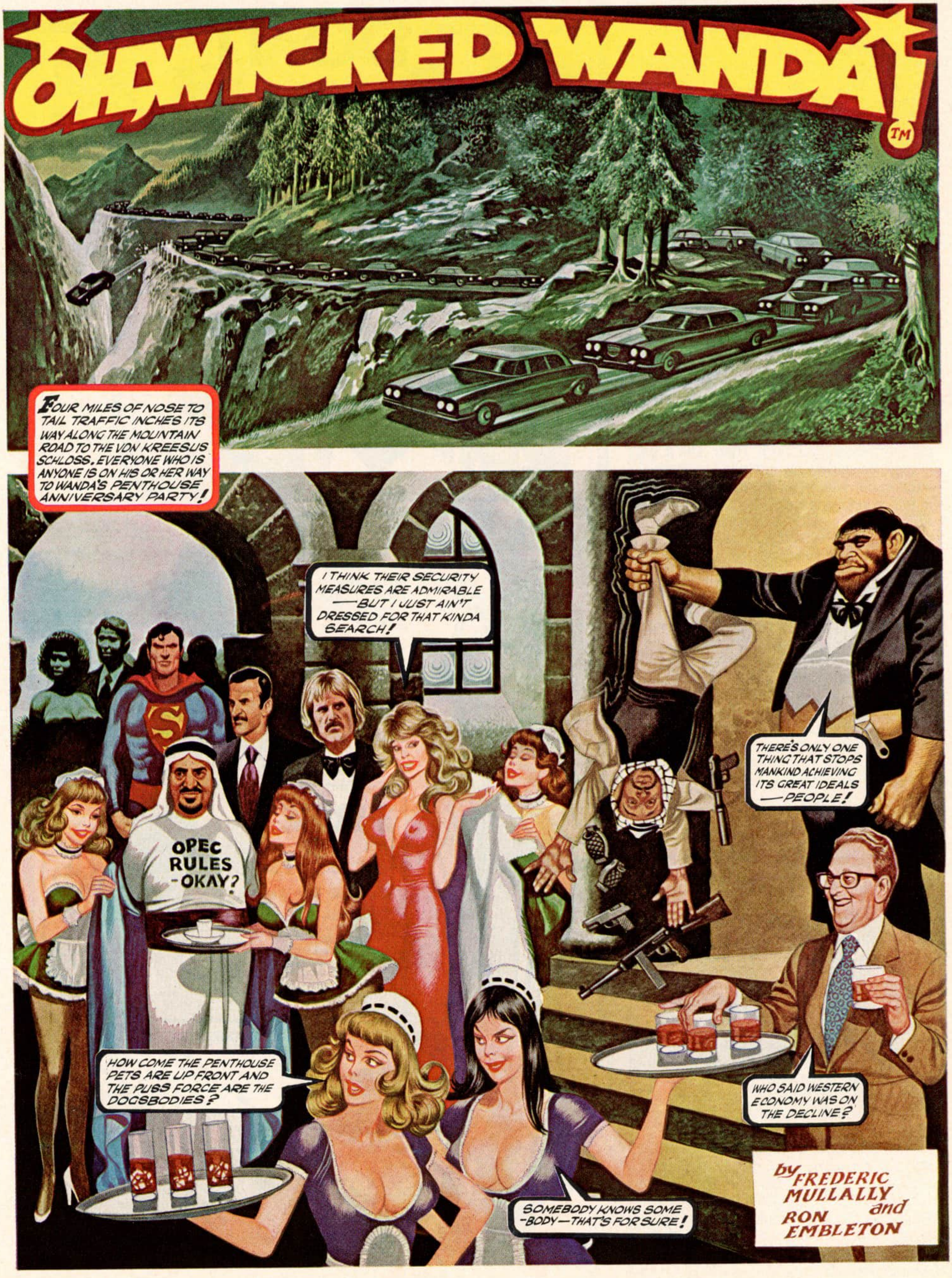
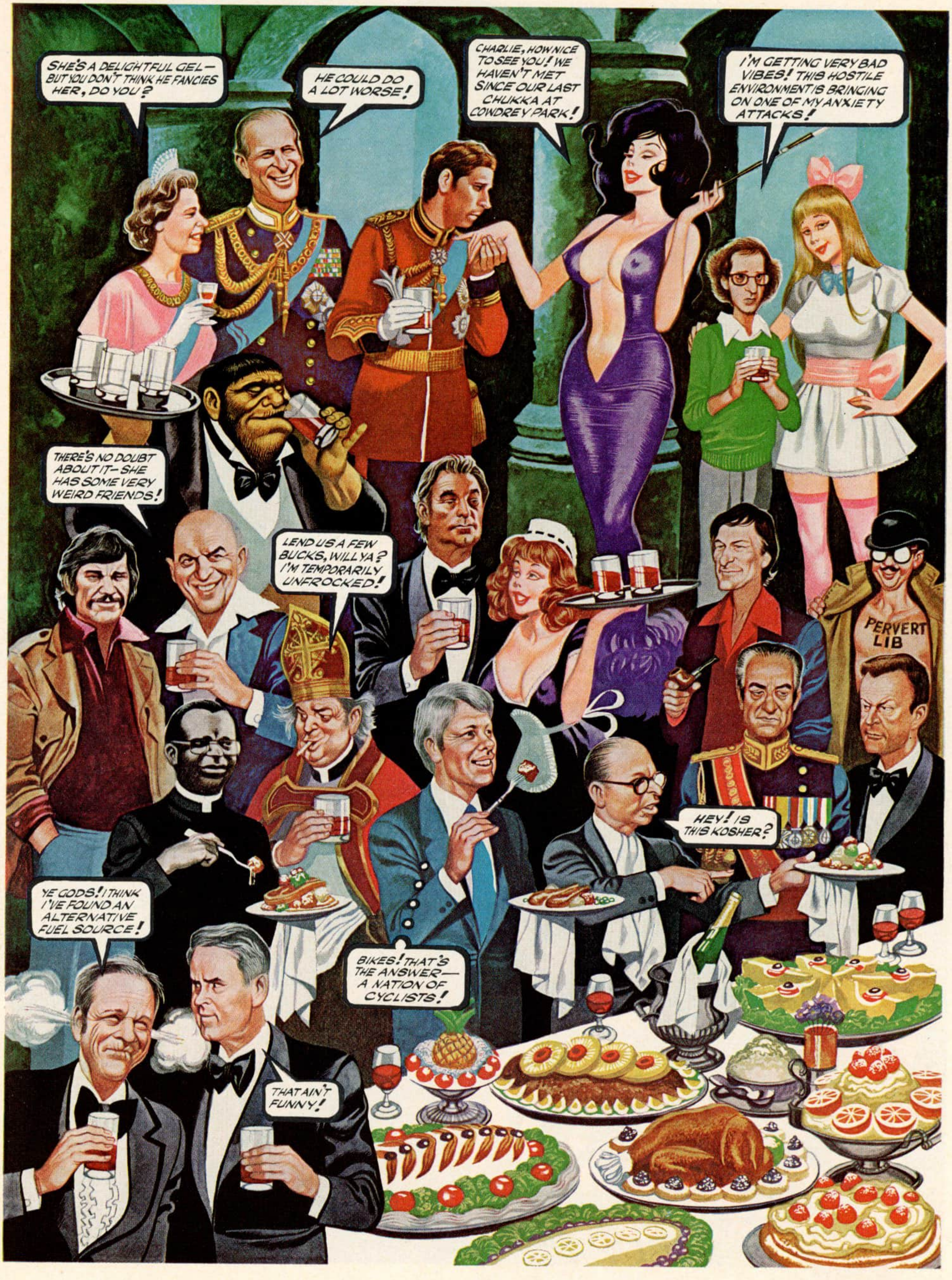

FOUR MILES OF NOSE TO TAIL TRAFFIC INCHES ITS WAY ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD TO THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS. EVERYONE WHO IS ANYONE IS ON HIS OR HER WAY TO WANDA'S PENTHOUSE ANNIVERSARY PARTY!
I THINK THEIR SECURITY MEASURES ARE ADMIRABLE — BUT I JUST AIN'T DRESSED FOR THAT KINDA SEARCH!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT STOPS MANKIND ACHIEVING ITS GREAT IDEALS — PEOPLE!
OPEC RULES - OKAY?
HOW COME THE PENTHOUSE PETS ARE UP FRONT AND THE PUSS FORCE ARE THE DOGSBODIES?
WHO SAID WESTERN ECONOMY WAS ON THE DECLINE?
SOMEBODY KNOWS SOME-BODY — THAT'S FOR SURE!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON


SHE'S A DELIGHTFUL GEL— BUT YOU DON'T THINK HE FANCIES HER, DO YOU?
HE COULD DO A LOT WORSE!
CHARLIE, HOW NICE TO SEE YOU! WE HAVEN'T MET SINCE OUR LAST CHUKKA AT COWDREY PARK!
I'M GETTING VERY BAD VIBES! THIS HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT IS BRINGING ON ONE OF MY ANXIETY ATTACKS!
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT— SHE HAS SOME VERY WEIRD FRIENDS!
LEND US A FEW BUCKS, WILL YA? I'M TEMPORARILY UNFROCKED!
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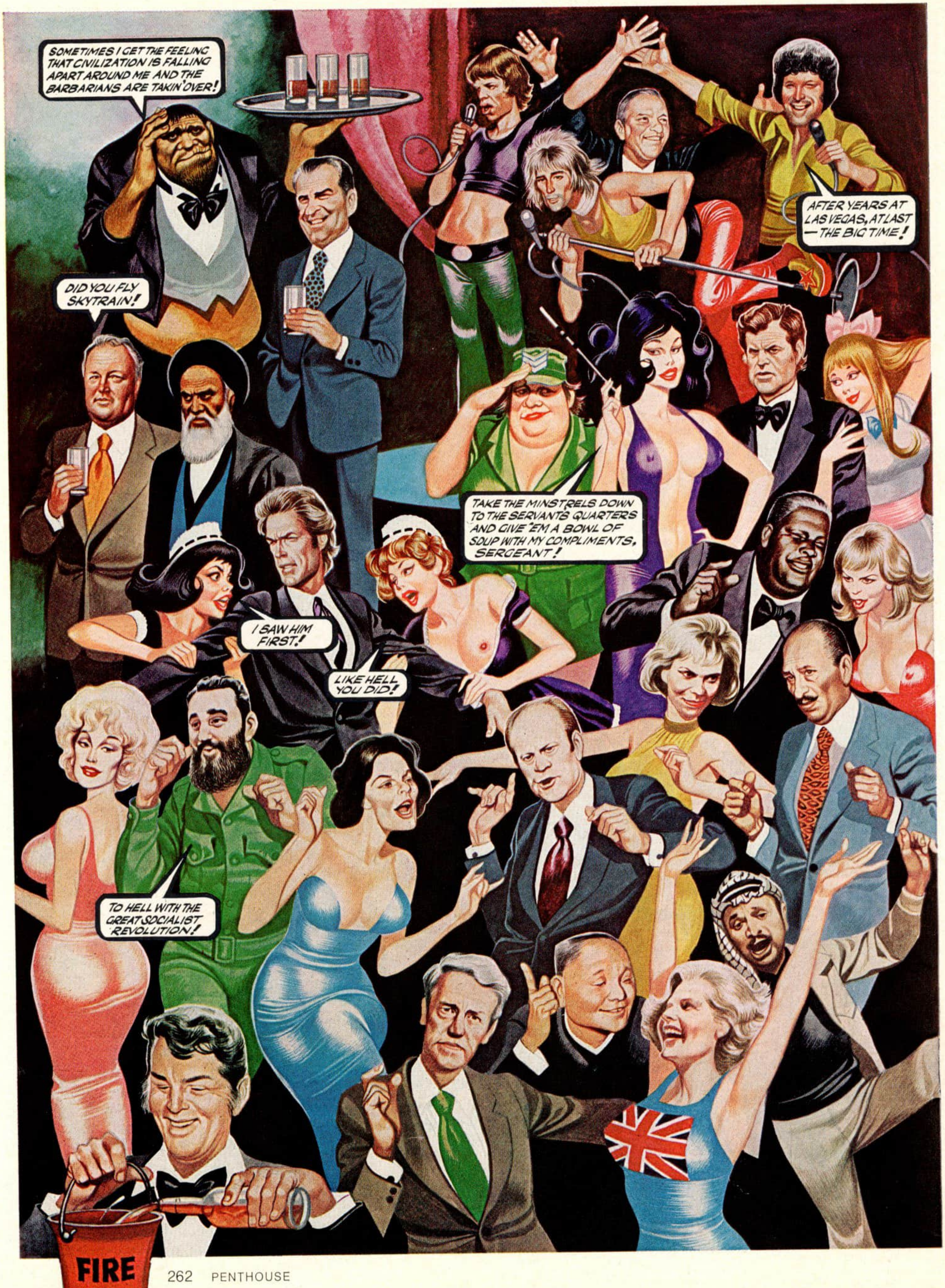
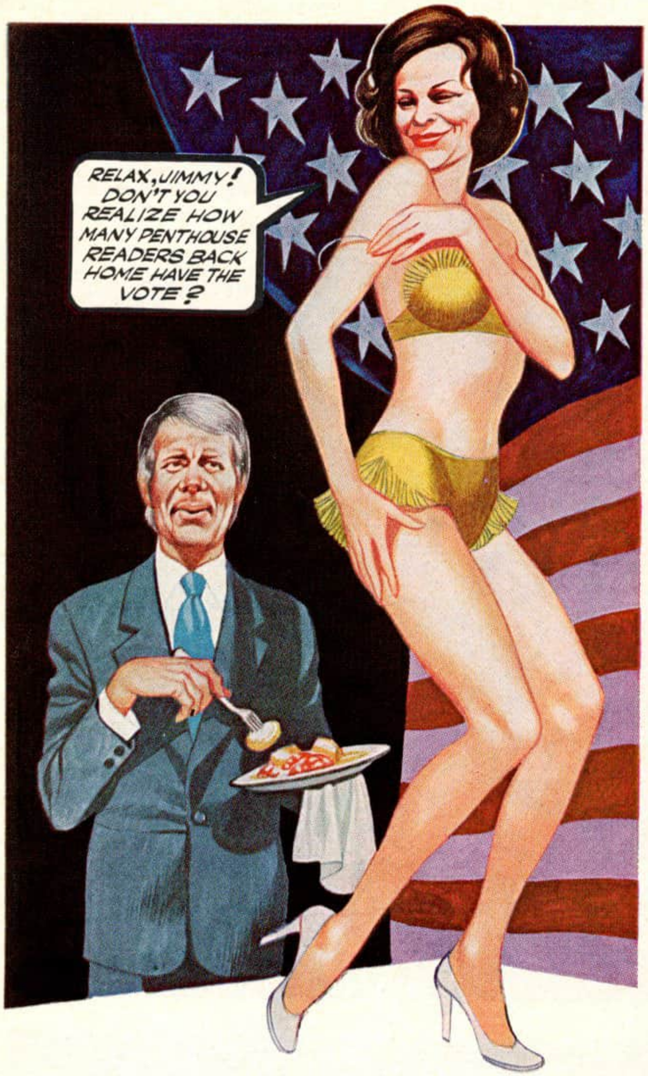
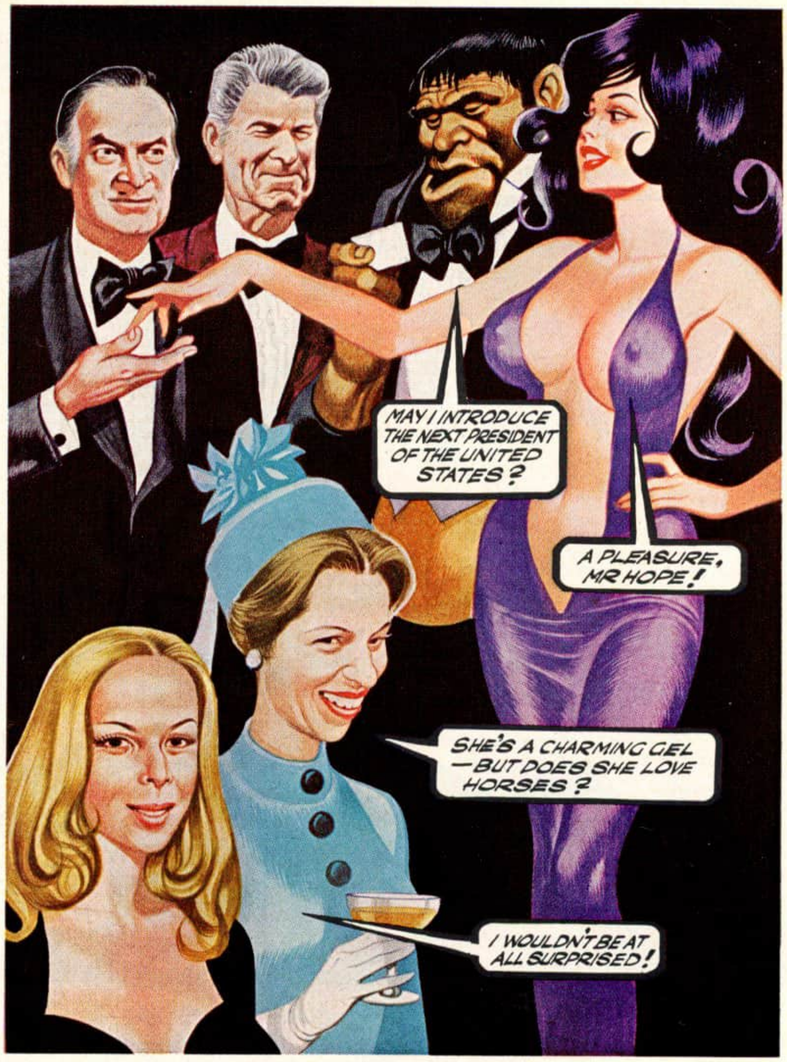
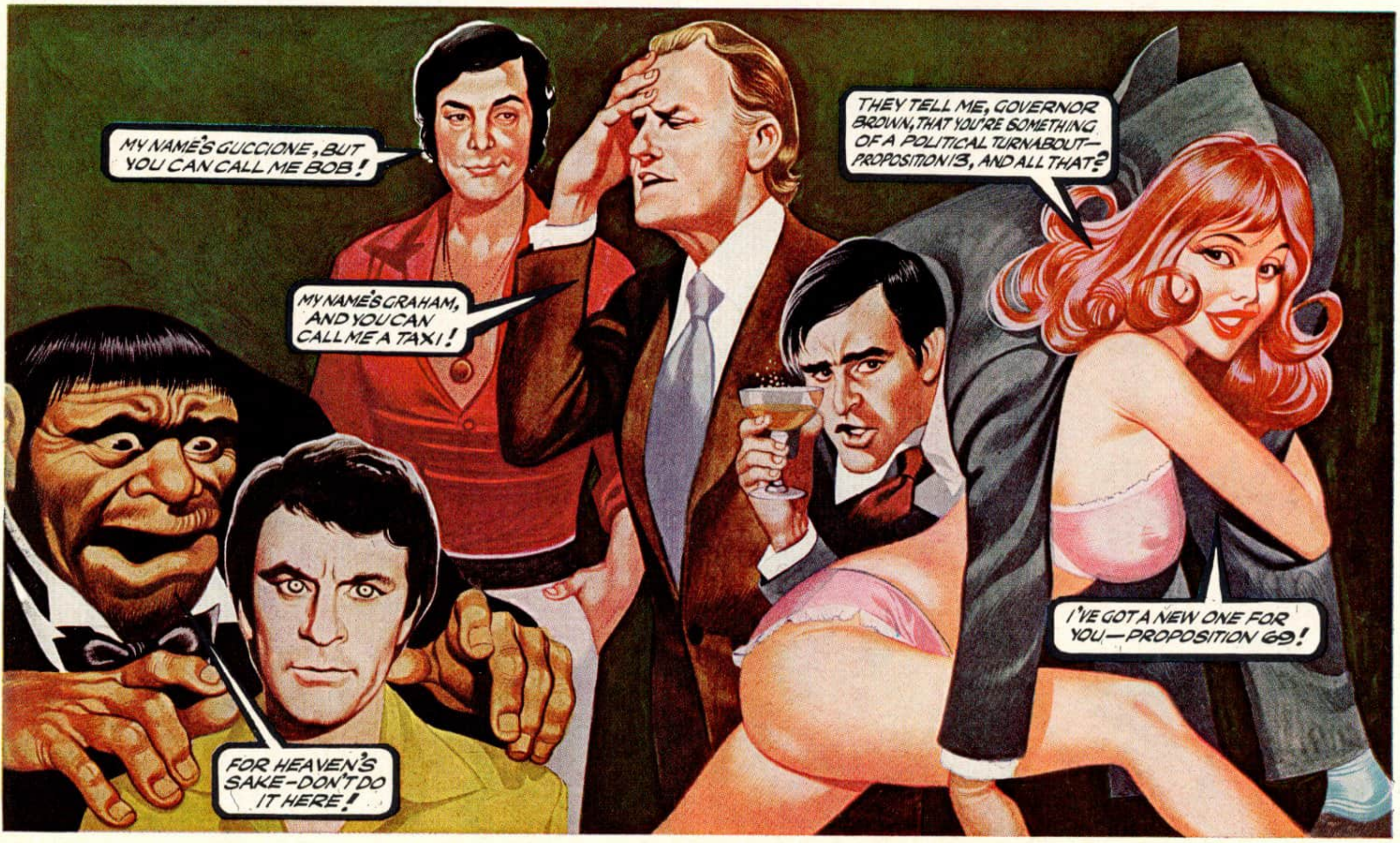
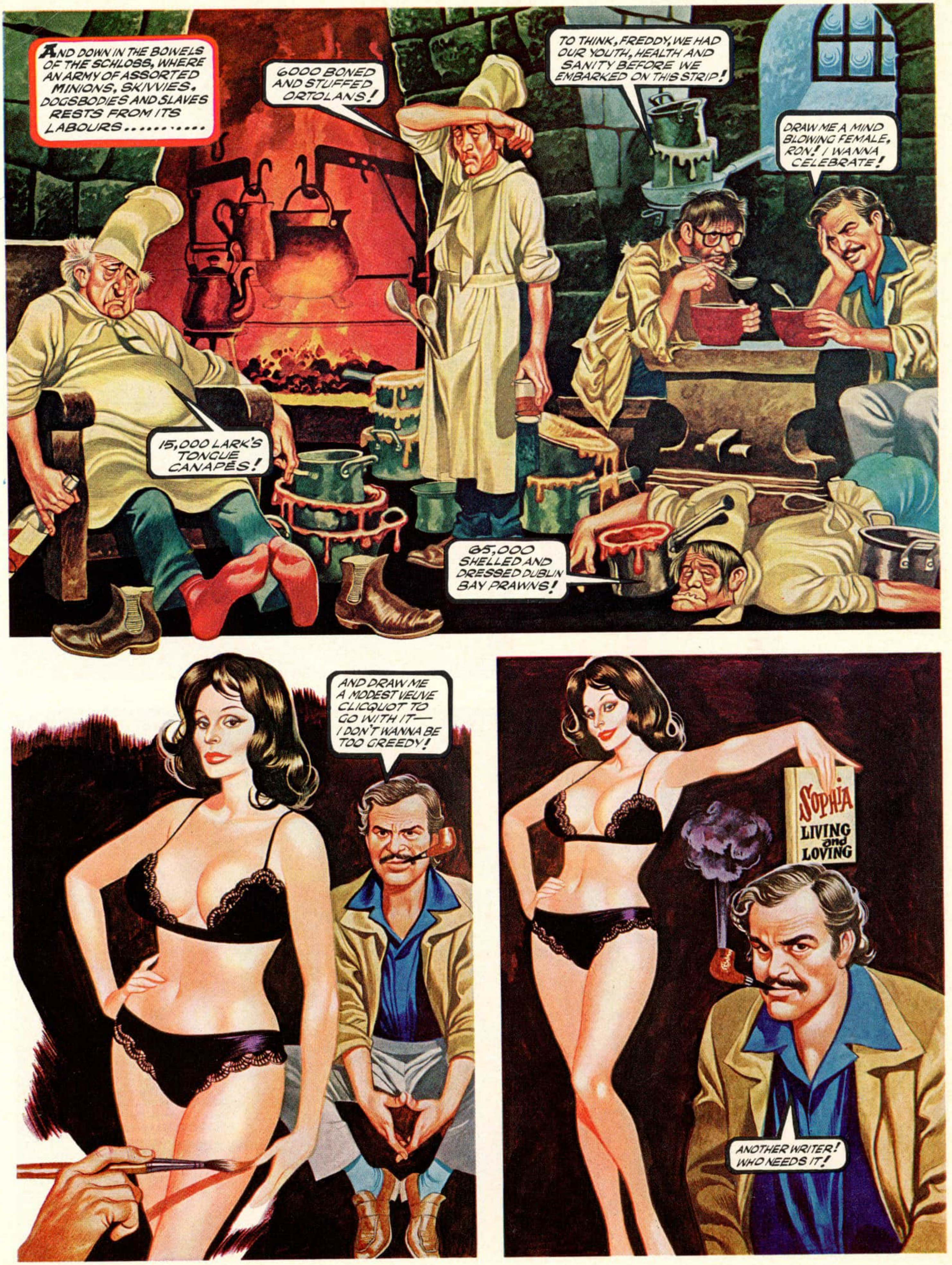
HEY! IS THIS KOSHER?
YE GODS! I THINK I'VE FOUND AN ALTERNATIVE FUEL SOURCE!
BIKES! THAT'S THE ANSWER— A NATION OF CYCLISTS!
THAT AIN'T FUNNY!

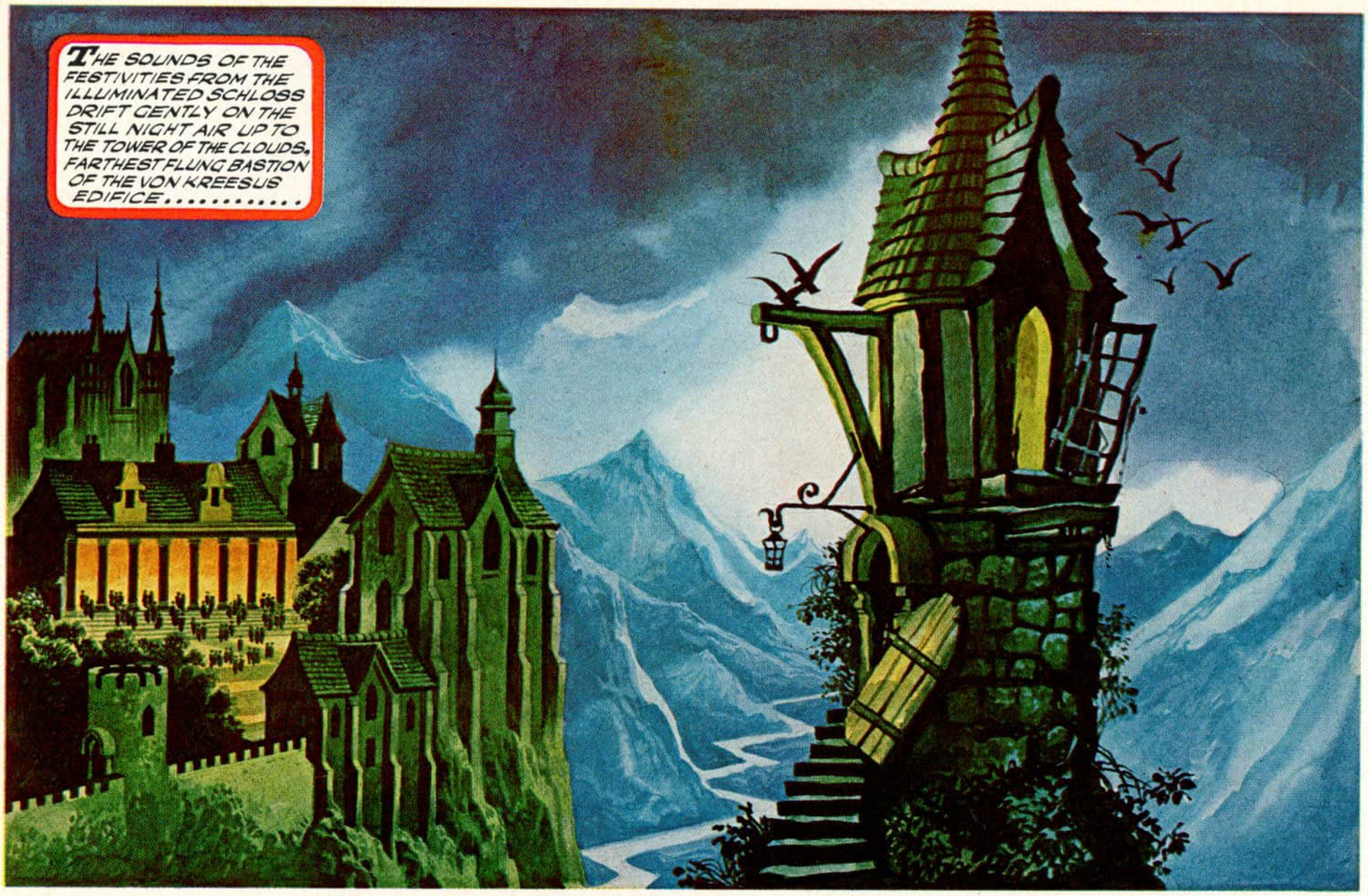

SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING THAT CIVILIZATION IS FALLING APART AROUND ME AND THE BARBARIANS ARE TAKIN' OVER!
AFTER YEARS AT LAS VEGAS, AT LAST — THE BIG TIME!
DID YOU FLY SKYTRAIN!
TAKE THE MINSTRELS DOWN TO THE SERVANTS QUARTERS AND GIVE 'EM A BOWL OF SOUP WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, SERGEANT!
I SAW HIM FIRST!
LIKE HELL YOU DID!
TO HELL WITH THE GREAT SOCIALIST REVOLUTION!
FIRE

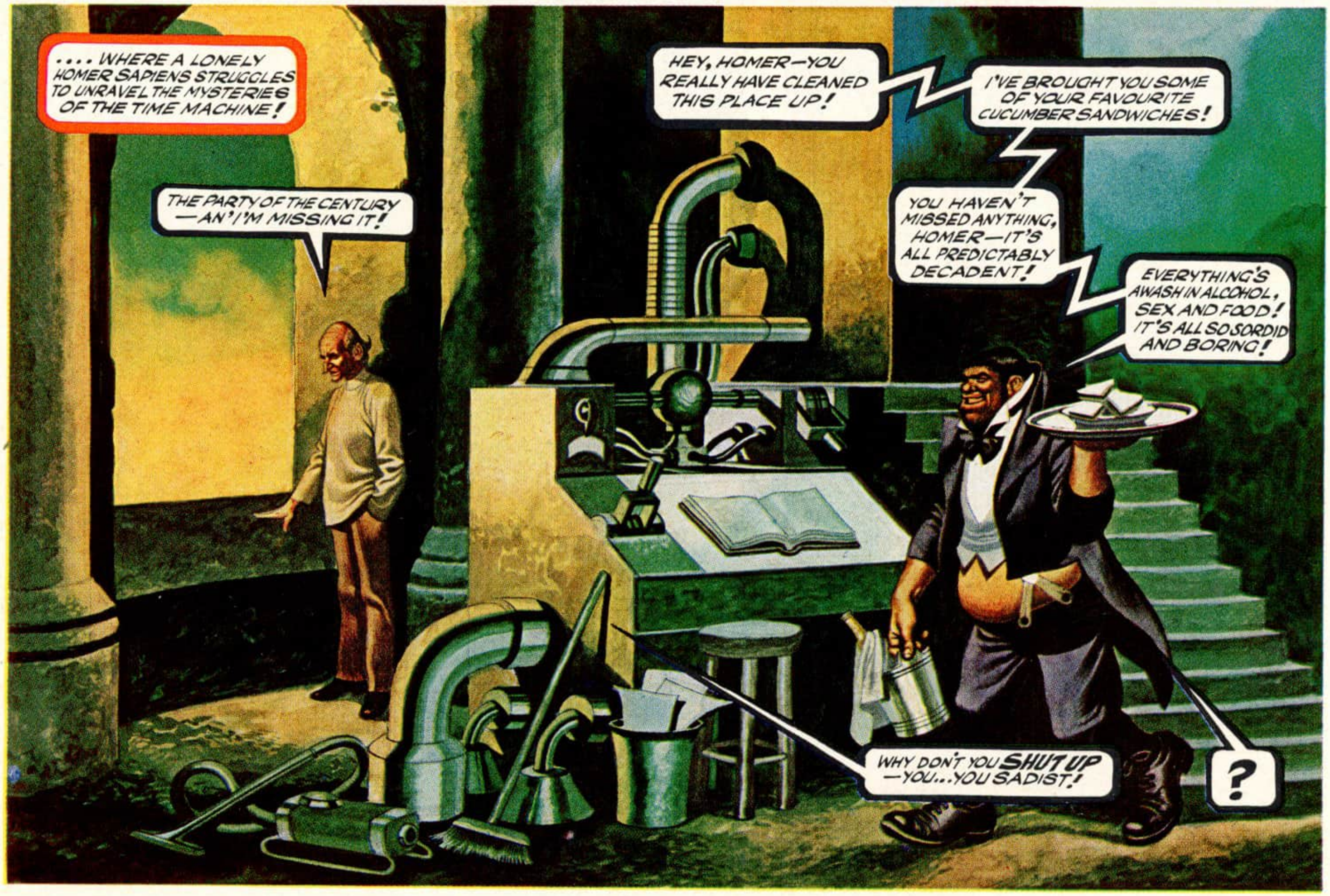

RELAX, JIMMY! DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW MANY PENTHOUSE READERS BACK HOME HAVE THE VOTE?

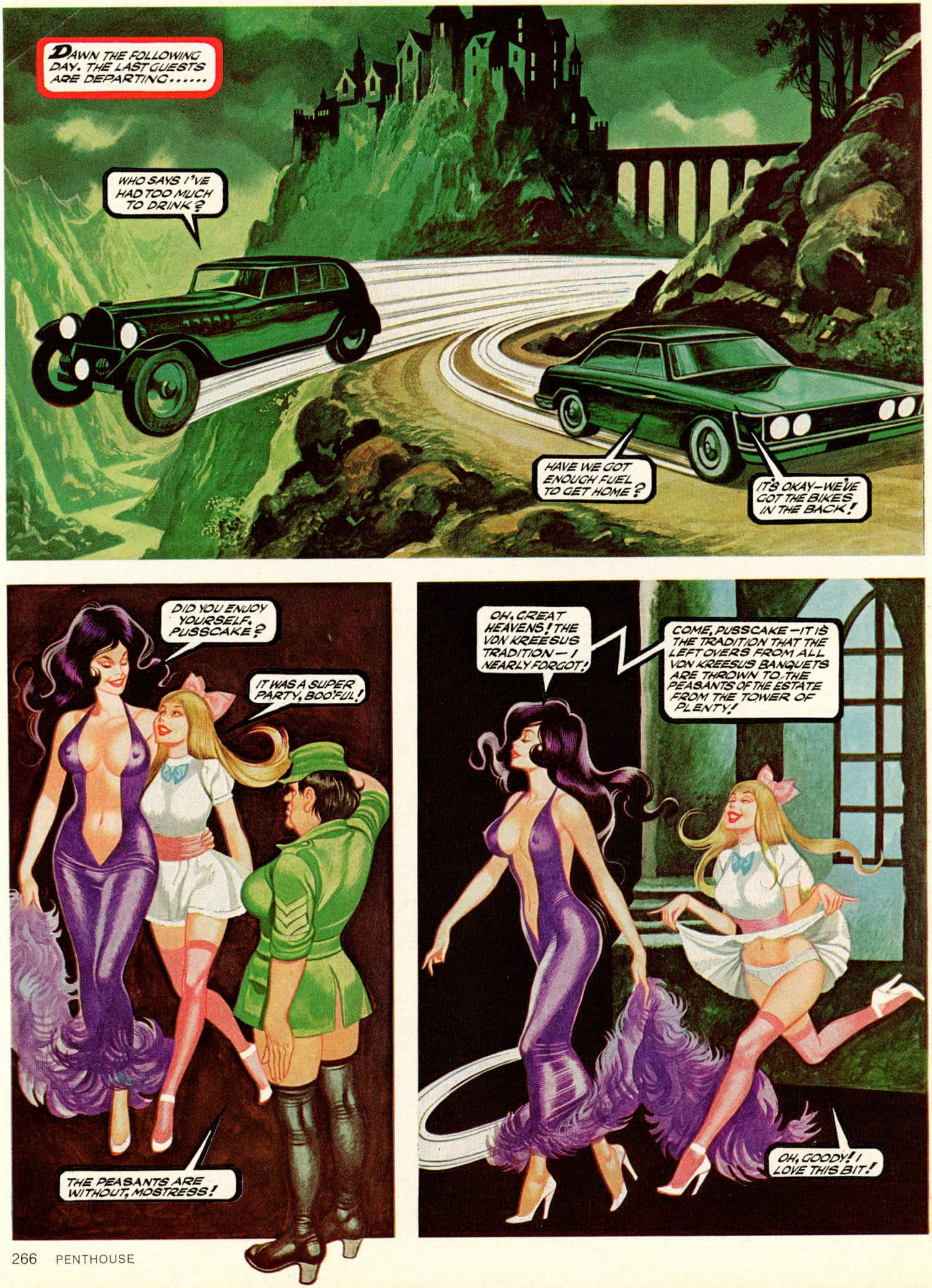

MAY I INTRODUCE THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?
A PLEASURE, MR HOPE!
SHE'S A CHARMING GEL —BUT DOES SHE LOVE HORSES?
I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED!

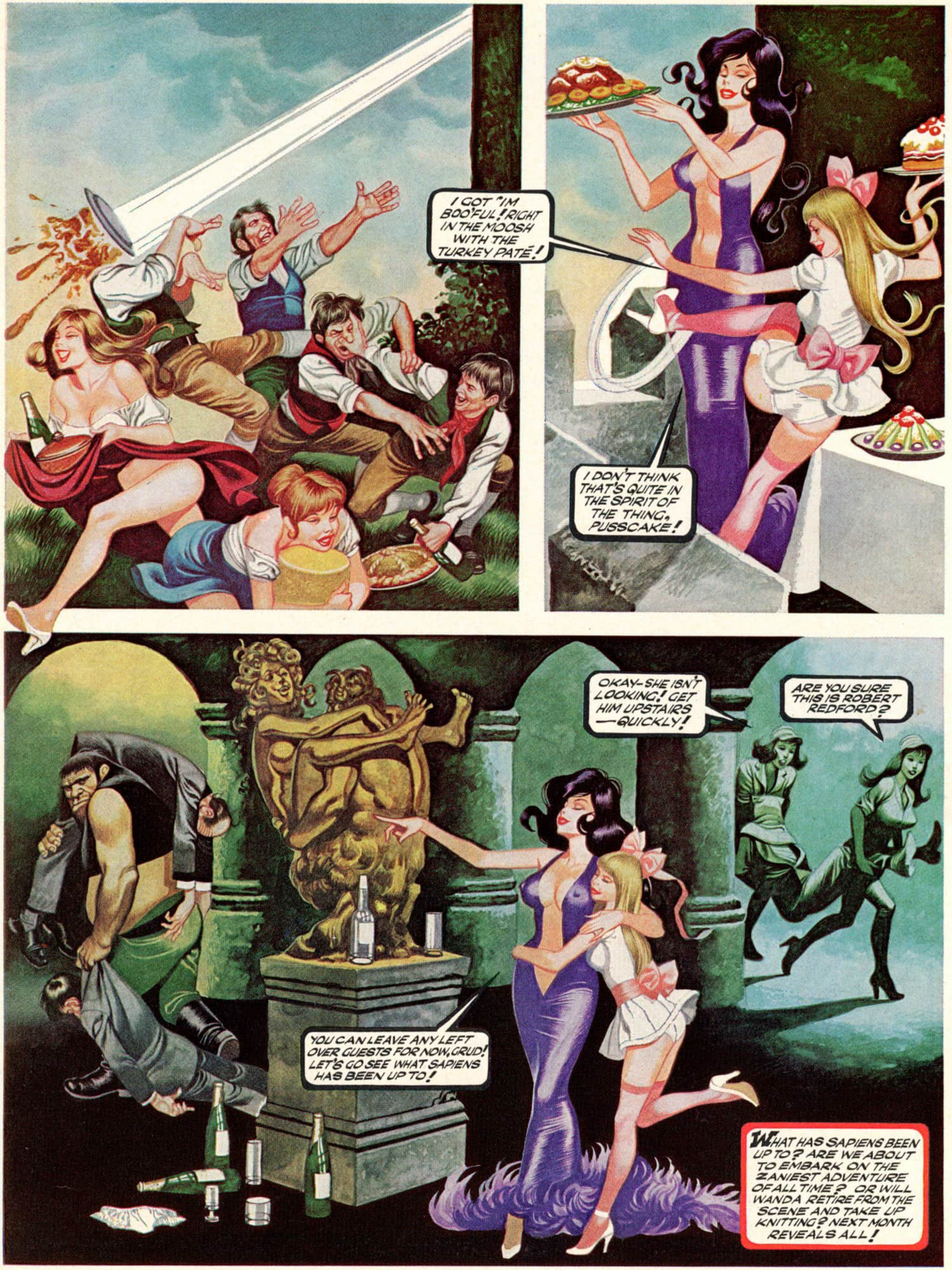

MY NAME'S GUCCIONE, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME BOB!
MY NAME'S GRAHAM, AND YOU CAN CALL ME A TAXI!
THEY TELL ME, GOVERNOR BROWN, THAT YOU'RE SOMETHING OF A POLITICAL TURNABOUT— PROPOSITION 13, AND ALL THAT?
I'VE GOT A NEW ONE FOR YOU—PROPOSITION 69!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—DON'T DO IT HERE!


AND DOWN IN THE BOWELS OF THE SCHLOSS, WHERE AN ARMY OF ASSORTED MINIONS, SKIVVIES, DOGSBODIES AND SLAVES RESTS FROM ITS LABOURS..........
6000 BONED AND STUFFED ORTOLANS!
TO THINK, FREDDY, WE HAD OUR YOUTH, HEALTH AND SANITY BEFORE WE EMBARKED ON THIS STRIP!
DRAW ME A MIND BLOWING FEMALE, RON! I WANNA CELEBRATE!
15,000 LARK'S TONGUE CANAPÉS!
65,000 SHELLED AND DRESSED DUBLIN BAY PRAWNS!
AND DRAW ME A MODEST VEUVE CLICQUOT TO GO WITH IT— I DON'T WANNA BE TOO GREEDY!
SOPHIA LIVING and LOVING
ANOTHER WRITER! WHO NEEDS IT!


THE SOUNDS OF THE FESTIVITIES FROM THE ILLUMINATED SCHLOSS DRIFT GENTLY ON THE STILL NIGHT AIR UP TO THE TOWER OF THE CLOUDS, FARTHEST FLUNG BASTION OF THE VON KREESUS EDIFICE............


....WHERE A LONELY HOMER SAPIENS STRUGGLES TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES OF THE TIME MACHINE!
HEY, HOMER—YOU REALLY HAVE CLEANED THIS PLACE UP!
I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME OF YOUR FAVOURITE CUCUMBER SANDWICHES!
THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY —AN' I'M MISSING IT!
YOU HAVEN'T MISSED ANYTHING, HOMER—IT'S ALL PREDICTABLY DECADENT!
EVERYTHING'S AWASH IN ALCOHOL, SEX AND FOOD! IT'S ALL SO SORDID AND BORING!
WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP —YOU...YOU SADIST!
?


DAWN THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE LAST GUESTS ARE DEPARTING......
WHO SAYS I'VE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK?
HAVE WE GOT ENOUGH FUEL TO GET HOME?
IT'S OKAY—WE'VE GOT THE BIKES IN THE BACK!
DID YOU ENJOY YOURSELF, PUSSCAKE?
IT WAS A SUPER PARTY, BOO'FUL!
THE PEASANTS ARE WITHOUT, MOSTRESS!
OH, GREAT HEAVENS! THE VON KREESUS TRADITION—I NEARLY FORGOT!
COME, PUSSCAKE—IT IS THE TRADITION THAT THE LEFT OVERS FROM ALL VON KREESUS BANQUETS ARE THROWN TO THE PEASANTS OF THE ESTATE FROM THE TOWER OF PLENTY!
OH, GOODY! I LOVE THIS BIT!


I GOT 'IM BOO'FUL! RIGHT IN THE MOOSH WITH THE TURKEY PATÉ!
I DON'T THINK THAT'S QUITE IN THE SPIRIT OF THE THING, PUSSCAKE!
OKAY–SHE ISN'T LOOKING! GET HIM UPSTAIRS —QUICKLY!
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS ROBERT REDFORD?
YOU CAN LEAVE ANY LEFT OVER GUESTS FOR NOW, GRUD! LET'S GO SEE WHAT SAPIENS HAS BEEN UP TO!
WHAT HAS SAPIENS BEEN UP TO? ARE WE ABOUT TO EMBARK ON THE ZANIEST ADVENTURE OF ALL TIME? OR WILL WANDA RETIRE FROM THE SCENE AND TAKE UP KNITTING? NEXT MONTH REVEALS ALL!

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CANCER FRAUD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

therapies have been suppressed by the medical establishment.

One possible remedy for cancer that was buried under the mountain of red tape and fear was the controversial Gerson Diet. Dr. Max Gerson discovered the diet as a cure for his own migraine headaches; later he adapted his cleansing, salt-free, vegetable-and-fruit diet to the cure of lupus and tuberculosis. In the early twentieth century, to say that TB could be cured by a special diet was to appear ridiculous, even though there was even then much research on diet and nutrition. Gerson compiled his results and proved clinically that his diet worked; his scientific papers appeared in several issues of *Medizinische Welt* in the late twenties and thirties. Some newspapers and magazines in Europe hailed the discovery, but the bitterness of the medical fraternity knew no bounds. "It's not scientific!" they cried.

Why were physicians so upset when Gerson had legitimate findings? Was it possible that it was more profitable to *look* for a cure than to find one? Gerson continued publishing and in the 1930s refined his diet for the treatment of cancer patients. Finally, after decades of clinical testing, Gerson published a book called *A Cancer Therapy* in 1958. This volume described a strikingly effective treatment of cancer and outlined in detail the case histories of fifty patients. Gerson's cancer diet was described as saltless and low-fat, with proteins held to a minimum for a long period of time. The theory revolved around the idea that a healthy body would be able to fight and defend itself against disease. This was not a new idea, but it was approached by Gerson in a very scientific way, with measuring of the effect of foods on the way the body functions.

The Gerson diet, in fact, was the logical outcome of the work of many cancer doctors who had bravely opposed the pain and mutilation of surgery since 1764, when a London doctor actually inferred that surgery might *contribute* to the growth of cancer rather than eradicate it. Many doctors before Gerson had taken the view that cancer was a disease of the whole body, and that nutrition helped the whole body to fight it.

In 1809 London doctor William Lambe published a treatise advocating an anti-cancer diet of fruits, vegetables, and pure water, a diet whose value he eventually saw as extending to the treatment of all diseases. It is significant that many cancer therapists of the nineteenth century who abandoned the practice of surgery also recognized the curative value of a proper diet. It is also true that the so-called official school regarded such thinking with such aversion that to stress the nutritional approach to cancer eventually became the surest way to be branded a quack.

Max Gerson was repeatedly attacked,

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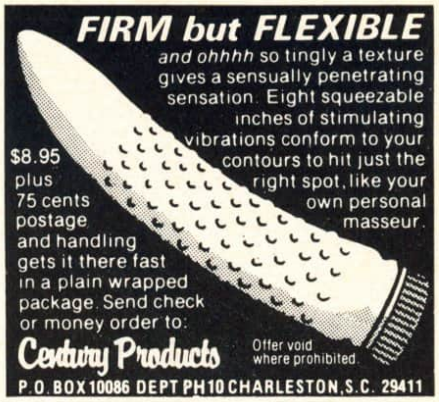

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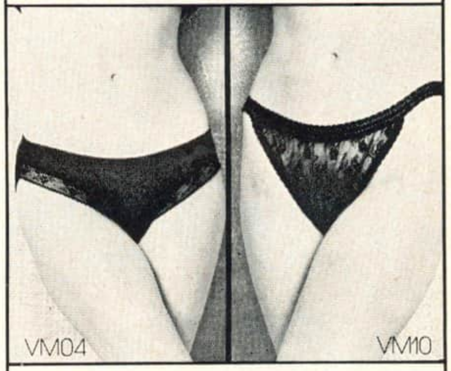

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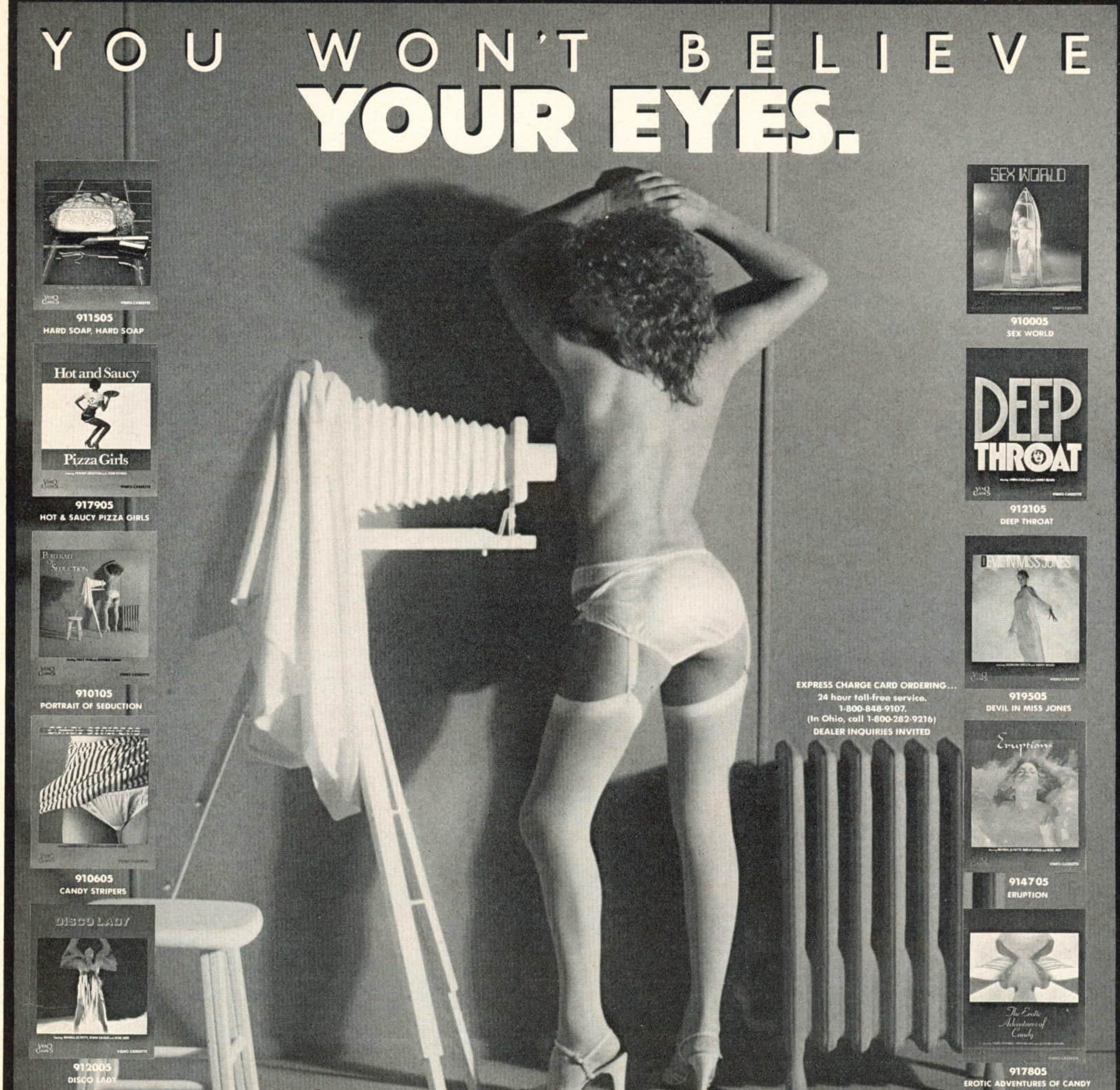

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most violently by his own colleagues, and his New York clinic fought to survive for many years. Cancer patients came to Gerson as a last resort. When—in many cases—they became cancer-free, their former doctors sometimes destroyed records confirming that they even had the disease.

In 1946 the U.S. Senate invited Gerson to hearings on a bill to authorize funds for research on the prevention and cure for cancer. He appeared and presented five cancer-free patients and their case histories before a Senate committee, all members of which were impressed with his findings. The favorable, 227-page Congressional Committee Report—document #89471—now gathers dust in the archives of the Government Printing Office. A newspaper reporter who inquired was informed that there were "no copies left." Just five years after the congressional hearings, Gerson was not allowed to practice at any New York hospital and found it difficult to secure assistants. Up till then he had for *over twenty years* demonstrated excellent results in treating cancer. His approach was on a highly scientific level, and his credentials were the finest. Yet Gerson never received a penny from cancer-funding agencies to aid his researches. He was the victim of a by-now-familiar *cancer blackout*: the inventor is isolated; the medical journals won't publish his work; and when he publishes elsewhere, they say it is "not scientific."

Meanwhile, the graves were filling up with the frightening and awful mutilations of operating and X-ray rooms: those burned and butchered victims turned out of hospitals to go limping hopelessly toward their final rest, those poisoned victims of toxic chemotherapy whose every body cell had tasted the painful effects of a full-scale chemical assault. "Nothing more could be done for them," said the medical establishment. They had already had their checkups, sent in their checks, and traveled the same worn, one-way road to suffering and death.

Gerson died in 1959 at the age of seventy-seven. The man who cured Albert Schweitzer's wife of tuberculosis and who was totally unrecognized by the medical world was hailed at the end by Schweitzer: "We who knew and valued him mourn him already today as a medical genius who walked among us, and as a man who was destined to be a fighter who proved himself in this adverse fate."

Today, thanks to a handful of courageous physicians whose names cannot be mentioned, Gerson's work has not been buried with him. But the congressional investigation of the American Medical Association that everyone thought was so imminent in the early sixties has yet to occur. It is a chilling fact that almost twenty years have elapsed, and still the medical establishment wields the dogmatic power that has sent millions of Americans needlessly to their painful deaths. Add to the list of suppressed cancer therapies such little known names as the Coley Toxins, the Coffey-Humber Extract, the Glover Anti-Cancer Serum, the Hoxsey Treatment, the Revici Cancer Control Method, and Wachtel's Pituitary Approach, and one begins to get an idea of what's been going on *underground*.

Then there's the amazing case of Koch's Glyoxylide—one of the saddest stories ever to disgrace the medical power structure in the United States.

Koch's Glyoxylide was a treatment to stimulate cell oxidation and included a diet that stimulated the cleansing of the body. (Dr. William Koch's theories implicitly supported Gerson's and contradicted the conventional opinion.) His internal treatment of cancer, in combination with diet, would extinguish the torments of surgery and irradiation. In Koch's view, a surgeon who claims to cure cancer by operation "not only belies the statistics but also shows his ignorance of the minute structure of the body, together with an ignorance of pathology."

Koch's work was judged and condemned to be worthless by the "Cancer Committee" of the Wayne County Medical Society in 1923—a committee made up for the most part of surgeons and radium or X-ray "experts," a class of people that assumed cancer to be curable only by these methods. As a result, both Koch and his cancer treatment were suppressed, and the oppression extended to other doctors who attempted to use his methods in any kind of test. However, significantly successful reports were coming in from Belgium and Canada, where the treatment was being tested without interference. At the Canadian hearings, doctors testified about using Glyoxylide treatment for over fourteen years and reported on terminal patients who became cancer-free. But persecution forced Koch to work in Mexico and Brazil, where he was also condemned for his successful treatment of leprosy, tuberculosis, and mental disorders. In 1941 he claimed to have produced a rapid recovery from dementia by injection of Glyoxylide. A representative of a big pharmaceutical firm then reaping huge profits from drugs for mental patients threatened to prevent Koch from remaining in Brazil.

In 1942 and 1946 the FDA prosecuted Koch in two bitter trials, contending that his remedies were "indistinguishable from distilled water." A permanent injunction against the Koch laboratory was granted in 1950. After this several physicians were expelled from their medical societies for use of Glyoxylide—though the newspapers published letters from their gratefully cured patients. Such oppression finally destroyed the Glyoxylide treatment as well as its courageous inventor. At present it is no longer being manufactured.

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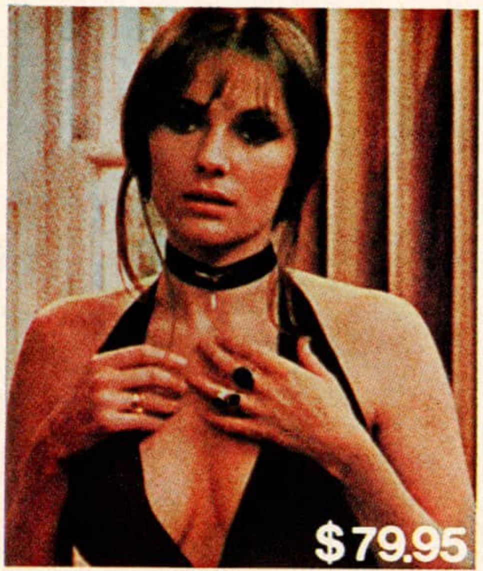

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The suppression of independent thought is one reason why doctors today have become frightened pawns of an overbearing system. They can't talk about their mistakes, because they simply can't afford to make mistakes. Present-day physicians give tests more than they do anything else: they're practicing medicine defensively and badly. Afraid to look for any new theories, they are at best unscientific in their approach. Not only are today's doctors wasting millions of dollars on obscure research, but they are also wringing the last drops of blood from an innocent and docile citizenry instead of protecting its health.

One of the most useful treatments ever covered up by the medical establishment was the Lincoln Bacteriophage Method, for which Dr. Robert E. Lincoln was hounded to his death in a merciless display of political power.

Lincoln identified bacterial strains as contributing factors in hundreds of perplexing disease symptoms plaguing the human body, symptoms ranging from tiredness to leg cramps to mental depression to the common cold—and, ultimately, to cancer. In the late forties, Lincoln isolated two such strains of pathogens and with various diseases achieved a successful cure rate by using certain viruses (bacteriophages) against them. One cured cancer patient was the son of Sen. Charles Tobey, who spread the word about Lincoln's therapy.

In 1952, after Lincoln was expelled from the Massachusetts Medical Society, Senator Tobey became so incensed that he presented the particulars to Congress: (1) in 1946 the *Journal of the American Medical Association* rejected Lincoln's paper on clinical results with his "antibiotics"; (2) in 1948 the same paper was rejected by the *New England Journal of Medicine*; (3) in 1948 the director of a large Boston hospital was "unable to find the time" to review Lincoln's work, after being invited to do so; and (4) Lincoln's requests for assistance in publication were ignored by science editors.

After the influence of Senator Tobey was felt, Lincoln was personally brought before a study committee of the Massachusetts Medical Society—on the back porch of his own home. The committee agreed that a further study should take place, and Lincoln was overjoyed.

But then the dean of Boston University's Medical School, where Lincoln's bacteriophage was prepared, informed Lincoln that his viral supply had been cut off. It actually required the pressure of congressmen to induce the dean to resume supplying the bacteriophage until another lab could be set up. When the university lab turned over the viral strains to the newly created lab, the original strain was not present. Had it not been for the maintenance of this viral strain in other places, Lincoln's production would have been completely sabotaged.

Finally, after an eight-month "study" in 1952, the Massachusetts Medical Society rejected all evidence that Lincoln's treatment was beneficial. Lincoln died two years later, after being expelled from the society. The loss of an inexpensive, effective, and healthful cure to many chronic diseases is incalculable. Only today has the Lincoln Bacteriophage Method come to be reinvestigated—cautiously.

One may object that all of these events took place long ago and could never happen today. It is true that incredible suppression of innovation in science has always occurred, from Galileo to Pasteur. But it has occurred with renewed ferocity since World War II with the rise of the powerful petrochemical industry, one of whose members has the temerity to use the slogan "Something we do will touch your life today." Indeed, this industry has not only touched but also invaded every aspect of our lives, bringing with it more cause for disease.

Chemotherapy was hailed in press stories throughout the sixties and seventies as the great new hope in cancer, with little mention of the hideous side effects of such drugs and their power to induce cancer and fatality themselves. But it was not until 1976 that reports of the cancer-causing hazards of the standard anticancer drugs began to trickle into the popular press. In 1973 Dr. Dean Burk, head of the Cytochemistry Section of the National Cancer Institute, issued an open letter to then NCI director Frank Rauscher, charging that virtually all the conventional anticancer drugs had been found to *cause* cancer in NCI's *own* studies. This story was enthusiastically accepted by the general news editors at Associated Press and *Time* magazine *only to be killed by science and medical editors*.

The food-processing industry, another arm of the medical-drug complex, has found today that a highly effective way to promote consumer confidence in the food supply is to work with or create organizations composed primarily of academic scientists. All industry needs to do is to assist—financially or otherwise—organizations of industry-oriented academic scientists in order to exercise a greater control over the public as well as the government. More important, no newspaper or television reporter can accuse industry of serving its own corporate interests when it is the professors who are the spokespersons. While legislators and reporters may think that statements by industry scientists are biased, they readily accept similar statements from academic scientists as being objective.

Two quasi-industrial scientific groups that you may have noticed in the news are the Council for Agricultural Science and Technology (CAST) and the Expert Panel on Food Safety and Nutrition of the Institute of Food Technology (IFT). Both are "nonprofit" organizations. Yet both send numerous task-force reports to Congress and press releases to the media. Each of CAST's professional societies pays an annual fee from $5,000 upward, based on its size. So far, dues from Dow Chemical, Monsanto, Hoffman-LaRoche, and ninety-

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It isn't enough that these organizations have paved a road to questionable nutritional practices for all Americans by planning "dietary programs" that are influenced by the profit motive of the food and chemical industry; they have also minimized and even misled the public on the problem of cancer-causing additives to their foods. One of the first reports of IFT's Expert Panel was on nitrites, nitrates, and nitrosamines (carcinogenic food additives and their derivatives found in processed meats). The panel members emphasized that processed meat contains only minute amounts of these carcinogens, but they totally omitted the fact that similarly minute levels can cause cancer in animals.

Such reports have staggering effects, in view of the amount of control these "official statements" have in the media. Legislators and consumers reading such a report or any news articles based on it would certainly be misinformed. And this simple misunderstanding can meanwhile lead to cancer.

It's interesting to note that both IFT and CAST favor the replacement of the Delaney Amendment—the law that outlaws cancer-causing food additives—with a risk-benefit analysis that would pave the way for the use of carcinogens in accordance with "government established" (and most likely industry-influenced) tolerance levels.

"Safe" levels are another myth that is perpetuated by a chemical industry looking for any outlet to sell its products. Most cancer experts agree that safe levels of carcinogens cannot be determined, because of lack of scientific data, especially data on humans. Besides, many doctors interested in cancer prevention point out, toxins can be compounded in the body over a long period of time—in which case there is *no* safe level of exposure for anyone.

Will the IFT and CAST panels let you know this? Many feel they won't, because they are hopelessly biased in the favor of industry. In fact, no "critic" is ever invited to or present to discuss "the other side." After all the experts have agreed with one another, an even more insidious event happens: a completely vague report is carefully written. Sentences are juxtaposed to imply theses that are not scientifically accurate but that have the effect of adding support to industry. Careful wording often hides the true meaning of some statements, as in the case of the nitrites statement above, in which much was omitted.

But in spite of all these biases, CAST reports carry considerable weight on Capitol Hill, and many are used to counteract consumer arguments. Although CAST views are thought of by many legislators to be scientific and very soundly researched, today many health, civil-rights, and consumer groups regard them as one of the biggest threats against careful decision-making in that collective process that affects all of our lives—government. Since such panels often do not reveal their connections to industry, many people consider them to be objective.

Obviously, one of the first steps in seeking truly objective data is the unmasking of these groups whenever possible—another job that could and should be done by a responsible press. But to date not one of these organizations has been investigated thoroughly by any member of the national news media.

The American Cancer Society lends its support to prominent science writer Jane Brody of the *New York Times*. In 1977 she coauthored *You Can Fight Cancer and Win* with Arthur Holleb, M.D., vice-president of the American Cancer Society. In the same year, the society awarded Brody its media award for "excellence in communications" for her gushingly prochemotherapy article, "The Drug War on Cancer."

As president of the American Society of Journalists and Authors, science writer Pat McGrady, Jr., told broadcaster Barry Farber in 1977: "Many of our medical writers have a tendency to work with the establishment, to shoot for those thousand-dollar prizes offered by the establishment organizations, in addition to the fee that they get from the magazine."

McGrady, Jr., whose father had resigned from the American Cancer Society on reasons of principle, wrote a celebrated article on the success with vitamin A and enzyme therapy for cancer at the Janker Clinic in Bonn, West Germany. The piece, which many feel is one of the classics of American journalism, finally appeared in *Esquire* in April 1976, after *five years of rejection* by many other major magazines. Why the turn downs?

"Because," said Pat, "it eventually got to a place at the magazine where a query was sent to the American Cancer Society or somebody at the National Cancer Institute: 'What do you think about this idea?' And they would say simply, 'Well, if it's out-of-town, how can it be any good, because we've got the best right here in this country? So forget about it.' "

According to reports by doctors who have visited the Janker Clinic in Bonn, there is a freedom for innovative ideas and new research in Germany that is not found in the stifling atmosphere of American research. Said Dr. Harold H. Buttram in *Choice* magazine: "During my visit, I was often possessed with a sense of frustration in observing certain superior methods of therapy which cannot be brought back legally to America for care of patients here because of present laws. . . . I feel that the majority of our doctors are dedicated and humanitarian, but we have a system of health care in

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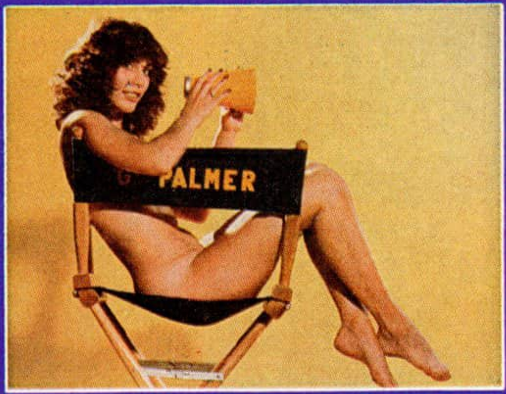

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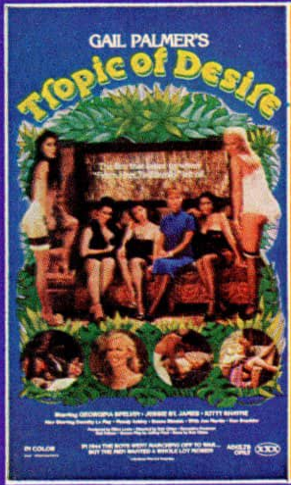
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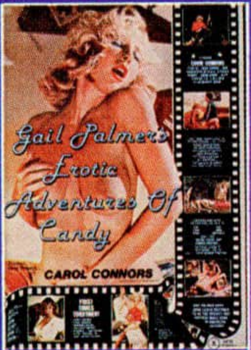
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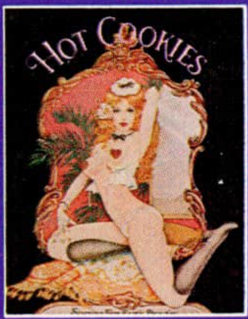
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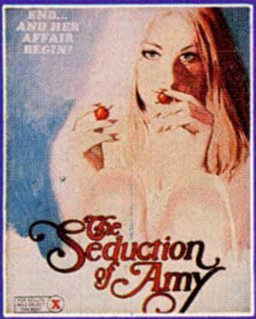
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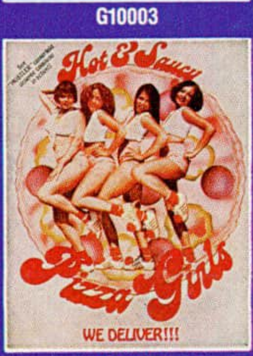
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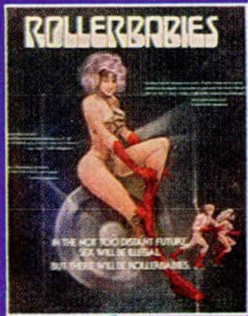
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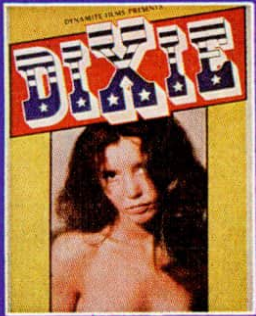
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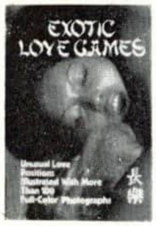

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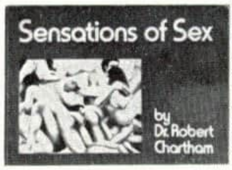

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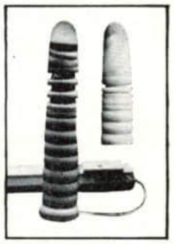

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which innovative research has been stifled and discouraged, and this can only lead to stagnation."

Said McGrady of the Janker Clinic in his *Esquire* article, "Here were two men [Drs. Wolfgang Scheef and Hans Hoefer-Janker] who were largely responsible for developing four of the most potent anticancer agents known to the medical world.... Yet it seems nothing short of scandalous that neither the ACS nor the National Cancer Institute has been able to spare a couple thousand dollars to send one American investigator to Bonn to learn how ... the Janker therapies could save the lives of thousands of American cancer patients."

McGrady also had a chance to remind Frank Rauscher—now vice-president and director of research at the American Cancer Society—on the June 5, 1978, installment of Gary Null's "Natural Living" show that Rauscher had told his father, Pat McGrady, Sr., former science editor of the ACS, that he would look into the Janker Clinic *five years earlier*. Pat wanted to know why nothing had been done.

Rauscher replied, "I invited people to send information into the National Cancer Institute or the American Cancer Society.... We never got it. I repeat that invitation now. We'll take a look at it." Even after this confrontation, to the best of our knowledge *there has been no response* by the American Cancer Society to the Janker Clinic, which has repeatedly sent them information regarding its clinical results.

As Patrick McGrady, Sr., summed it up, "Nobody in the science and medical departments [at ACS] is capable of doing real science. They are wonderful pros who know how to raise money. They don't know how to prevent cancer or cure patients; instead they close the door on innovative ideas."

According to the American Cancer Society, "The ACS aids in creation and strengthening of state laws to control worthless cancer remedies and tests. An active file of information on such new or unproven methods is maintained. This information is available ... to physicians, science writers, editors, and the general public to assist in evaluating claims for unproven methods."

This unproven-methods list is in effect a blacklist of remedies that include some of the most promising methods for control of cancer in the world today, among them many dietary and nutritional programs. Once a treatment gets on this list, it becomes virtually impossible for any of its proponents to continue their research. Grants dry up; doors to publications are closed. The unproven-methods list can be compared to the Index of Heresy in the Catholic Church in medieval times. It is a fast and efficient way of dealing with new remedies without all the fuss and bother of "trials."

But it is nonetheless encouraging that now—because of pressure by the public—two remedies have been taken off this "list" and are being further investigated: the Coley Therapy and the Lincoln Bacteriophage Method. This demonstates, if anything, that the American Cancer Society has been incompetent in its evaluations of new methods. In an emergency meeting in June 1978, the ACS decided to reevaluate the unproven-methods list and to remove more therapies from it. At the time, the ACS was planning to add a few more, such as Dr. Harold Manner's vitamin A enzyme and Laetrile treatment, which proved to produce *total tumor regression in 90 percent of the animals treated*. (Note that Manner combined the Janker Method with Laetrile.) According to Manner there have been dramatic results in preliminary human studies. With subsequent public exposure of its plans, the ACS has delayed putting Manner on the unproven-methods list for the time being.

This brings us to the case of Laetrile, which today has become the central target of American Cancer Society door-slamming. The American Cancer Society has opposed Laetrile for *twenty-five years*, without—so far as is known—spending a dime of its money on research to support its position. Any American physician using Laetrile on cancer patients can lose hospital privileges and even his license. Although there are well over a thousand American doctors using Laetrile or prescribing it, very few of them can risk their entire practice by open defense of this method; thus very little is heard about it from doctors. This is important in the matter of influence on the public, because whenever Laetrile is discussed in the national news media, the Establishment can easily round up spokespersons who have many degrees in medicine, whereas the proponents of Laetrile (publicly) are those dedicated patients, journalists, volunteers, or scientists whose degrees are not in medicine.

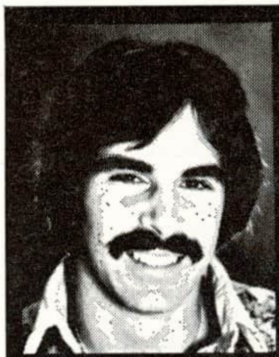
Meanwhile, the official statement of the ACS carries more weight because it is defended by those medical doctors who stand to lose nothing—and, indeed to gain much—by aligning themselves with the ACS. "Laetrile . . . has received exhaustive tests in animals and never has shown any effectiveness in the prevention, treatment, or cure of cancer," according to the ACS. Its policy is to "totally reject Laetrile as a substance of any benefit in the treatment of cancer."

Now that we have the "official position," let's look at the facts. The first reports on Laetrile in the early 1950s—from the work of Drs. Ernest Krebs, Jr. and Sr. (based on a 1902 theory by Dr. John Beard)—showed that Laetrile had a definite effect on cancer. A 1953 study of Laetrile by the California Cancer Commission concluded in forty-four cases that there was no objective evidence of the control of cancer but acknowledged "increases in the sense of well-being and appetite, gain in weight, and decrease in pain" in the Laetrile-treated patients.

Meanwhile, doctors across the country began to see results with Laetrile. The first successful international reports, which demonstrated the clinical success of Laetrile and appeared in newspapers all over the world, were not reported in the American press. Also not reported was the 1966 discovery of a simple early-detection test for cancer, developed by Dr. Manuel D. Navarro, professor of biochemistry and therapeutics at the University of San Tomas, Manila. Navarro discovered this early-detection test through his studies of the theory behind Laetrile. Still not a word from the American press.

In 1963 Laetrile was prohibited in interstate commerce; and even books, including Glen D. Kittler's well-documented *Laetrile: Control for Cancer*, were coming back faster than they were being shipped out. Why? The owners of drugstores, a vital outlet for paperback health books, had been notified that any druggist who displayed Laetrile books would not receive any more prescriptions from the members of the AMA; moreover, the Federal Trade Commission brought pressure against the book publishers.

The censorship went further. An arrangement was made for pro-Laetrile representatives to appear on a major television show. The show was canceled because the network was told that if one minute of time was given to a discussion of Laetrile, no member of the FDA or the AMA would ap-



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pear on the program in the future.

Pro-Laetrile representatives were interviewed by the New York office of the United Press International. But no article ever appeared. When the article was sent to the UPI office in Washington, it went to the FDA—and never came out again.

Where is the press? American Cancer Society collaborator Jane Brody went into valiant action—but in the wrong direction—in the *New York Times* of July 21, 1975, to scotch mischievous rumors that positive results had occurred in animal tests of Laetrile at Sloan-Kettering Institute. Her article claimed that initial positive findings were "spurious results" and that all other animal studies at the institute and elsewhere had shown no beneficial effect. Only the views of detractors of Laetrile were quoted.

There were no comments from supporting scientists, including Dr. Kanematsu Sugiura of Sloan-Kettering. Readers would not know that positive animal findings had recently been reported in the scientific literature—by Sugiura in *Science* in 1973, by George Brown, Jr., in *Veterinary Medicine* in February 1974, and by P. G. Reitnauer at the Institute von Ardenne in East Germany in 1973. They would not know that all eight of Sugiura's independent experiments had found that Laetrile prevented metastasis, or distant spread, of the tumor cells. His results were confirmed by Dr. Franz Schmid at Sloan-Kettering, the very place that claimed that there never were any corroborative results. (This can now be verified in the published report of the Sloan-Kettering Institute's studies in the *Journal of Surgical Oncology* in 1978.)

It is also known that many of these findings had been brought to Jane Brody's attention at the *New York Times*, prior to the publication of the article, both by an insider at Sloan-Kettering and by an outside science writer. But she chose to ignore the information. In her article Brody anathematized defenders of Laetrile as "cultists" for attacking a purportedly negative study from the Southern Research Institute. Yet these critics included Dr. Dean Burk of the National Cancer Institute, Dr. Bernard Kenton of City of Hope Medical Center, and Dr. W. E. Deming, a leading statistician, who had found that the studies in fact showed clearly significant increased life-span with Laetrile.

In an article entitled "See How They Lie," Burk presented statements by officials in the news media that Laetrile was "totally without evidence" alongside positive animal findings. He wrote: "The facts are ... that positive, statistically highly significant anticancer activity by Laetrile in animal tumor systems has been observed in at least five independent institutions in three widely separated countries of the world, with a wide range of animal cancers."

The Medical Establishment hadn't counted on the power of the public. By the 1970s, many people had become interested in alternative health therapies, including diet and nutrition. Supporting a "freedom of choice" philosophy, 43,000 people deluged President Nixon with petitions demanding clinical trials of this forbidden agent. These were forwarded to Nixon's cancer advisor, Benno Schmidt, who told *Science* magazine, "When I answer these [pro-Laetrile] people and tell them that Laetrile has no effect, I would like to be able to do so with some conviction." All of Schmidt's medical consultants were anti-Laetrile, but when Schmidt tried to find scientific research to back up these anti-Laetrile sentiments, he found that "I couldn't get anybody to show me his work."

Schmidt therefore encouraged work to be done on Laetrile, and in 1972 tests began at Sloan-Kettering. The first actual experimental work was done by Sugiura, and within two years he reported that it had "a strong inhibitory effect on the development of lung metastases." Moreover, "the general health and appearance of the ... treated animals was much better than that of the controls."

> "After twenty-five years and several billion dollars," wrote one medical expert, "survival rates for the most common types of cancer ... are virtually unchanged and in some instances have worsened."

To Sugiura's surprise, his findings were not released. In fact, Dr. Chester Stock, Sugiura's superior, told *Medical World News* in August 1975 (more than a year after Sugiura had completed six positive Laetrile experiments): "We have found amygdalin [Laetrile] negative in all the animal systems we have tested." In April 1975 Dr. Lewis Thomas, president of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, said, "Laetrile has shown after two years of tests to be worthless in fighting cancer." Dr. Robert Good, president and director of Sloan-Kettering Institute, said in January 1974, "At this moment there is no evidence that Laetrile has an effect on cancer."

Two months before this, it had been found that pineapple enzymes combined with Laetrile resulted in total tumor regression in 50 percent of experimental animals. These results were independently obtained by two researchers: Dr. Lloyd Schloen and Dr. Elizabeth Stockert, both of Sloan-Kettering. These experiments seem to anticipate the recent claims of Harold Manner that a combination of Laetrile, enzymes, and vitamin A has had a similar positive effect on mice with cancer.

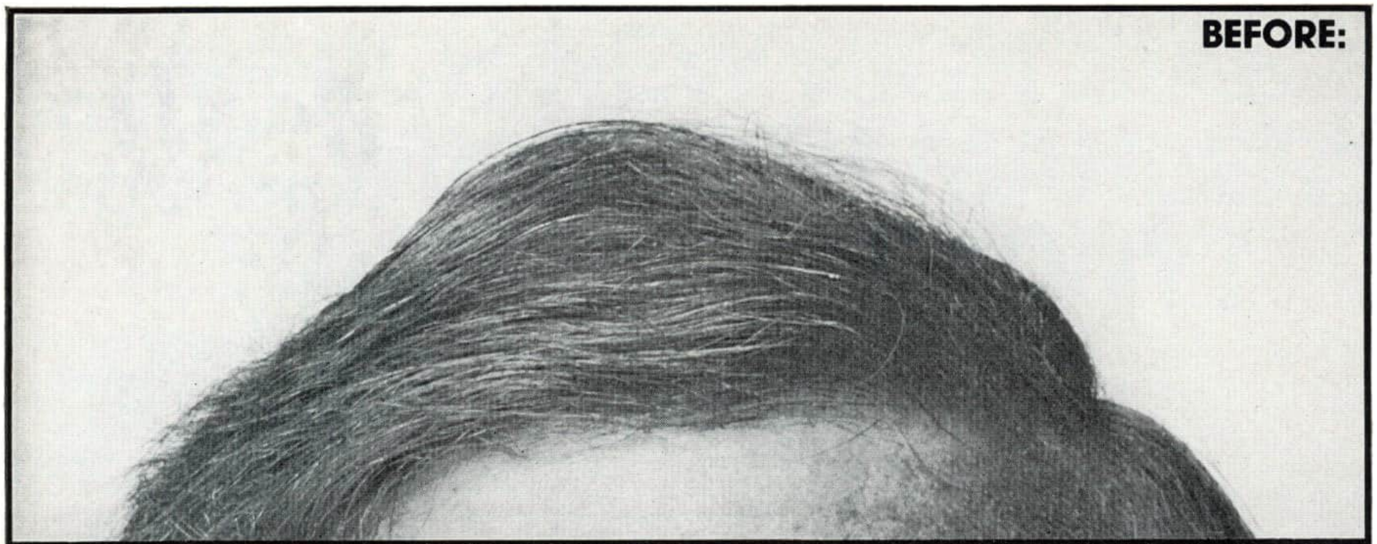
No one would know of the extent of Sloan-Kettering Institute's Laetrile results today had it not been for one member of the public-relations staff at Sloan-Kettering who could not stand by and watch while such suppressive actions were being committed: Dr. Ralph Moss, former assistant director of public affairs at Sloan-Kettering. Moss made the revelation during a press conference at the Hilton Hotel in New York on November 17, 1977. He was fired the next working day. And it was Moss, in conjunction with Gary Null on WMCA's "Natural Living," who stirred up the public and the media reporters.

Finally, Sloan-Kettering retracted some of its negative claims, but only after the New York Academy of Sciences, *Science* magazine, and Sloan-Kettering's underground employee newspaper, *Second Opinion*—along with an outraged public—brought the credibility of the entire institute into question. It was also important that Sugiura, one of the most respected researchers in the world, stood by his findings and enabled the entire world to see his results.

Probably the most significant result of the Sloan-Kettering exposé was that it focused worldwide attention on the politics and actions of the medical establishment and on the possibility of an alternative therapy for cancer. Most important, nutritionists, a health-conscious public, courageous scientific men, and the organizations for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy have come together to make cancer the political issue of our time. By the spring of 1979, twenty U.S. state legislatures had legalized Laetrile (also known as vitamin B17) within their borders, allowing for its use by doctors and patients. Amazingly, Laetrile became one of the hottest issues in states' rights since the Civil War, and it was the power of a health-conscious public that began to turn the tables.

But the battle has just begun, and we have the weight of almost two centuries of suppression to overcome. The work of Ivy, Pauling, Lincoln, Koch, and Gerson as well as that of the Janker Clinic must now be brought to light. Their scientific evidence must be reinstated as important findings that may well aid in finding the solution to cancer. The new findings of Harold Manner must be brought out as constituting evidence of a possible cancer cure. The unproven-methods list of the American Cancer Society must be exposed as an effectual blacklist for innovative ideas that are being branded as heresy. We must allow individuals who have been locked out to share in the research money that is due them in their valiant efforts.

Right now, our generals in the battle against cancer are inept. The guns of the medical-petrochemical complex are pointed in the wrong direction—straight at us. We must demand our most inalienable right, the right to life—and, therefore, to health. The work that has been done by courageous scientists will help us win the war without a single shot—or deadly "silver bullet."



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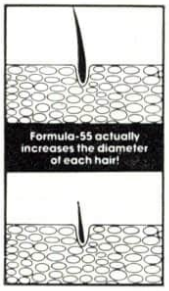

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WOODSTOCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 202

Nearly two years had passed since Sebastian dropped out of the public eye. After nine hit singles—including such rock classics as "Daydream," "Do You Believe in Magic?" "You Didn't Have to Be So Nice," and "Summer in the City"—on which he sang lead vocals and played both the autoharp and harmonica, the Lovin' Spoonful had split up, and Sebastian had taken exile in Woodstock. Morris chatted with the singer for a few minutes and learned that Sebastian had spent a considerable portion of his time in retirement writing new material for a solo album. "That's wonderful, man. But, tell me—are you willing to play?"

"No, thanks. I just came to hang out with some friends," Sebastian smiled politely.

"C'mon, man. If those kids knew you were back here and holding out on them, they'd be snorting fire right now. How about doing a few numbers and letting everyone know what you've been up to these last two years?"

Morris took him firmly by the arm and led Sebastian toward the elevator. The whole way across the rickety footbridge and onto the lift, Sebastian repeated with staunch conviction his reluctance to perform as a solo artist. It was too soon, he said, standing his ground.

As they disembarked at stage level, Sebastian's protests became more vehement. And then announcer Chip Monck was at the microphone, welcoming the special visit of "an old friend," and it was as if he had never been away. Something magical transformed the stage when John Sebastian ambled out, waving at his fans, and it was at that moment that Morris thought the Woodstock Music and Art Fair truly became a festival.

John Roberts spent the early evening hours in a corner of the Bethel security office talking, long-distance, to newspapers, radio stations, television commentators, and community leaders across the nation, urging kids *not* to come to Woodstock, to turn back if they have "any common sense at all." Together with his law partner, Joel Rosenman, Roberts had conceived and planned the Woodstock Festival with two hippie entrepreneurs, Michael Lang and Artie Kornfeld. But as the festival corporation's sole financier, Roberts was the one who would be legally obliged to pick up the admission for each festivalgoer and, once they were inside the ravaged gates, be responsible for their safety and well-being.

Independent contractors had begun stopping at Roberts's desk during the late afternoon, demanding full or partial payment for their services. No one would accept a check drawn on the Woodstock Ventures account. The promoters were in an insurmountable pinch, and tomorrow their checks wouldn't be worth the paper they were written on. They'd take cash, they said, or a personal IOU from John Roberts, but *only* from Roberts—no one else would do.

Late Friday night, the worsening situation began to overwhelm Roberts. His complexion had waxed pale, ripening into an unearthly pallor that distressed many of his coworkers. "Keep an eye on John," they cautioned one another. "He may go over the edge." But he held fast through the heavy sledding, meeting each successive crisis with a predictable moan and a gesture of nightmarish distress.

Ravi Shankar was in the middle of his instrumental set when the storm hit. No one had been forewarned of its approach. The moonless sky was a raven-black curtain of darkness until bolts of lightning set the night ablaze, revealing a cloud-capped firmament. By then, it was too late to lay the necessary groundwork to offset the pounding rain.

At 10:35 Shankar and his accompanist were ushered offstage to one of the adjoining trailers as eight shirtless hippies worked furiously to unravel the ball of plastic that was draped over the equipment. Two others scampered across the platform on their haunches, pulling plugs out of amplifiers and tucking musical instruments under the covering.

The storm continued to rage for fifteen minutes before slowing to a steady drizzle. Bonfires dotted the amphitheater like a gypsy convention, and sections of the audience huddled around them, determined to ride out the inconvenience.

Most of the performers who waited to go on that night—Ravi Shankar, Melanie (who dropped by unexpectedly and consented to perform), and Arlo Guthrie—were crowded into one of the production trailers, drinking coffee and bucking the moisture to keep their instruments from sliding out of tune.

"It's outta sight, man," Guthrie drawled to a sidekick who turned out to be a writer from *Rat*. "This here festival, y'know—it reminds me of J. C. on the Mount, but more receptive." Guthrie said he was "wired," and looking forward to facing the "children of the earth."

Joan Baez, who was to close Friday's musical extravaganza, excused herself from the stuffy room. Tucking her guitar under an arm, she walked unnoticed through the woods, out beyond the fences, and waited her turn in the rain so that she could perform for the handful of flower children who were gathered in front of the Free Stage.

Three amateur bands preceded Baez, playing vigorously to hearty encouragement from the audience. To the trained ear, they were strictly unendowed artistically; as a matter of fact, they could hardly carry a tune. But Baez gave lovingly of herself, playing a selection of songs about America's changing social structure, poverty, union leaders, and about her husband, journalist David Harris, who was serving

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time in a federal prison for refusing to answer his draft call. "*This* is what we live for," she said between numbers, pointing to the wide-open countryside and the covey of tents on the other side of the road. "It's why we're fighting together right now—for our right to be heard and the right to remain free."

Baez played for forty minutes until her road manager found her and respectfully informed the folksinger that she had to fulfill her obligation on stage for the festival's promoters. The Jefferson Airplane or the Dead or Crosby, Stills, and Nash—they were all champions of the People's Revolution and would eventually get around to putting in an appearance. It was only a matter of time before Joan related her experience and they came.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1969

The Woodstock generation's first night as a full-fledged nation passed without incident. When engineer Chip Monck had hesitantly pulled the plug on the music a few minutes after 2:00 A.M., the majority of the audience reacted in the one way the producers *hadn't* anticipated: they went to sleep.

Later that morning it took Lawrence practically fifteen minutes to find someone from the sound crew who was both awake and authorized by Bill Hanley to turn on the power for the microphones. Feeling ill at ease, Mel walked slowly toward the live mike, his head bowed, rehearsing the "casual" remarks he intended to pass on to his guests. But when he looked out on 300,000 people his heart jumped about two city blocks and his salutation burst forth with an ear-splitting swell. "GGOOO-OOD MOOOR-NINGGG!" he blurted, stumbling backwards as 300,000 heads vaulted up in unison. Those troubled souls who had succeeded in sleeping off their insecurity felt the old alarm come rushing back with a new, improved vitality. "Sorry about that," he laughed, embarrassed by his *faux pas*. "Let's try that one again. Good morning," he said, softly. If it was scientifically inconceivable for 300,000 to applaud in a state of drowsiness, the kids in Max Yasgur's pasture provided the exception to the rule. "Thank you!" Mel beamed. "Listen, last night was incredible and we just wanted to let you know that everything's okay. No hassles. We're going to have another groovy day today and into the night and tomorrow."

Day Two had gotten off to an auspicious start.

The music resumed at 12:15 P.M. with an unknown group from Boston named Quill. In an attempt to ingratiate themselves from the opening chord, Quill took the stage and tossed maracas into the crowd. Failing to draw an energetic response with that weary device, they began flinging anything else they could get their hands on to help them knock out the audience. Nothing, however, improved their status. Following a less-than-respectable performance, they were demoted to the Free Stage, where they

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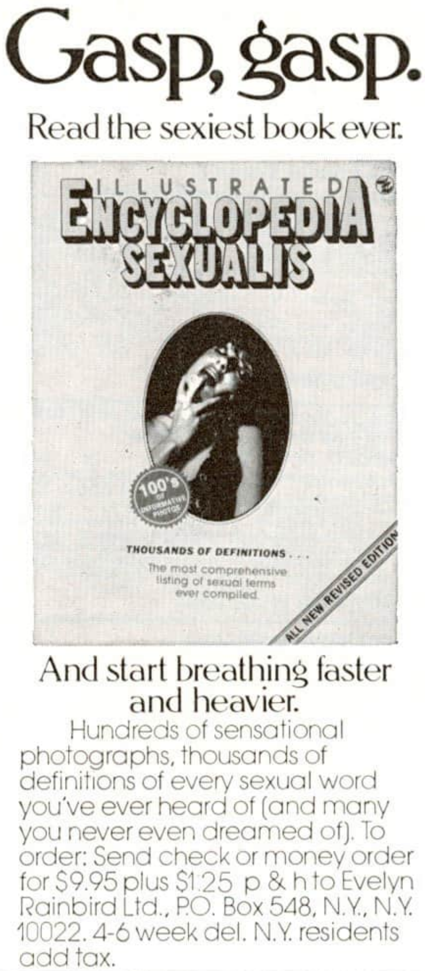
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were expected to earn their keep for the remainder of the weekend before lapsing into certain obscurity.

Keef Hartley followed Quill with a hard-driving set of English blues, only to relinquish the spotlight to yet another newcomer on the rock scene: the Santana Blues Band. Their searing performance took the audience by complete surprise and, some say, was responsible for keeping the event peaceful. By the time Quill had crept offstage, the temperature had climbed to ninety-two degrees with a ninety-seven percent relative-humidity chaser. The bowl had turned into a sauna, and emotions, fueled by the boredom emanating from the stage, began to heat up. Halfway through Keef Hartley's set, the sauna evolved into a pressure cooker. The climate was an exact reenactment of a pricklish situation which Pomeroy had described to the staff back in June and which they had strived to avoid. When Chip announced Santana, the staff held their breath. They knew that the next act would hold the key to the festival's rocky future, and Santana wasn't exactly a hands-down favorite to save the day.

From the first drumroll, however, Santana disarmed the crowd and forced a breath of fresh air into that muggy bowl. Their sound was a novel approach to rock, and Carlos's sassy guitar whistled at the crowd. Like a snake charmer sounding his Svengali-like tune, Santana brought the crowd to its feet, ending up with a frantic version of "Soul Sacrifice." It became a focal point of festival gossip and catapulted the group to instant stardom—Bill Graham's original prediction.

Meanwhile, employees of Food for Love, the festival's concession, spent most of Saturday afternoon in anguish as they watched their fortune being dissipated by disorganization and squalor.

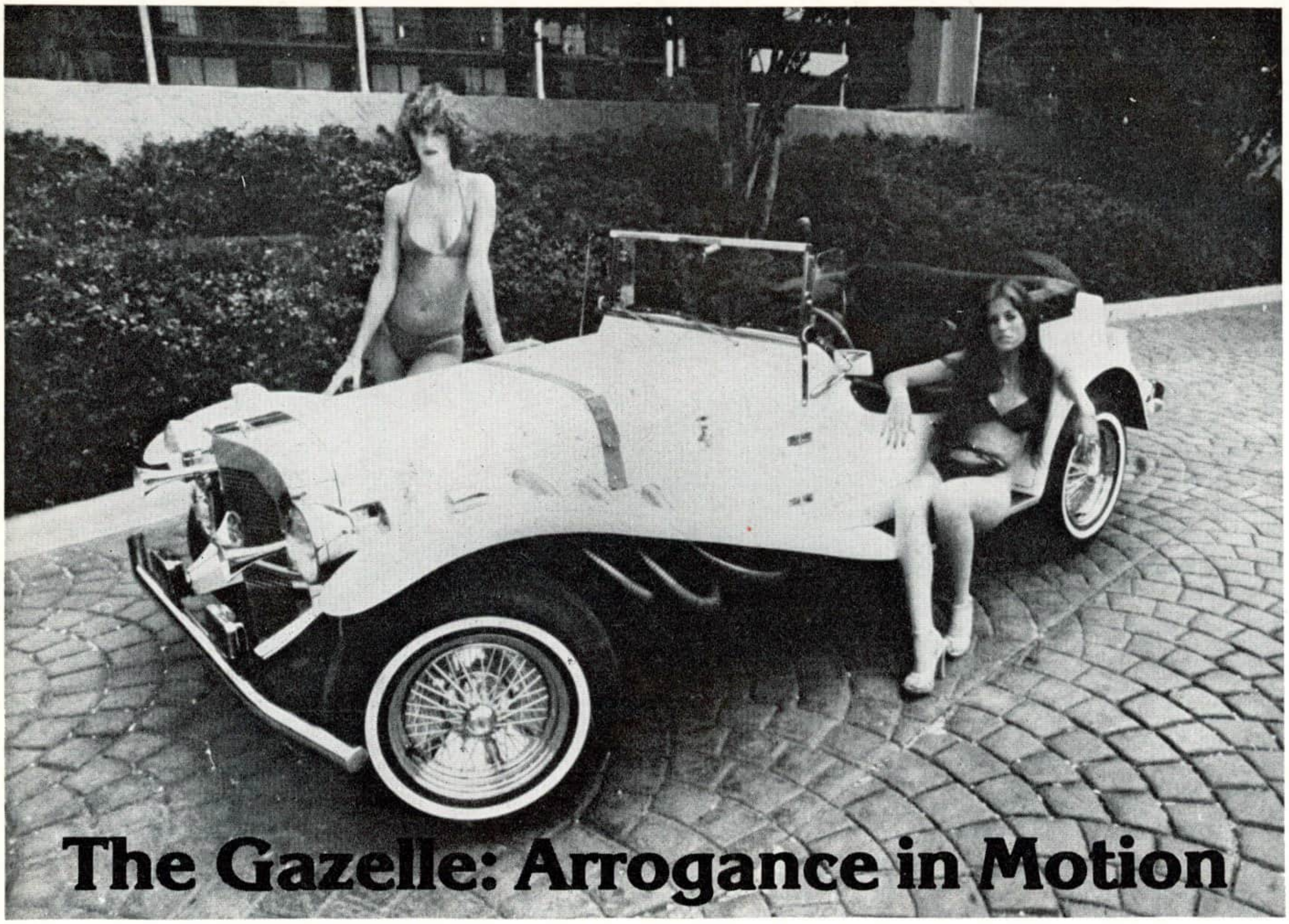
One of the concession's co-owners, Jeff Joerger, had suspected from the beginning that not everything was being handled aboveboard as far as their sales were concerned. To control the flow of money, Food for Love had set up two booths, manned by Pinkerton guards, where tickets were sold for refreshments. The tickets, in turn, could be used at any of Food for Love's sixteen stands. That delivered his young vendors from the temptation of handling cash, but not necessarily from evil, as Joerger soon discovered. Instead of ripping the tickets in half and dropping the pieces into the slots of their aprons, his vendors were stuffing handfuls of whole tickets into their pockets and passing them on to their friends. Joerger estimated that about fifty percent of Food for Love's sales were from tickets they had already redeemed.

Joerger tried to have himself or one of his associates police the area, making sure the workers ripped the tickets in half, but that concern soon gave way to other, more urgent matters that necessitated immediate attention.

Coca-Cola had sent Food for Love approximately 500 cases of soda with cans that were only half-filled, and kids were angrily returning them, claiming they had been "ripped off by capitalist pigs."

The concessionaires had ordered an additional six refrigerated tractor-trailers of frankfurters and hamburger meat at the last minute, and the caravan had miraculously made it through the traffic late Friday night. By mid-afternoon, they had run out of fuel for the refrigeration and had no way of getting an oil truck into the site to refill the tanks. Within two hours after the depletion, a forty-foot tractor-trailer full of frankfurters began to spoil. (Food for Love's greatest worry was yet to come, however: a radical group called Up-against-the-Wall Motherfuckers "liberated" the food and burnt twelve of the sixteen concession stands to the ground.)

The stench was unbearable, although it was not quite as repulsive as the malodor from a newly excavated septic pool, behind the command trailer, which wafted across the hilltop. Lawrence had found the Johnny-on-the-Spot representative earlier in the day and presented him with the problem of disposing of the wastes from the portable toilets. Most of the units, by this time, had overflowed, and the swill was polluting not only the air but the earth. Puddles of putrid sewage collected in the mud



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and notched furrows in the ground which headed downhill. They had to find some way of damming the seepage before it ran into the bowl.

"There's only one thing we can do," explained the sanitation engineer. "You dig a ditch, you dump all the shit in it, and you cover it over with dirt. That's your only alternative. Otherwise, it'll just get worse, especially in this heat. And forget about it if it rains—we'll be swimming in crap."

That was all Lawrence needed to hear. He ordered Bill Reynolds to gather his crew together, picked a spot behind his office, and had them dig a ditch eighty-feet long by eight-feet deep with a backhoe, into which they emptied the tanks from each unit. They dumped an enormous quantity of chemicals into the pit before covering it over to keep the intensity of the smell down, but the chemicals were generally overpowered by its potency.

Around four o'clock Morris made a call to the security office for the purpose of realigning the concert. He thought it might be wise to have the bands play extended sets so that each day's show would end the following morning. That would eliminate all the kids' having to be on the road at night. But it would also require their clearing it first with the artists' managers so that contracts would not be violated. John Roberts and his partner, Joel Rosenman, concurred with his reasoning and agreed to broach the subject gently with one of the groups' representatives in order to "feel them out before throwing it open to negotiation."

"Is there any group in particular whom you think we should talk to?" they asked him.

Morris hardly afforded the question a moment's thought. "No doubt about it—the Grateful Dead. I've seen those guys go all night at the Fillmore, and the crowd loves them. They're also sympathetic to things like this. They play free shows in People's Park all the time."

Rosenman telephoned the Dead's road manager at the Holiday Inn at Liberty and asked him politely whether or not his group would mind playing for a longer period of time than was stipulated in the performance contract. Their manager, a young man with an intimidating tone of voice, sounded a bit cautious about discussing business over the phone. "What's the matter, man? You guys in trouble?"

"Not at all," Joel insisted. "Everything's going quite smoothly."

"I mean bread trouble."

Joel emphatically denied the implication and explained Morris's theory aimed at keeping kids off the road. "We're also overcrowded," Joel added. "Morris told me that the Dead is one of the few groups who can do an extra hour or two with no trouble."

"We're not gonna play at all, man."

Joel felt all the muscles in his body tense, and he threw himself forward in his chair. "What are you talking about?"

"You heard me," he said impertinently. "You guys are in some kind of trouble. We're not going on stage without our money."

"Without your money? *Without your money?*" Rosenman shouted into the phone. His hand swept across the desk in anger, and he knocked a half-filled cup of coffee onto the floor. "What the fuck are you talking about? You'll get your money just like everybody else, pal."

"Yeah? How's that?"

"By check, when your band goes on."

"We want cash. I'm convinced that you're in some kind of trouble, and I'm here to make sure the Dead don't get burned."

"Cash! Where the hell do you expect me to get cash on a Saturday night in the middle of Sullivan County?"

The manager said that raising money was Woodstock Ventures' problem; his was getting the group to the gig and making sure they got paid—in cash. Then he hung up.

Rosenman checked the Dead's contract. The second payment was $7,500—about $5,000 more than they had on hand in cash. If they gave in to the demand, it would leave them without a cent for any one of the hundred-or-so other emergencies that were bound to crop up in the next two days. They also had to pay the police. No, it was out of the question. He called John Morris back and filled him in on the new developments. "What'll happen if I tell this guy to go fuck himself and the Dead doesn't go on?" he asked.

"The crowd'll tear us to pieces," Morris

"Who ordered fruit cake?"

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said, not to understate the situation.

"Okay, look, I'm going to give it the old college try. If their manager asks you anything about our arrangements with the Dead, tell him I'll be there with the bread. Don't let them leave. And, for God's sake, don't let him mention a thing about this to any of his pals from the other acts we've got booked. If a thing like this gets out, it could snowball, and if it snowballs, more than our assets will be frozen."

At practically the same time, Ticia Bernuth was engaged in a similar confrontation with John Wolf, the Who's manager, who had been reluctant to let his group appear at Woodstock in the first place. Ticia had been on her way from the performers' pavilion to the stage when the irate Wolf accosted her on the bridge. He demanded the rest of the Who's money up front and in cash.

"Hey, man, like, y'know—that's not my bag," Ticia said. Wolf's volatile disposition frightened her, and she wanted to get away from him as quickly as possible. As she went to move around him, he blocked her path.

"If you fuckin' don't get Michael Lang to pay me, I'm not going to let my group go on!" he screamed.

Not knowing what else to do, Ticia started to cry. Wolf pushed her out of his way and stomped off toward the food tent.

"Fuck it," Lang said when Ticia told him about Wolf's ultimatum. "Those guys are gonna play if it's the last thing they do. All we do is get up and tell everybody that the Who won't play because they didn't get paid yet. This place'll go nuts." He smirked at Ticia and leaned back against the stage railing to enjoy one of his favorite bands. It was dusk, and Canned Heat was doing to the crowd what any respectable Los Angeles band would do to a group of 400,000 people on a Saturday night at dusk: they were singing the blues.

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"Janis was in a very bad way at the festival as far as drugs were concerned," recalled Myra Friedman, Joplin's longtime friend and biographer. "And on top of that she was freaked by the crowd. She stared out across that field and thought the audience at Woodstock was made up of too many people for her to reach. 'Too abstract,' Janis kept saying to me before

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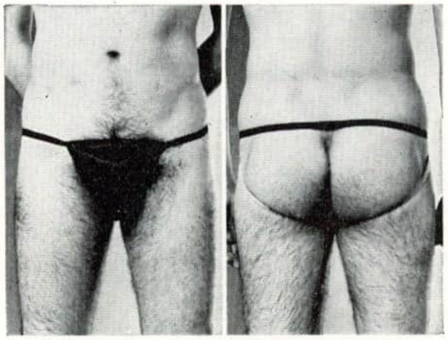

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she went on. 'It's just too abstract, Myra.' "

Janis and Grace Slick watched Canned Heat's performance from the back of the stage with petrified intensity. Both women seemed more intent on what lay beyond the footlights, the hundreds of thousands of dancing heads, than on Bob Hite's gyroscopic performance only a few feet away from them.

"She was very drunk," Morris remembered, "and very depressed. But she said something to me that night which made my hair stand on end. I hugged her and said, 'How are you, honey? How was St. Thomas?' To which Janis replied, 'Oh yeah, man, thanks. But it was just like anywhere else—I fucked a lot of strangers.' "

Joplin's performance reflected a combination of her blue funk and the misgivings she had about reaching the audience. She clearly lacked the raw enthusiasm for which she was so well known. Her intoxicating voice was more liquored than whiskey-hoarse. About all that can be said of her contribution to the festival is that Janis sang her songs and got off quickly. The audience, not about to be patronized, was less than kind in its response.

Myra Friedman walked over to her afterward as Janis came across the bridge and informed her that a reporter from *Life* had requested a few minutes of her time for an interview.

"Fuck him, man," Janis said, "and fuck the world!" After which she disappeared into an adjoining tent to shoot up.

Throughout Janis Joplin's performance, John Morris made a series of trips between the stage and a trailer situated behind the mess hall-cum-medical tent where Sly Stone was changing into his outfit. Sly was scheduled to follow Janis onstage, but Dave Kapralik, his manager, informed Morris that Sly wasn't going on "until the spirit moves him."

"What the hell kind of mumbo jumbo is that?" Morris asked, nervously checking his watch. "I've got to have him out there in ten minutes. Get him ready to go."

Kapralik replied that ten minutes should just about do it, but when Morris returned, there was still no sign of the star. "Sly's not in the mood yet," Kapralik said.

"Okay, look—Janis is still on, but in fifteen minutes it's going to be Sly's turn. So, could you possibly get him 'in the mood' in fifteen minutes?"

Morris had a sneaking premonition that he hadn't heard the last of Sly Stone's impetuosity and ten minutes later sent a stagehand over to the trailer for a progress report. The boy returned in a flash with an instant replay of Morris's previous encounters. "Kapralik met me outside the trailer, man, and said that Sly wasn't in the mood. Do you believe this shit?" the stagehand gawked.

Morris believed it all right. He had been warned about it occurring, waved it off, and was about to pay the price for his faith. He waited another ten minutes before stalking back to the trailer. Kapralik was outside, waiting for him.

"Get him on stage. Let's go!" Morris barked, without waiting to hear the manager's pretense.

With that, the trailer door swung open, and the elusive Sylvester Stone poked his head outside.

"Hey—what's this noise, man? Mah concentration's bein' disturbed. It ain't happenin' for me, baby!"

Sly jiggled down the steps to where Morris and Kapralik were squared off. If he was not acting the part of a star, he certainly looked like one. Dressed from head to toe in a white fringed-and-beaded jumpsuit, a thick gold chain around his neck, his smooth face covered by hawk-shaped glasses, Sly Stone was a lanky ebony god in a state of irritation.

In his own distress, John Morris was no mortal match-up. "Are you ready to go on, Sly?"

"Hey, man, I thought I told you"—he looked at Kapralik—"I can't swing it until the vibes are right."

Morris lost his temper. "Don't give me that shit! Now I've got 400,000 people out there who think you're a star—for now. If you're not on that stage in five minutes, they're going to think you're a piece of shit, and it's gonna be me that tells 'em that. Don't fuck around with me, man. You'd better be out there and ready to do your show whether you're in the spirit or not!"

No one can really say for sure what it was that motivated Sly Stone, but when he showed up on the stage just after 1:30 in the morning, he was *in the mood* and left little doubt that he intended to transmit some of that electric intensity with which he was charged to the audience.

Morris felt it, too, and suddenly bygones were bygones. Stepping to the mike, he said, "Sly's about to come out and destroy your minds, but it's so dark out there we can't see you, and you can't see each other. So when I say 'three,' I want every one of you to light a match. Okay? Everybody got your matches ready? One ... two ... three!"

In the fraction of an instant it takes for a spark to produce light, the amphitheater was eclipsed from a dark, spacial infinity to a penumbra of human emotion. A mass consecration of 400,000 candles lit up the hillside in a hallowed oblation to the spirit of Woodstock. The energy, the anticipation, and the hope of a generation were manifest in the transcendental glow that welcomed Sly and the Family Stone onto the Aquarian stage. And Sly returned the love in kind. He turned in what eventually became the most outstanding performance of the entire festival, keeping his promise: "I want to take you higher."

The Who followed Sly at 3:30 A.M., after John Wolf collected a certified check for $11,200 from Joel Rosenman. Michael Lang and Abbie Hoffman stood at the side of the stage and watched Roger Daltry leap through the air as the band did a medley from *Tommy*. Abbie had worked in the medical tent most of the night and afterward had done some acid to "help him relax." But as the Who incited the crowd with their specialized brand of theatrical fireworks, Abbie began frothing with political cogitation.

"Oh, man, this is bullshit," he complained to Lang. "I mean, we're headed in the wrong direction again, man. I gotta go up there and make a speech."

"Hey, cool it, man. Now's not the time."

"It's never the time as far as you hippies are concerned," Hoffman said, tormented and perspiring. "No, man, I gotta go up there. I gotta tell everybody about John Sinclair, man. We gotta fight for that cat." Sinclair was the leader of the White Panther party and manager of a Detroit-based rock group, the MC-5, who had been arrested and given a nine-year prison sentence for possession of two joints. "It's too important, and it can't wait."

Before Lang could react, Abbie dashed across the stage. Stepping in front of Peter Townshend, he lowered the guitarist's microphone. "This festival is meaningless as long as John Sinclair's rotting in prison!" Abbie screamed. Townshend had no idea who the speaker was who had the audacity to interrupt the Who's performance, but he wasn't about to let him continue. He lifted his guitar in the air, wound up, and swatted Hoffman into the photographer's pit—a revolutionary mosquito laid to rest.

Abbie picked himself up. He blasted Townshend with a torrent of obscenities and ran screaming up the side of the hill, never to return to White Lake.

The Who's set lasted well into Sunday morning, and as the sun rose over the trees behind the stage, Townshend smashed his guitar to smithereens in a madcap finale to the evening's musical mayhem.

At 8:30 A.M. the Jefferson Airplane took to the stage with a particularly dull and uninspired set of their well-worn songs. The group was visibly spent from having had to wait around backstage all night. Grace Slick's voice, frail under the best of circumstances, cracked repeatedly as she strained to overcome the fear and exhaustion which had taken its toll on her stage presence. The hits kept on coming—"Somebody to Love" and "Volunteers" built toward a redeeming climax—but they attracted scant applause. By 10:00 Sunday morning, after the Airplane had jetted into the sunrise, all anyone could think about was sleep. For many in the audience, the show was already over.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 17, 1969

Joe Cocker opened Sunday's show around 2:00. For most people at the festival, it was the first opportunity they had had to see

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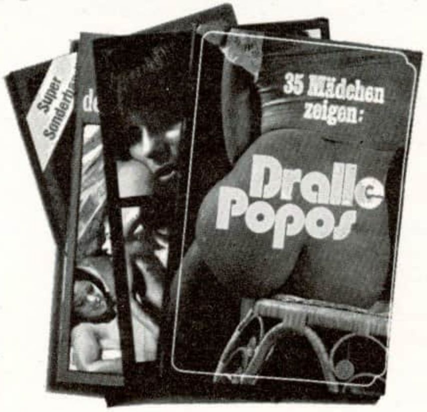

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Cocker perform, and his epileptic contortions provided an entertaining diversion to the frantic, husky vocals which kept the crowd on its feet throughout most of the show.

Lawrence watched Cocker's opening number from below the side of the stage.

Ten feet away, producer Artie Kornfeld humped a motorcycle in time to "Delta Lady" and wept uncontrollably into the bend of his arm. "This is just great! Outta sight! Oh, man, look what we've done, look what we've done. This is forever,". Artie wailed. He collapsed over the handlebars, sobbing.

Not out of sight were two fingerlike black storm clouds that were suddenly reaching over the sea of heads with alarming velocity. From the stage, it resembled a giant pinwheel hurtling toward the crowd. The clouds spun across the pink sky and left splotches of tumultuous paste on the spectral horizon. In less than ten minutes, that complexion bled into a solid screen of charcoal gray, then faded to black. The crowd shuddered in unison.

Joe Cocker grabbed the bottle of beer at his feet, tucked it under his arm, and fled to safety. There was no time for apologies or long, drawn-out good-byes. He disappeared into the service elevator with the rest of the Grease Band close on his heels.

"Hit the power!" someone screamed from behind a bunker of amplifiers.

The storm troopers, armed with their balled-up plastic slipcovers and cans of surface shield, galloped across the stage for the second time that weekend. One could almost sense their sophistication this time around, their nimble proficiency. Only those close enough to get a good look at the crew's faces realized the full meaning of the term *stagefright*. If the storm hit before they had a chance to complete their missions, those in the vicinity stood a better-than-average chance of being electrocuted.

"Would you *please* get away from the towers!" John Morris cried into the microphone. *"Please! Clear away before someone gets hurt!"* Morris detected a note of hysteria in his voice and knew he had to somehow gain control of himself. At that point he felt like the director of the most realistic disaster film in history; the least he could do, he decided, was to give it a touch of dignity. Collecting his runaway passion, he said in a more controlled tone: "Let's keep it nice and cool. Just sit down and be cool."

It wasn't working. He could see it reflected in their faces, the crazy smiles plastered from ear to ear. He could feel it in their movement. Their dreams of peace and love were being engulfed by mud. *"Hey!"* he shouted, trying any device to boost their spirits. "If you think really hard enough, maybe we can stop this rain!" The undulating applause was a nervous release of the crowd's frustration.

The thunder boomed again. "That's it!" he repeated. "We've got to ride this out."

As suddenly as the rain had started, it stopped. The storm had lasted no longer than twenty minutes before pulling back over the campgrounds and then vanishing in what actually appeared to be a purple haze.

Michael Lang had spent part of that time on the phone arranging for a special gift to be delivered to the Woodstock Nation. When the sun reappeared, so, too, did a plane he had hired to spray flower petals across the beleaguered site. "Michael's magic dust," Ticia called it. It was an enchanting moment—the calm after the storm. Now all Michael had to do was to figure out a way to make Jimi Hendrix materialize in White Lake and his mission would be nearly completed. The man who put Outer Space on the map was holed up in Woodstock, freaked by the crowd reports, and as of 4:00 Sunday afternoon, he remained adamant about canceling his appearance.

Country Joe and the Fish had demanded to take to the stage despite warnings from the stagehands that the "electrifying" performance they intended to put on might be just exactly that. It was raining, he said, and there were "these problems."

Barry Melton, lead guitarist for the Fish, overruled the stagehands' objections. "We wanna play, man. We wanna play *now*. We don't need electricity." And they proved the impossible. In front of a crowd that spanned 600 acres of open farmland, where a distance of ten feet was considered to be well out of earshot, Country Joe and the Fish pantomimed their set with acoustic instruments and nonelectric microphones—*and the crowd got off on it!* Joe McDonald dashed into the performers' pavilion in the middle of the group's show and returned carrying six-packs of beer, a few bottles of champagne, and oranges, all of which were tossed from the stage into the crowd. A male dancer from the audience was yanked up on stage by an electrician, where he proceeded to strip naked and wiggle back and forth across the bandstand in time to the music. It was a perfectly resilient display of impromptu showmanship and held the audience's rapt attention while the rest of the crew insulated the stage. The Fish (and Country Joe McDonald for the *second* time during the weekend) rescued the day.

At 10:30 the Band took over, making as inconspicuous an entrance as anyone could have imagined. Looking much like a collection of moonshiners on leave from the Ozarks, they slipped behind their instruments and simply began to play a medley of their legendary compositions. But the Band hadn't been up for the show, and it soon became evident to those in the bowl. Their set was flat and spiritless, with none of the folksy, grinning demeanor usually associated with their music. Nor did they try to compensate by pushing their personality to the fore. It was as if they were hiding behind their tight arrangements, intimidated by the clamor of public expectation that preceded their appearance.

Just after midnight, while the Blood, Sweat, and Tears road men set up that group's equipment on the front end of the revolving platform, Michael and Artie went back to their trailer and took care of some last-minute business. Much to his relief, Lang discovered that Mike Jefferies had finally lured Jimi Hendrix to the site, where he was afforded the luxury of an attended private trailer behind what was once the employees' mess hall. Hendrix was still in a panic over the "cave of despair" he had heard so much about on the news, but Jefferies assured the promoters there was nothing to worry about: if Jimi hadn't intended to perform, he never would have consented to making the trip. "Just give him some time to relax and get adjusted. He'll be ready in time to close the festival."

John Roberts and Joel Rosenman knew when it was time to stop pressing their luck. They had survived a near-riot of 450,000 hippies, what was thought to be a certain holocaust, a massive food shortage, and mass electrocution—not bad for a three-day celebration of peace and music. By midnight, both young men admitted that they had suffered enough, and they began transferring the contents of their desks to the trunk of the green Porsche.

Conferences had been called with their

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executive staff, and a timetable had been worked out that would allow for a smooth and gradual transition at the close of the show. Mel Lawrence agreed to remain behind in White Lake to supervise the cleanup detail until Max was reasonably satisfied that his land had been returned to its "rightful" state. He'd have the Hog Farm to assist him until Tuesday night, and then the salvage companies would come in to take over.

John Morris and Chip Monck handled the stage chores for the remainder of the concert. The early-morning hours were devoted to the blues, with two of America's most proficient interpreters of the idiom on hand to demonstrate its soulfulness: Johnny Winter and Paul Butterfield.

By 3:00 A.M., however, it became evident that the balance of the acts was good for another six or seven hours of music—Crosby, Stills, and Nash became Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young at 3:30, after the trio opened with "Suite: Judy Blue-Eyes." Neil Young had been added to the group at the suggestion of Ahmet Ertegun, president of Atlantic Records, to allow Stills to double on keyboards, thus reuniting the two ex-members of Buffalo Springfield for the first time in over two years. Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young's performance at Woodstock became, for many, the musical symbol of the festival. Theirs was a new sound, a soft, harmonious blending of voices that resounded above the cries of revolution and the vociferousness of acid rock.

At 6:00 A.M., following a now historic set of their songs and a venerational ovation from the audience, Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young jubilantly retired to the performers' pavilion to toast their newly consecrated fellowship. A few minutes later, Chip Monck departed on a helicopter headed for Manhattan, along with Stephen Stills, David Crosby, and Grace Slick. They were due at ABC-TV Studios on West Fifty-seventh Street at 11:00 that morning to tape a segment of "The Dick Cavett Show."

John Morris, looking shell-shocked and a bit silly in his sixth white bush jacket, introduced Jimi Hendrix at 8:30 Monday morning to a "small" gathering of 30,000, who had remained until the end. Hendrix epitomized the Electric God image conferred upon him by a hard-core group of adoring fans. He was splendidly attired in a beaded white leather vest, blue jeans, miles of gold chain, and a red scarf tied, crownlike, in his bristly Afro. If Janis Joplin was the pearl, Hendrix was unquestionably a diamond in the rough, the patron saint of psychedelic rock.

Hendrix surprised everyone there with a free-form version of "The Star Spangled Banner" leading into "Taps." Before anyone knew what was happening, they were on their feet for an equally supercharged version of "Purple Haze." Then he suddenly brought the crowd's emotions back to earth with an instrumental prayer—a final tribute to the Nation that had breathed a moment of eternity and passed out of the picture forever.

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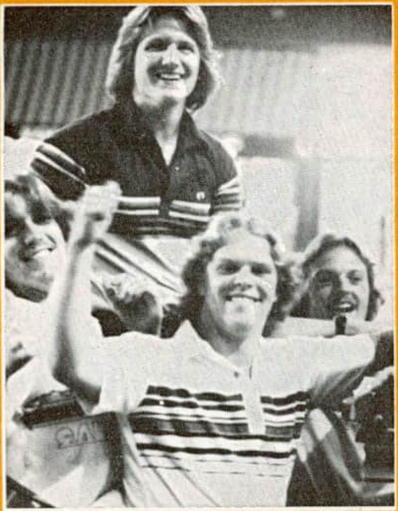
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THE TWENTY WORST FOOTBALL TEAMS

Those crazy days of summer are nothing compared with autumn's back-to-school insanity, the annual rite of passage requiring a return to "ivy-covered" walls that today are more likely to be painted a sickly institutional green. The better to bolster your resolve to make the dean's list—and maybe the professor's daughter—*Penthouse*'s special back-to-school issue takes a sometimes hard, sometimes humorous look at those bastions of higher learning capable of turning out anything from an Einstein to a Fonzie.

Spies on Campus—Despite all the moral outrage about the CIA's corruption of American values, at least 350 teachers and administrators are still covertly working for the CIA on more than a hundred American campuses. In a stunning investigative report, Ernest Volkman shows how the spies on campus work and why the CIA considers its academic link its most important priority. Although, as one concerned professor puts it, "secrecy is basically antagonistic to the free and open exercise of teaching and inquiry by the academic community," the CIA continues its insidious infiltration of academe, using thousands of gullible students as unsuspecting pawns, stooges, and future spies and parasitically feeding off the wealth of brainpower and respectable "covers" that American universities offer. Volkman explores this persistent outrage and details the courageous efforts of Harvard President Derek Bok to send these spies back out into the cold.

Return to Animal House—Ten years after graduating from college, Richard Price (author of *Bloodbrothers, The Wanderers,* and *Ladies' Man*) saw himself as a "sensitive novelist." But when Price goes back to his college to witness the ritual debasement of fraternity pledges, his past flashes before him and he learns that old bad habits die hard. He also learns that students now, like students then, know two things: how to "(1) retain data and (2) recognize power and kiss its ass." "Hell Week" is a shocking, yet amusing, view of a real-life Animal House.

Don't Replay It Again, Sam—Two years ago *Penthouse* football prophet Lawrence Linderman took his life in his hands to predict which twenty college teams would be the worst of 1977–78—teams so bad that the cheerleaders could block passes better than the defense could. The result? Linderman received the kind of rabid hate mail that began "Dear Putz" and suggested where he could store his predictions—*despite* the fact that the tepid teams he listed racked up seasonal totals of 154 losses, 59 wins, and 2 ties. This year, in "The Twenty Worst Football Teams," our intrepid gridiron guru strikes again, sometimes, unlike lightning, in the same place twice!

The Children of the Future?—Los Angeles's Hollywood High used to be the place where the pubescent action was; now, according to Californian Eve Babitz, author of *Slow Days, Fast Company* and *Sex and Rage,* it is the kids on Van Nuys Boulevard who carry on the defiant flame of teen-age lust, and behave much like the "rotten apples" immortalized in *American Graffiti* and *Grease.* In "Children of the Valley" Babitz talks with the sons and daughters of 1960s dopers; she sees these kids as being prematurely jaded by overdoses of easy money, bad drugs, and loveless sex. Their biggest fear? Life after high school. Their biggest thrill? Sex in a van.

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